A HOUSE HUNTER IN EUROPE

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WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

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A HOUSE-HUNTER IN EUROPE

BY

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

AUTHOR OF

"OLD MEXICO AND HER LOST PROVINCES" "DETMOLD"
"THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE" ETC.

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CONTENTS

FIRST PERIOD

CHAPTER PAGE

I.—House-hunting and Housekeeping, from the Port of Cherbourg to Stately Versailles, . . . 1
II.—A Balconied Apartment in Paris, ... 15
III.—A Glimpse of Paris Social Life, ... 30
IV.—A Paris Exposition in Dishabille, ... 44
V.—Houses and Gardens in the Suburbs of Paris, . 58

SECOND PERIOD

VI.—Nevers, and a Tune on a Faïence Violin, . . 66
VII.—The Cities of Provence, and especially Avignon, . 84
VIII.—With the New Troubadours at Avignon, . . 93
IX.—A First Look at the Riviera; and Up and Down Algeria, ... 106
X.—Spain, and especially Granada, ... 120
XI.—*Olé—Mulas!*—Stage-coaching to Old Jaen, . . 129
XII.—Cordova, Seville, and About Pretty Spanish Women, 138
XIII.—To Madrid, and When You Get There, . . . 149
XIV.—A Day in Literary Madrid, ... 154
XV.—Ascetic Escorial and Sculptured Salamanca, . . 174
XVI.—Being a Bachelor of Salamanca, ... 184
XVII.—"Ifs" and "Buts" Through the Pyrenees, Gascony, Touraine, and the Orleans Country, . . . 203

THIRD PERIOD

XVIII.—A French Moving—to the Land of Mignon's Song, 210
XIX.—A Year in a Mediterranean Villa, ... 221
XX.—The Gamblers' Paradise of Monte Carlo, . . 238

CHAPTER PAGE

XXI.—A Rural Passion-Play at Cabbé-Roquebrune, . . 251

XXII.—Our Eligible Neighbors, the Queen and the Emperor, ... 259

XXIII.—How it was in the Island of Corsica, . . . 279

XXIV.—A New Pilgrimage to Canterbury, and to London, Windsor, and Oxford, ... 292

FOURTH PERIOD

XXV.—Spying out the Land in Italy.—From Pisa, Lucca, and the Baths of Lucca, to Rome, . . . 302

XXVI.—For and Against Florence, Siena, Perugia, and Venice, ... 316

XXVII.—Six Months in a Palazzina at Verona, . . . 330

XXVIII.—Would You Summer at Bosco Chiesanuova? . . 344

XXIX.—Some Italian Housekeepers, and Conclusion at Nice, 351

A HOUSE-HUNTER IN EUROPE

CHAPTER I

HOUSE-HUNTING AND HOUSEKEEPING FROM THE PORT OF CHERBOURG TO STATELY VERSAILLES

In the next place, then—for the prejudice against going back to the beginning of the world to tell how it all came about is really too well founded,—in the next place, then, we landed at Cherbourg,—in the last days of July.

It is no "editorial we" that is here employed: the pronoun refers to a family of two which had been married about a couple of years, to a day. We are by no means to hold up our modest housekeeping experiences here as a model,—indeed, I fear we shall too often prove only "the horrible example;" but we have thought they might have some small interest of novelty, and a value if only on this very ground of showing people what to avoid if not what to imitate.

When we had spoken, before leaving home, of being gone two years, our friends in America had called it a long time, and we ourselves hardly believed in so much. But, in the sequel, our experiment extended its proportions to nearly five years instead of two. And, what is more, from this warm, sunny, fragrant Riviera which

became our harbor of refuge after many wanderings, we are scarce ready even yet to depart.

We had no set destination. We did not want a great many of the things that other people want; we were not in search of good schools, musical advantages, improving society, in the usual sense, nor a climate to restore our shattered health. We wanted to gratify to the full that taste for antiquity and romantic tradition which is so very American, for all that it is the way of the world to represent us as so exclusively modern and practical. And we wanted to test personally the cheapness of foreign living, of which we hear so much. Our theory was that, a man of letters could write as well, or as ill, on one side of the water as the other; and the advice to reduce one's divisor, if he can't increase his dividend, could not be carried out so favorably in any other way. When we come to figures, it will be seen that the promise was justified, and notable economies were really possible. Indeed, I fear people looking for practical advice would do well to take our prices "and upward," as the hotel-keepers say; for it would be rather difficult to depart much from them downward.

Other people simply travelled, we meant to keep house, in romantic places, and see the life through and through. That should be our form of originality. We had an idea we might even seek first some quiet French village, and find entertainment enough there. There would certainly be some good architecture, which is scattered everywhere, and plenty of history,—perhaps, for the American habit, used to making much of a little, there would be even too much. We would go one day to the local *fête*, another to see the administration

of justice, another to a marriage at the *mairie*, and the like. We should probably get acquainted with the mayor, the doctor, the *curé*, and other local dignitaries; —in short, we should be in a position to study the place in complete and satisfactory detail. What is the matter with such a programme? And, then, if it be true, as our critics represent, that the best material for fiction is the vestiges of foreign life that linger about our shores, there must be infinitely more in plunging over head and ears into foreign life itself,—foreign life free from admixture with any Americanism. Remark that I say, skeptically, *if* it be true, for our plan had no need of this argument at least.

So now, I begin.

It almost seemed at first as if Cherbourg itself would do. There, all at once, were the traditional French atmosphere, the silvery-gray, warm tones, the uniforms, the peasants, men in Millet-blue blouses, and women in white caps fresh as snowflakes, and Napoleon prancing on horseback in a wide paved square, and promising to renew in the navy yard before him "the marvels of Egypt." A beach with a pretty Casino, too; but these were suffering, like all the bathing-beaches along the coast, from an exceptionally cold summer. Brittany and its neighborhood are a rainy country at best, and its drawback was unusually manifest that year. It did not rain all the time, it is true, and the broken gleams of sunshine gave charming effects of light. Still, no sooner was your umbrella down than you must put it up again, and no sooner was it up than you must put it down again—which finished by becoming *embêtant*, as they say in the country.

Cherbourg was not even a very good place to rest in.

We connect with it an uncommon clatter of wooden shoes over the stones, a booming of heavy carts and cabs, a shrieking of whistles in the port, a piping of bugles and a trotting along of troops, very early in the morning, at that double-quick pace which has become the recognized gait of the modern French soldier.

We did not ask the price of any houses at Cherbourg, but we first became acquainted there with the "Saint Michel" whose name figures so prominently on the bills of all houses to let. I believe we had, for a moment, an idea that the places were billed "*pour le jour de Saint Michel prochain*" (Saint Michael's day next coming) in view of some possible fine street procession, of which their windows might afford an exceptional view. It stands simply for the beginning of the October term, —"the Michaelmas term," as the English would say.

From that day primarily or the 1st of April secondarily, the renting of houses and apartments begins, and if you are not on hand at the time, to have the advantage of the general moving, you may expect to have to put up with rather poor leavings.

We took our few days of needed repose, instead, at Mont Saint Michel. From that island rock, one prodigious abbey, so curious and good after its kind that the government has made a national monument of it, we looked back across miles of wet shining sand to attractive-seeming Avranches, on its height. One would not exactly want to live at Mont Saint Michel, but it would be most charming to have its fascinations added to those of Saint Malo, Cancale, Concarneau, and all the rest, if he chanced to live in that district at all. A practical detail of the beds in the large old-fashioned room they gave us, up among the ramparts, was that

they were in closets, with folding doors. We thought the plan quite worthy of American invention, at first, but finding it in our modern Paris apartment, later on, we fell quite out of conceit with it, for those perverse doors were forever open when they should be shut, or shut when they should be open.

We proposed to pass the hot weather at one of the little Brittany bathing-stations, before actively beginning our campaign; but the hot weather obstinately declined to appear. Dinard, the most considerable of these places, was much too modern to our eyes. The same reproach could not be made against fine old Saint Malo, walled in on its promontory, and with the genial clumsiness about its marine life that painters like.

To me, there had always been something about a battlemented town on a height that well-nigh dispensed with all need of further recommendation. But will you believe it that everybody does not share this taste? St. Malo would not have been bad at all, but prepare for astonishment when I tell you that even a person quite near to the expedition, that "Madame," that "S——," —ahem!—in short, the other half of the expedition—whose opinion in the matter of home-making was naturally of high importance—did not like walled towns but felt that they gave you "a sort of shut-in feeling."

Need one dwell upon the inexactness of this view, their sole reason for existence having been to give other people a shut-out feeling? However, it is a taste that may be acquired,—as well, let me say, as abated—and we came in our time to live in a walled town that would have warmed the heart of a Sir Walter Scott or a Froissart.

Some English inhabit Saint Malo, and a dwelling

there, though dear if taken only for the summer season, would be reasonable for all the year round. It was the recollection of Victor Hugo's grandiose fiction, "The Toilers of the Sea," and of the melancholy harmonies of Châteaubriand, who is buried there, that chiefly led us to Saint Malo. It was Feyen-Perrin's poetic picture, at the Luxembourg, of "A Return of Oyster-Fishers," that led us to Cancale—and disappointment. Oysters are a controverted point internationally, and I do not enter upon that; and the cliffs and limpid greenish-blue water are lovely, but the Cancalaise women, instead of being the dream-maidens of the picture, balancing their nets against the sky as in a rhythmic procession with banners, are plain, squalid, and awkward to a degree.

These earlier wanderings served but as a preliminary to the little city of Dinan, eight or ten miles in the country, south of Dinard. We knew of Dinan before leaving America; romancers have dealt with it, and we had heard pleasant things of it from a group of artists and friends who used to go there to sketch. The prettiest way is up a little sylvan river, the Rance, which narrows soon into a still more sylvan canal. The steamboat, running you aground a few times incidentally as it works its way up the exiguous channel, lands you under a fine high stone viaduct. Climbing a moderate steep to the town you pass through the old portcullised gateway of Jersual, part of the mediæval defences left behind them by the dukes of Brittany; the bastions, crenelations, and donjon-keeps that yet exist in imposing prominence. Only,—in the interest of such as may dread gloomy impressions—the greater part of the old fortifications has been turned into a charming green promenade, a plan frequently adopted as a happy com-

promise, where such stern vestiges of antiquity are not swept away altogether.

Dinan seems larger than its population, of but eight or nine thousand, would warrant. Perhaps the cobble-stones, all set thin edge upward, which make walking about in it a sort of penance, have something to do with the illusion. It is gray and ivy-grown, plentifully supplied with old arcaded houses, quaint shop-fronts, and the graver architectural monuments of a most interesting sort.

The considerable English colony has built a quarter of its own, spick-and-span-new, little in keeping with the rest. It has an English church, good tennis courts, a circulating library, and an English club. At the latter I found myself, though a stranger, heartily entertained by one who insisted that he must pay off to me an old favor he had received from some other American. The climate cannot be very severe in winter, as the character of the vegetation shows. I heard of a person who had kept a comparative record of temperatures here and at Cannes, and had found them to differ very little, though this is hard to believe except for some exceptional season.

Similar English settlements are scattered numerously over the Continent. Each has its peculiar reason for existence. Those throughout northern France have the advantage of the greater nearness to England; if you have occasion to run over to London, it is a very slight matter, and you do not impair your economies by the cost of long journeys. Although such settlements have been begun, as a rule, by artists or literary men, who have discovered something that especially pleased them in the spot, this modest class of people in-

voluntarily create a publicity, and find themselves followed, and, in course of time, elbowed out, by not merely the well-to-do, but the great of the earth, who want to see for themselves localities that have become famous. There were major-generals, bishops, and hereditary titles of note among the frequenters of Dinan; and going, one day, on foot, to see the Renaissance château of La Conninais, down in the valley by the mineral spring, I found it occupied by a great parliamentary leader. The seeming check proved to be only an occasion for one more experience of English kindliness; though the occupants of an historic monument are by no means held to be agreeable to the clients of an over-zealous guidebook, they deferred to the disappointed look with which I was turning away, and the family themselves showed me, there, all that it was important to see.

I went further on, in this same jaunt, to the ruins of La Garaye, a château of the elegant Francis I. period, looking like an abandoned fairy palace in its lonesome wood. I should not otherwise have acquired that intimate idea it is desirable to have of the country surrounding one's immediate abode. I should not have known, for instance, about that system of sunken roads which cross the land without ever being visible from its surface. They are often ten or twelve feet deep,—deep enough to hide not only a pedestrian, but a whole farm-wagon with its load; and in their sunless depths linger clayey mire and standing pools. There is a mystic solemnity on the face of the land as if the spirit of its old Druids hovered over it still; it would require plenty of sunshine to brighten it, but sunshine, unfortunately, it does not get. The peasants are silent and

solemn, too, in keeping with the prevailing tone. The Brittany school of painters have shown us much of this, but somehow there is such a decorative quality in the pottery, embroideries, and furniture they depict, and even in the costumes of sombre blue or black, relieved by the sparkling white of the women's caps, that you do not believe in so much gravity till you have seen it for yourself.

The very first house we looked at, at Dinan, was charming. It seemed to have been a large farm grange now made over into a villa. The approach was through a farm garden, and thence by a green door in a wall, and through a flower garden. It had pleasant nooks, blue and white wall-papers and chintzes, and many of the old oak Breton wardrobes, with rich brass mountings, which the English proprietor had picked up in peasant interiors of the district. But it was much too large for us; and besides it was furnished, and we had already begun to talk of buying our own furniture, to have artistic "finds" and bargains for ourselves. The rent, too, was something like a thousand dollars a year, whereas we were carrying in mind, as a basis, an old manor-house, half-way between Trouville and Honfleur, for which, meagrely furnished, it is true, an American family we had known had paid but four hundred dollars a year.

Of *un*furnished habitations there was a dearth, as there is apt to be. The foreign colony would not be likely to offer them, and the truth was forced upon us that if you want something attractive and hygienic in the older part of such small places where there is little moving, it must be a matter of long previous search and negotiation. Perhaps you might pay somebody handsomely

to turn out for you, but I am not sure that even that could be done. A small apartment, not bad after you once got there, could have been had in a sculptured old hotel, near the Place des Cordeliers, for three hundred francs, but the entrance was vilely impossible. In the Place Saint Sauveur, facing close up to the buttresses of the gray old church, with a view of the sylvan valley, over the parapet, there was vacant a small stone house, for five hundred francs. Here we could have drunk deep our draught of mediævalism; but the house faced due north; it was in a condition to need cleaning with shovels rather than brooms, and water trickled in rivulets down the natural rock of its foundations.

An uneasy feeling that it was necessary to wait for the rain to stop, and to see how the places would appear by settled daylight, impeded all this house-hunting. But the rain did not stop; it increased. The destiny of men is dependent, after all, upon small circumstances. Brittany was not on the cards for us. We left damp, gray, dripping Dinan behind us, and set out for Paris. In a great capital, we said, distractions can be found even in the rain.

On the way, the weather perversely turned hot and dusty, and our sudden resolution was shaken. We looked with a certain longing at Chartres, then at Rambouillet, but did not really yield to temptation till we reached Versailles, which had been on our vague mental list.

Captivated by the great park of Le Nôtre and the traditions of the court of Louis XIV., we left the train at Versailles, and tried housekeeping in lodgings for a month. Our lodging was on the Rue de la Paroisse,—I need not indicate more closely, as nothing is to be said

in praise of it. We used to go through the Gate of the Dragon, opening just at the end of our street, past the Basin of Apollo, and so up to the esplanade in front of the palace. The Basin of Apollo is where the best of the fountains play, in the grand monthly exhibition of spouting waters; but in our day it was torn up for wholesale repairs, and we used to hurry by it as rapidly as possible. We tired ourselves—an agreeable, well-paid fatigue,—in the endless galleries of the palace, but there were few days when the weather allowed us to enjoy the yet more enchanting delights of the park.

Finally there came one such, a perfect summer day, so delightful among those vast alleys and vagaries of clipped foliage, with the quaint population of statues, as to wipe out a multitude of disappointments. We took our lunch and spent a long day at the further end of the park, a point so remote that it used to seem as if nobody had ever been there before. The hasty tourists from Paris scurry about the palace and near alleys, and rarely go beyond the Trianons. We rested in the shade, by the high railing that cuts off the royal domain from the farming-country of Saint Cyr. There all around were vast carpet-like stretches of greensward, and the roads, between the noble straight avenues, are greensward, too, hardly marked by a single wheel-track. You see only an ancient woman gathering fagots, like a witch, or a solitary officer trying the paces of a new charger, preparatory to going down to command his men, who are throwing pontoons back there, over the neglected southern arm of the great fish-pond.

The palace is much better from that great distance than near by; its slope of ground serves it as a pedestal; and, what with the play of light and shade upon it, and

the delicious long vista, you do not mind so much its monotonous drab tone and total lack of sky-line. The formal park has here relapsed into nature again, like some fine old gentleman of the old *régime* who has abandoned the artificial court-life and taken to philosophy and simple rural tastes. There is something extremely grateful, restful, and pensive about these noble alleys of green, going on and on and on in unbroken directness. I should think one might be very happy who had the chance to walk in them often. We still think the choice of Versailles was a good one, and look back to it as the pleasantest of all the suburbs of Paris, though the exceptional season pursued us, and ended by driving us away.

The town itself used to be silent, without gayety, sunk in slumber, soon after nightfall. Even the tramway seemed to steal away to Paris, on its wide shaded avenue, with a discreet, hushed air.

A certain Hortense, a nice-looking young person, reticent, and sad in expression, as if she had some history to conceal, did our cooking for us, and gave us our first acquaintance with the useful *femme de ménage* system. The *femme de ménage* comes to do your day's work, or any part of it you like, for about six cents an hour, and returns to her home to sleep. It is a recognized thing, like going to a trade or other occupation. By this system, you do not have to provide a chamber for her, and if she comes only a part of the day you do not even have to feed her. I mention, for the moment, only the advantageous side of the system.

At Versailles, S——, flanked by Hortense as chief of staff, after an attempt alone, did her earliest marketing. It is a veritable ordeal, as she represented to me, and

the worst of it is, it has to be renewed in each new foreign country, and, to some extent, always continues. Insidious or crabbed old women stare hard at you, to put you out of countenance if possible by their appreciation of the fact that you are a novice and a stranger. They practise extortion on all hands, and return impudence, or affect to toss back their lettuce or plums into the heap in disdain, if you attempt to bargain. I think no masculine mind, in superior pride of intellect, need smile at the difficulty of mastering all the new qualities and quantities of the received kinds of provisions, and keeping out a proper eye for taking novelties. To estimate in kilogrammes and litres instead of in pounds and quarts, and in francs and centimes instead of dollars and cents, is simple in cold blood, I grant you; but to do it under fire, and still know where you are in your economies, is a matter of long and serious practice. Suppose it is suddenly sprung upon you, for instance, that you have eggs to the amount of *soixante-dix* centimes, mushrooms to *quatre-vingt-quinze*, and four hektos of butter at *trente-huit* the hekto, will you remember instantly that these are simple fourteen, nineteen, and seven and three-fifths cents respectively, and that four hektos is four-tenths of a kilo, which is two and one-tenth pounds? I should very much doubt it.

Then, too, the language comes in. However glib you may be at it, this will not always serve; for the lower orders of people, the world over, mouth and chop their words, and change them into a *patois*, which is quite unintelligible and has to be acquired separately.

"Even if they send in a written account, it isn't much better," S—— complained, in those days. "They

make their figures all alike, and nothing is distinct but the sum total."

However, this is one of the conditions of the problem; it is an ordeal to be met,—the earlier and more bravely, the better. A personal acquaintance with the prices is indispensable as a check upon others, even if the marketing is afterward to be committed to assistants. Surely, some of the hardships should be offset, too, by the never-failing supply of humorous episodes, the novelty of the wares, and the bright, bustling character of these market scenes, in which indeed a good part of foreign picturesqueness resides.

CHAPTER II

A BALCONIED APARTMENT IN PARIS

WHEN the rain still came down and soaked the gayeties of a gingerbread fair, and put out its strings of paper lanterns, it dampened anew our fancy for rural life, and again we turned our attention toward Paris.

I went in first to see what could be done in the way of permanent quarters there, and we soon found something to our liking and took possession. Among other vague plans we had contemplated was one that it would be pleasant, if feasible, to live a year in each of the great capitals of Europe in turn. Paris proper had entered no more into our scheme than any other, but nothing could be better to begin with than Paris.

In Paris of course we must expect to live rather high, as the houses are six and seven stories in the air. Except in the most expensive, there are no "lifts," or "elevators." But how often you hear it said by people at home, enthusiasts for foreign life, that abroad you do not mind all that, stairs and the rest, as you would here!—they are the custom, and then there are so many distractions and charms, and then and then, and so forth. We came to have a different opinion later; you do mind them. But we had no great prejudice, for the moment, against a *quatrième* or even a *cinquième* story.

We ruled out the quarter about the Arc de Triomphe,

the colony of the wealthy strangers, and plunged into more thoroughly French surroundings. That exception apart, we were governed by no narrow exclusiveness, for we searched sites so far apart as the hill of Montmartre; the Place des Vosges, in the Marais, with the house of Madame Sévigné; the Luxembourg; and the Invalides.

Montmartre is the most picturesque thing in Paris; and, as it is a landmark from every side, it repays its prominence by returning you a wide view over the city and country. I recollect there, years before, a young American literary man and painter, known to fame, who with the aid of a Greek servant brought back from the Russo-Turkish war led a charming life in a small house of his own. It was entered through a green door in a garden wall, and what the standing fascination is of a green door in a garden wall, I shall leave to others to explain.

Well, the old studios were all there, along the boulevards below; the view was as fine as ever from the windmills; the great votive church, building ever since the war, was finished; but, whether I had forgotten its address or the small house itself had disappeared, I could not find it, high nor low. The quarter itself had grown more shabby and disreputable than of old, and we were told afterward that it was not pleasant, at all times, for ladies to pass along through its teeming noisy life.

On the whole, the staider portion of the Latin Quarter, under the shade of the university and schools, seemed the most promising for our case. Away from the dazzle of the great shops and the mighty rush of the central boulevards, it would naturally, we said,

have the habit of dealing with frugal-minded people, and looking with content upon moderate prices. There are some houses along the Rue Madame and the Rue du Luxembourg giving, either front or rear, upon the Luxembourg garden. That seemed a particularly attractive point. We had not been satiated with clipped vegetation and statuary at Versailles, only tantalized, and if we could have the ancient plaisance of Catherine de Médicis under our eyes, it would be well worth while.

The sign "To Let" was out on a fresh-looking house in the Rue du Luxembourg. It had only a cinquième, a fifth story, however. It was large enough, consisting of a *salon*, dining-room, three principal bedrooms, and the appurtenances.

"And the price?" to the beaming *concierge*.

A concierge, on first or brief acquaintance, is always beaming.

"Two thousand francs, M'seu et 'Dame."

"That is the lowest?"

"Mon Dieu! one can always see the proprietor; there is no harm in that."

Generally there is a small diminution on seeing the proprietor in person; you cannot count on much. We thought a fifth story at two thousand francs too high in several senses, though I dare say, considering the accommodation, it was not excessive.

Accident led us into the pleasant quarter of the Invalides, which I doubt if we should ever have thought of looking up expressly. It remained then a sort of slack-water point, tranquil, roomy, healthy, and reasonable in price, with all Paris about it, the rich, fashionable districts one way, and overcrowded, grimy Faubourgs the other. I didn't quite understand it, but fancy that

another tramway line or two would finish it, and set it swirling in the general movement. In that precinct people would tell you, as in America, they recollected well when there was nothing but gardens where you now saw great blocks of houses.

The gilded dome of the Invalides presides over it, like a fine local planet, to take the place of the sun when that is missing—which is often. Numerous wide avenues, planted in quadruple or octuple rows of shade-trees, cross at obtuse angles and make a sort of continuous garden. They take the names of notables of the old régime, the stout admirals Duquesne and De Suffren, and marshals De Villars and De Saxe, and they keep the Invalides in view as their general objective point. It is a part of the stately Faubourg Saint Germain, and there still remain a number of fine old residences of the great families standing free in their own grounds. We were fortunate enough to have those of the Prince de Léon and the Count de Chambrun under our own eyes—both real châteaux.

In the Place Saint François Xavier, there was a ground-floor, for fourteen hundred francs. The rooms were large and fine, with gas for cooking, as well as a range, and the house was exceptionally handsome, the entrance-hall, for instance, fifteen or twenty feet wide, and in tessellated marble. We should have made an excellent impression on our friends, in that house; but we agreed that there was something gloomy about a ground floor, no matter how many basements might be under it. Nothing else was vacant except at the very top, a seventh story, which was to be had for twelve hundred francs. In another handsome house, just around the corner, on the Avenue de Villars, was a

fifth story for eleven hundred and fifty francs. There were, naturally, more of these high apartments to rent than any others; my impression, too, is, that the exposure of most was northerly.

We found our affair at last, about the Avenue Duquesne and the Avenue de Breteuil. It was an *entresol* that first caught our eye. It was up only one pair of stairs, and no more than eight hundred francs. The house was fresh-looking and sufficiently *comme il faut.*

There were shops under it, it is true,—as there were not under the others mentioned, but it is the custom to have shops under your house, on the Continent. We were on the point of taking it—but why put too fine a point upon it? we did take it, and had to get out of it afterward by means of negotiation and exchange. As the days were gray, the matter of determining our exposure was difficult; and an unblushing concierge had assured us that a flood of sunshine poured into that entresol. When we came to verify it, we found that no ray of sun could ever reach it (except in midsummer); since it looked due north.

The alternative was a cinquième; the price the same. We climbed to it up a neat, well-kept staircase, waxed and polished. It cannot be gainsaid that it was a long pull, but it would have been impossible not to be delighted with the brightness there, the quite remarkable view, when it was reached.

There were the Place, the fine church, and the two châteaux in front; the long lines of trees of the boulevard; the Invalides to the left, the artesian-well tower to the right, and notable monuments in the far distance, even the dome of the Pantheon and the Tower of Saint Jacques. A balcony ran all along our windows.

It is the custom in a great Paris house to give you a balcony only on the fifth story, partly out of compassion, I suppose, and on the first; the latter on the principle of overloading him that already hath. The morning sun used to come in, and reflect from the polished parquetry floors; the wall-papers were in good taste; the dining-room was wainscoted in cherry; the little kitchen had half the look of an alchemist's laboratory, with its facing of colored tiles.

Nothing could be more cheerful. Whenever we went among our friends, now in spick-and-span Rue de Bassano, now in dark and narrow old Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Rue Galilee, and Rue Washington, and even—yes, even in Rue Marbeuf and Avenue Marceau, we always came back thinking our own apartment much the best. No doubt, too, our friends all went away scolding at our stairs, which they continued to climb, nevertheless, with charming amiability.

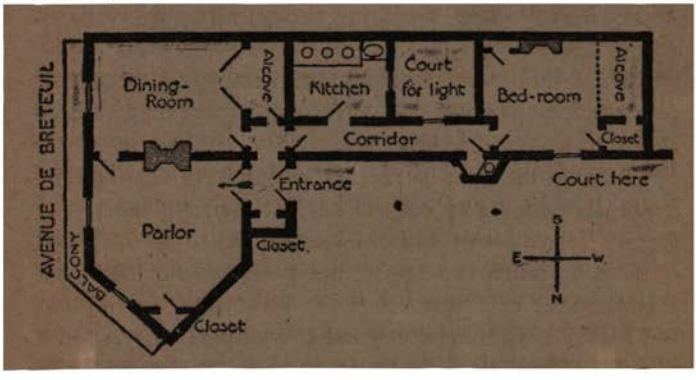
Later we were sometimes inclined to ask ourselves the use of all our early stir about sunshine, when we found how little sun a Paris winter really includes.

The rent did not comprise ten francs to the concierge, necessary to pay to bind the bargain, twenty francs for water, sixteen francs for door and window tax, etc., nor fifty francs for a house tax, which we did not know about till the end of the year; so that the sum total was about nine hundred francs instead of eight. But think how little you get for a hundred and eighty dollars, in any American city! The difference carries with it the sacrifice of various conveniences: thus you have your high staircase; the cooking done by charcoal; lamps instead of gas; no fixed bath-tubs, only portable bath-tubs of your own; but, on the other hand, it can easily be

made most comfortable, it is charming and highly respectable, whereas at home such a rent would mean impossible squalor.

You pay a quarter in advance, if you wish to go away, you are held to give a *congé*, or notice, of three months. Our quarter began the 15th of October, but, as the lodging had been standing vacant, we were allowed to take possession long before, without extra charge.

One often admires the ingenuity of design in the Paris apartments. They are adapted to every variety of size and space, yet are almost always compact, well arranged, and sightly. A diagram will make ours clearer than a description.



The salon was about fifteen feet in width; the other dimensions can be judged of from that. The principal bedroom was well lighted from a large court, the kitchen and corridor from a small one. Off the dining-room was the curious closet alcove for a bed, already mentioned. The three charcoal-holes of the kitchen, to which various odd contrivances for roasting, etc.,

were adapted, proved insufficient for cooking, and we put in a small portable range, called, I patriotically mention, a *fourneau Américain.*

The furnishing of our new domain, modest as it was, took more than a month, principally because we insisted upon picking up each piece separately, and tried to get pieces with something of a history. There were dealers on the Avenue de Lamotte Piquet, about the Military School, and elsewhere, who rented furniture to officers, students, and others; but this plan, on examination, did not seem cheap. Our total outlay for furniture might have been something like four hundred dollars. This would have been high for a single year, but, spread over all the years of our stay, it has been, even with expenses of moving, an economy as well as a comfort.

I state in a word my theory of furnishing, a sort of impressionist theory. The value of your materials is really of no consequence.

The only satisfactory result is got from the broadly decorative effects of color, contrast, general mass, and form. If you can have beautiful textures and rich quality, so much the better, but you need not much regret the lack of them.

This is an especially good travelling theory. So a considerable part of the expense went into stuffs, *voiles de Gènes*, etc., easy to roll up and carry along; into a lot of fine large photographs of the Brogi collection, from the Italian galleries; and into Breton and other faïence, to put upon the walls. All of which, too, might well enough go back to America, one day. Our salon was in white and large-flowered chintzes; the numerous picture frames were made of simple, light

wood, flat, and covered with the same chintzes. This warmed up the grave tone of the photographs, and carried the color below harmoniously round the walls. Another chintz, of a tapestry pattern, at sixteen sous the metre, went well with the greenish paper and red-wood wainscot of the dining-room; and Louis XVI. chintzes, blue and white, draped the alcove of the chief bedroom.

Two good carved arm-chairs of the last century, *style* Jacob, came from our upholsterer, who had them on sale for a client.

A harp-backed chair in nutwood came from a second-hand dealer near the ancient Hôtel Rambouillet, of famous literary and worldly reunions. Another honest dealer trundled over a large handcart from the Boulevard Henri Quatre, all across Paris, with an Empire table and a console, both brass-mounted and gilded. He told us he had heard that Americans never bargained and was surprised that we should.

While he mopped his heated brow he related the experience of his shop in the days of the Commune. The windows were barricaded with mattresses, which became riddled with balls, and the shop was finally burned. The government had allowed him an indemnity of but a third its value, and this he had discounted one-half more, to have the money on reasonable time. I need not unfold all the secrets of our prison-house, in regard to furnishing; and, what is more, very likely you don't like my theory in the least.

The care of this magnificence and the household devolved upon Josephine, a *femme de ménage*. She lived near at hand, and had a husband, a cab-driver, and a small boy of five, Eugène, who used to play below on

the boulevard, keeping much as possible under her eye. We have seen her descend all the steep flights of stairs, in a fury, to shake her finger at one Louis Morel, a bold playmate, who had given small Eugène a *claque*. Then she would remount them again, with a healthy air as of duty performed.

The weak point with the *femme de ménage* is that she is a woman of family. Although she always declares in the beginning that her family is of such a sort as never to be seen or heard of, it becomes an occasion for continual humoring, and at last the overshadowing interest in life. It soon transpired, for instance, that little Eugène had no satisfactory person to take care of him during his mother's absence, so she began to bring him with her, and keep him in the kitchen. We often used to hear him advising her, in an old-fashioned way, about the cooking; and sometimes the poor little chap was there till ten o'clock at night, and would fall off his chair, dead beat out with sleep.

It was half-pathetic, of course, but not in the least convenient; and every *femme de ménage* we tried or ever heard of had some impediment of that kind.

In the view that all means to a speedy glibness in the language were legitimate, we transgressed some well-established canons, and I fear began to spoil our Josephine from the moment of sitting down to our very first meal. She little knew, poor soul, that it was her genders and adjectives and idiom upon which our ears were most keenly fixed in her long and rambling narratives. The warmth of her dialogue reconciled us to many a cold dish, and even to the entire loss of some we might have had reason to expect. Carried away by the interest of her personal experience, she would stand

with a dish in her hand, forgetful of all sublunary things. She had a gift of getting "rattled," half losing her wits on all great occasions. On the greatest of them all, as I might say, when we dined a man who had even written a book for the edification of gourmets, she gave us a soup that would have been open to criticism in a sailor boarding-house. He died a year or two afterward, poor fellow, and I have sometimes feared it was the lingering effects of that soup.

Butchers, bakers, and grocers, all near at hand, brought our supplies up the long staircase and made nothing of it. Twice a week, moreover, a regular market was pitched under a continuous, light shed along the Avenue de Breteuil, holes being left in the asphalt for its posts. The wagons and mules that brought it were parked along each side, and the novel, animated spectacle was well worth looking down upon, especially when S—— and Josephine, with small Eugène in his blouse in their train, could be discerned moving about there, sagaciously making their purchases. At three o'clock precisely all must disappear; after that hour, to buy or sell was an indictable offence.

A *filet*, or net with handles, for carrying the marketing, we thought another thing worthy to be of American invention; it will carry as much as a market-basket, yet can be rolled up, when out of use, and put in your pocket. Similar markets occur in all parts of Paris, according to the days of the week. It is well to note if you are neighboring to one. Once, S—— was perilously near incurring the majestic displeasure of the two promenading *sergents de ville* by buying something after three o'clock.

"Put it down," said the market-woman, coming to

her rescue with a deft suggestion. And so the small object was dropped back upon the stall, as if no purchase had been thought of, and justice was hoodwinked.

A large saving in rent was evident, but we had feared this might be counterbalanced by greater cost of provisions. America being an agricultural land of plenty, we argued, food must naturally be cheaper there than in the countries to which it is forever exporting its surplus.

On the contrary, we could not find that the cost of the necessaries of life here went above that at New York.

As there will be but few remarkable, astonishing adventures in this account, let it at least try to be a little useful. S—— reports that good beef, mutton, or veal are about twenty-two cents a pound; choice *filet*, or tenderloin, twice that. Butter is forty cents a pound, but it is always delicious fresh butter, never the salted kind we have at home. Eggs are three sous apiece at their dearest, every one perfect. Poultry *is* dear, but you have some good substitutes for it, as rabbit and hare.

One of the first dishes Hortense made for us at Versailles was a *lapin sauté*. The meat was white, resembling chicken; it was cooked in hot butter and bits of bacon, with a glass of red wine and fresh mushrooms in the sauce. When this was flanked by crisp fried potatoes and tender green beans, and followed by a great delicious heap of red raspberries, that cost comparatively nothing, treated with red wine and sugar, we thought that foreign life opened auspiciously. Fruits of the berry order and exquisite Reine Claude plums are plentiful and cheap. As much cannot be said of apples

and peaches, and the latter, though alluring to the view, are almost always unripe. Salads and green vegetables generally, owing to the milder climate, are much longer in season, always cheaper, and frequently so low that you long for capacity to consume unheard-of quantities, for fear such an occasion should never offer again. Milk is six cents a litre, a little more than a quart; only, in spite of the laws against adulteration, it is always of a thin quality, and you can hardly get it with the cream remaining on, no matter how much you pay for it.

Wine—ah! but *is* it wine any longer? Since phylloxera ruined the vineyards, the problem of what to drink is a serious one, all the water being esteemed bad. Every American family resolves it in its own way.

So here is a rude basis for comparison. Now what do you pay at home? S——, in summing up the subject, calls attention to two characteristic things of most important bearing. The first is the absence of ice, so indispensable in America; you do not give it a thought, and feel better without it. The second is that the absence of ice and ice-boxes brings it about that provisions are purchased in much smaller quantities than with us. It is the thing to buy only enough for one day's use; and buying in small quantities is a distinct advantage and economy for small families, since there is less wasted and it gives plenty of variety without extravagance. The meats are cut differently, and everything else too is adapted to this system. You can buy excellent, juicy, roast beef to the value of a franc and a half, if you like, whereas the very smallest piece two people could buy at home, without being ridiculous, would have to keep reappearing in various forms for several days.

"On the servant question," S—— says, "you may put in that, though Josephine would get but forty francs a month even if we kept her altogether,—that is to say, though servants' wages are much lower here,—one good servant in America does about as much as two or three over here. It is not all her own merit, for the houses in America are better arranged for housekeeping. There is no accommodation here for washing or drying clothes; you give the washing to the *blanchisseuse*, and the charge for it brings up the roll of wages."

"On the other hand," I urge, "you have your servant's time for yourself, and none of the traditional misery of washing-day."

"You can't turn that into money, and you asked me for figures."

Taking the pros and cons generally, for living abroad, S——, who was no strong enthusiast for the scheme at first, was apt to argue as follows: Vastly cheaper rent; provisions and servants' wages not any dearer—probably, on the whole, less; a brighter, freer life in an agreeable climate,—this not till after we had found the agreeable climate,—and improving picturesque surroundings.

"Put in," she adds, "that if even rich people, with everything to make life enjoyable at home, like so much to come over, it ought to be all the more attractive to those in modest circumstances.—No, don't put that in. It might bring over some with wholly different views from ours, who would get into all sorts of difficulties; they wouldn't want to give up the friends, local interests, and duties to which they are attached; they might not like it *at all*."

So I don't put that in—please consider it not put in.

Winter came on early; it was cold by the 1st of

October. We met the question of fire successfully with a cylindrical, air-tight, rolling stove, a modified form of the characteristic Choubersky, the real Choubersky being supposed to infallibly poison you while you sleep. Yet another invention worthy of introduction to America: such was our highest form of praise. It could be rolled about from one room to another, if you wished, so as to heat all in turn; and, with but a single charging, I think it could have been made to keep the fire three days.

Why had no one told us what to expect of a Paris winter? Travellers come and go in the bright summer days, and do not know. In reality one is not much better off there than in London, these late years. A depressing gray sky hangs over your head; for ten days at a time you don't see the sun; the morning is about over before day has begun, and it is night by three o'clock. Do you ever conceive of the knights in armor, the chevaliers in their silks and velvets, and that sort of people, slopping about in the snow, rain, and mud? It must have come up to their knees then, though it comes only to the ankles now. No American, at least, ever realizes that the winter climate of the greater part of Europe is very like his own. The knights in armor must have got very rusty at times.

The worst day *we* knew of was one of such genuine London fog that people had to carry lanterns, and got lost in the streets. And yet, it was not the worst either; it was original, and made us the more content with our balcony. We could look down upon the fog billowing like a murky lake in the *Place*, while above the moon and stars were shining clearly over our heads.

CHAPTER III

A GLIMPSE OF PARIS SOCIAL LIFE

OUR balcony, with its varied views, its easy prospect of the usual life below, and of the soldiers who so often came there to drill under the trees, was a constant pleasure to us. We did not go to the great galleries, to the Louvre and the like anywhere near so often as we had expected. We had thought we should spend almost all our time there; but somehow, when you are a householder you put those things off; it is only the travellers who do them conscientiously. I broke away sometimes to the lectures of Renan and other great names at the Sorbonne and the College de France, freely open to all. The accommodations were stuffy, the benches hard, and you were surprised that proceedings the fame of which had reverberated so far should go on in such cheap and Spartan-like surroundings; but this was soon forgotten, and the intellectual treat was, by force of contrast, perhaps even greater than if delivered amid the luxurious American school fittings and appliances. In some of these lecture-rooms there was standing-room only, and one, where Professor Deschanel discoursed on the French literature and language, I recollect as so packed on my arrival, fifteen minutes before the hour, that the doors could not even be opened. The amiable custodian said you must come an hour before the time to get a place.

I saw some little of the distinguished people who make the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the charming Empire hotel, once that of Eugene Beauharnais, where Madame Buloz gives them delightful music. And I saw something of Daudet, then weak and suffering, and writing his play "The Struggle for Life," the title of which had an almost alarming pertinence.

Then a little son was born to us, our first child, and was duly inspected, registered, and certified to at the mairie of the seventh arrondisement or ward. I have thought of writing a special account of Getting Born in Paris. There is material enough for it, but it was followed by long and dangerous illness, in the cosy aerial apartment with its balcony, and the effect might deepen too much the gloom of the Paris winter. One's atmosphere must be made, after all, by his own experiences, and these impressions are only given for what they are worth.

Although the contrast between the day of the Republic and the Empire is great, the forms of social life in France in the upper strata are still very splendid. The numerous comfortable parlors and long palm-lined conservatory of the Palace of the Elysée, under President Carnot, as well as the official hotels of his ministers, still present much imposing glitter. Court forms and a fine ceremonial remain the tradition. Chamberlains with medals of office usher you on and lackeys in gorgeous livery serve you at the buffets. Generals, a race of stocky, square-built men, and slimmer subaltern officers salute their host with profound reverence, holding their pomponed shakos or plumed helmets in their hands. Broad ribbons and plentiful orders upon the breasts of civilians lend an additional color that an

American drawing-room never can hope to have. And the women, the Parisian women of high degree, and the daring originality of their costuming!

Yonder goes one, for instance, leaning upon the arm of a cabinet-minister who has lately distinguished himself in a famous duel. She wears a dress of ruby velvet, extremely simple, audaciously low, held on indeed only by little straps over the shoulders. Very white teeth, full scarlet lips, an uncommonly diminutive and supple waist, such are the salient points of note as she glides onward. A rich diamond ornament glitters vividly on her white neck, and the whiteness of neck and arms is artfully set off the more by a starched Medici ruff of black lace and phenomenally long black kid gloves. At the ball or the opera, amid such women, it is the next thing, as it were, to a dream of Mahomet's paradise.

Travelling Americans see comparatively more of this class than of any other. That is to say, they are more apt to see the princes, dukes, and counts, who survive from mediæval memory and constitute a more or less pleasant sort of human bric-a-brac, than they are to see simple commoners. They are likely to see either the upper class or none at all. The reproach is often made that the members of the various foreign colonies, Americans, English, and other, will come abroad only to shut themselves up in hermit-like exclusiveness and see nobody but themselves, nothing of the genius of the country. I do not think this is altogether their own fault. I think they most often come with an admiring sentiment and open and amiable disposition toward the country they visit; but, in the natural condition of things, opportunities for meeting its more quiet and re-

fined people familiarly in a social way are rare. I do not speak now of the nobles adverted to above who cultivate the very rich foreigners with ardor, and especially run after those who have rich daughters to marry, with a zeal that is often repulsive.

No, I fancy the self-made exiles in the interest of art, the languages, and general improvement often think they have met with a rebuff to the friendly interest they were beginning to extend, and that they close up their cliques and clans with regret rather than disdain. They would generally be glad of the opportunities they are supposed to scorn or neglect. They are a sort of *élite*, a chosen class, even after ample allowance is made for the many ridiculous specimens among them, and their compeers of another race might well find their account in the acquaintance. Thus it is, but it is natural. The new-comers are without family connections in the country; they are supposed to be merely birds of passage; very little is known of them or their country, and the journals have a flippant habit of putting them in the worst light; and they can generally convey their expressions of good will only in a halting, uncertain tongue, which cannot be too interesting to hear. Add the great difference of types and the vast divergence of ideals and the thing is well accounted for.

It would be a real boon, in the interest of general culture and the two great republics, if some easy way were open for Americans—not millionaires with daughters to marry to impoverished titles, but people of moderate fortune and enlightened aspirations—to enter into pleasant relations with the corresponding class in France during their years of travel-sojourn there. But having set it forth, I shall by no means

be so daring—it is a common method with reformers—as to offer a suggestion as to how it can best be brought about.

What is even more mysterious, and even more difficult to penetrate into, were one so disposed, is the lower middle-class, the *bon bourgeois* population of the ordinary every-day sort. Forcible accident alone could precipitate one understandingly into that closed *milieu*, abounding in prejudices, narrow with limitations, lacking in imagination like lower middle-classes everywhere, yet holding too the germ of all that is most favorable and constituting the essence, the bone and sinew of France. A considerable part of this class, even individuals in such comfortable circumstances as would put them on a far higher plane in the United States, here seem to live scarce more than a semi-peasant existence. Their parlor is a sacred apartment only to be entered on exceptional occasions, and they pass their lives shabbily in poor minor rooms. The women retire to bed not very long after dark, the husband and father goes out to pass his evening at the café.

In going about Paris, it repeatedly happened to us to see whole blocks of most respectable-looking houses with only a single light or two in them, high or low. We used to wager, in jest, that the light was some American family's, and that they probably had something good to read, or even, daring supposition! friends in to spend the evening with them. There are undoubtedly thousands of families in Paris, who, for all its movement, live in a complete dulness not exceeded by any part of the provinces. In this sense it is also fair to say there are thousands of families in the provinces who live just like people in Paris.

Let us come now again to French women. There are two very strongly contrasted opinions extant on French women. There is, first, the opinion of them so largely promulgated by the novelists of their own nation, which writers are pretty well understood to disport themselves in a realm of pure fancy.

They deal with the dissolute married woman because the doings of the honest married woman are not exciting enough. It is a kind of convention in French novels that the women should be bad, just as it is a convention that there should be an irascible, gouty old guardian or uncle in the old English comedies, and a Pantalone, Arlecchino, and Columbina in the comedies of Goldoni.

This produces an unfortunate impression abroad, for which the writers alone are responsible. Even in Bourget and Maupassant, the two strongest of the moderns, who profess to devote themselves to truth with especial zeal, there is no evidence of a change in this practice. One has just been studying out whether a woman can love two men at the same time, and the other whether a man can love two women at the same time. The problem has a very sage, profound air, but *à la bonne heure!* it is a comparatively easy one. Why not give us a psychology of Solomon, who found he could love seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines?

On the other hand, there is the opinion, frequently heard among those who pride themselves on having gone below the surface, and expressed somewhat as follows: "Oh, the French men, the men!—but the women *they* are saints." For this way of thinking see "Tony," the novel by that strong and entertaining writer, Th. Bentzon, or Madame Blanc. The heroine is so out of conceit with all her countrymen that she is

fairly driven to marry an American for his entire unlikeness to them in the moral way. She likes him for one thing, because he never pays her compliments, but I must say this charming person is so worthy of compliments that it seems proof of apathy on his part rather than merit. Listen to what a sweet, young French girl can be even in her teens.

"I shall have there," says one of the suitors for her hand, "a wife who, at seventeen, might serve as a model both in good sense and distinction to the whole swarm of ancient idiots with whom Paris abounds. She is of the most perfect naturalness, and yet, with all that, can wear at times the air of a dear little matron."

In reality there cannot be so great a difference between civilized men and women as the more favorable, second opinion would imply. We must certainly accord either more merit to the male side or less of it to the female side.

The convent system of education still prevails in France for young women of the superior classes. The attractive Convent of the Sacred Heart, mother house of the order, was near us. It covers an interminably long block of ground on the Boulevard des Invalides. Very high walls shut in a large garden adorned with clipped alleys, and the school building is an old château, corresponding to that of the Prince de Leon, the Marquis de Chambrun, and others in the neighborhood.

I looked down the clipped alleys one day to where some of the children were playing, at the further end; they wore a simple, quiet uniform and several had prize ribbons for good conduct across their breasts. A white-capped sister, confident in the complete seclusion, frisked and ran about with them as gayly as one of themselves.

A very pleasant sight it was. It all is very smooth, calm, and pretty to look at, this convent education. If it did not so much exalt the *arts d'agreement*—the accomplishments or arts of pleasing—at the expense of thorough mental training, I think I should prefer it to any other. As if any other form of pleasing could equal a lively intelligence and a clear head. At any rate, from this and similar schools at present issue those types of gentle distinction and sweetness that realize, for a while at least, the angelic mediæval pattern. Hence come forth those scions of ancient names that set the standards for female conduct—and the fashions for female wear—in circles lower down.

Add to this cloister education that many French women are married in a way that leaves them little choice but to accept the lot that befalls them. Furthermore, women, the illogical sex, may more comfortably occupy an illogical position than men. But all is not yet enough to establish the position claimed. There is a certain amount of cynicism in accepting with so passable a grace disorders of conduct and a condition of things which should be so repugnant to them. There is no evidence of any general disturbance of mind, no violent explosion of protest on the part of French women. On the contrary, do they not go on marrying the objectionable men and raising up sons who follow in the same way? Women must in the main have a large share of sympathy in the leading ideas and practices of their time. I think it will be found that the French women, like the French men, generally estimate that whatever is in France is about right.

The same reasoning must be applied everywhere. To take an instance in our own homes, many of the

women in our Southern States, who love their sons, have yet, under the pressure of an absurd public opinion, brought them up, or suffered them to be brought up, over-quarrelsome, touchy, and belligerent, and have seen them almost with equanimity sacrifice their lives in the pettiest dispute with a neighbor on a fancied point of honor.

In one respect the French woman shares the ideas of her mankind with a painful heroism that is almost more devoted than his own. I refer to the military conscription. After the new law, there is no escape for anybody: every young man must give a full three years of his life to service in the army. He takes three years from his useful work, his profession, his prospects in life, for the mere purpose of policing the frontier, as it were. And when one thinks that there are Americans who can scarcely get the time to vote, and who can by no means get the few days in the year that, if all combined, might rescue our communities from corrupt domination and give them honest, good government! But that is not the point: it is a serious thing in France when the country is in danger, and no French woman, any more than the French man, shows the slightest trace of repining at the grievous sacrifice its safety entails.

Apropos of the novelists mentioned, one can hardly see where the plentiful openings for misconduct come in. The social system is still very strict. Madame Adam, of the *New Review*, writing of American girls abroad, finds them, as she says, "much freer before marriage and much tamer after marriage than would be to the liking of French women." But I fancy a good many American women would not be too content even with the amount of married freedom here allowed.

At a French social entertainment the women constantly tend to separate into groups or gather in a central bevy of beauty, while the men, in like manner, idle in the doorway or stroll in the corridors. It seemed hardly expected that they should see much of each other, even at a great crush, except in a formal way. There were not chairs enough for all, and those there were were likely to be reclaimed by women, if a man happened to drop down in one of them beside some woman with sociable intent. He had no resource but to stand before her a little as she sat on a low divan, in that temporary constrained attitude in which no rational intercourse is possible, and then go away and lounge again in his doorway. Any marked attention was uncomfortably conspicuous; so that it almost seemed as if there were, both on these occasions and in life generally, about such a drawing apart of the sexes as takes place in some peculiar religious bodies where such separation is a prescribed form. Where and when, then, do the openings so easily occur for the plentiful escapades the novelists delight to describe? There is little or nothing evident of that easy mingling and thorough fusion, that rational converse and mild flirtation which soften manners, enable the sexes to learn each other well, and must be esteemed one of the leading charms in American social intercourse.

I chanced to touch upon this point with a foreign friend, one night, at a jolly dinner at Notta's restaurant, Boulevard Poissonière.

"Oh, that is only part of the *froideur*, the stiff formality of the house," he replied, acquainted with the place where I had last been. "It spreads over their guests. In smaller circles, in reunions of fifty or so, you will

find plenty of life, plenty of freedom, none of that sort of thing. Don't you want to see what a genuine French family is like? Then come and see us next Thursday at nine o'clock. A few friends; quite without ceremony."

On the appointed evening I found my way to a handsome little apartment, a fourth floor on one of the quieter and best-esteemed boulevards. The company were people of education and standing, many of them more or less identified with books. Not to make a long story, there was, in spite of the disclaimer of my host, the same gravitating apart of the sexes, the same inevitable separation, as it were, as of oil and water. Had he really understood the point I made? I doubted it.

For one thing, we played the game of Consequences. It is the same thing in English. Monsieur So-and-so. Madame or Mademoiselle So-and-so. They met at—so-and-so. He said——. She said——. The consequence was—so-and-so. It must be said there was a great freedom of meaning in the framing of some of these consequences. Then there was *Bouts Rimés:* we call it Rhyming Crambo, and some excellent rhymes and bright little poems were made. An adjournment was taken to the supper-room, the men here briefly giving their arms to the ladies. On their return, the ladies early re-formed their phalanx or hollow square, its centre the hostess, who brought forth some embroidery she was making to show to them.

I fear these small indications are hardly worth mentioning, and will not necessarily establish that the manners and customs of my own country are the best.

Madame Henri Gréville, the novelist, one of the few French women who has seen the United States well,

will tell you, for instance, that the Americans have too many acquaintances and too few friends. I wonder if this be really so, or shall I try to defend it on the score of a larger American conception of hospitality and general good will?

Madame Gréville's drawing-room was one of the most comfortable of those of the literary class in Paris. The street that contained it was an original choice, the busy Rue Blanche in the most bustling part of the great city. Its hostess talked with animation, told many an amusing story, and, rarest of accomplishments, also listened well. To *bien écouter* and *bien repondre* have never yet ceased to have their charm since La Rochefoucauld called them the two greatest perfections of conversation.

I went sometimes also to the day of a literary hostess of another sort. Too hardly tried perhaps by the worries of her labor, she was distrait and vague to all her guests. There was not always a fire and the lights were not accustomed to be lit at the closing in of the short, murky Paris winter day, just at the time when the most people came. They were painfully relieved in black against the glaring windows except as wholly lost in the dark. One dame, not a little known to fame, used to wear in addition a short close veil, never raised by any possibility. To talk with her was like interviewing a materialized spirit, and only partly materialized at that.

Literary work had at the time become a sort of mode among certain fashionable or at least titled women. And I believe it was not all a mode either. All sorts of minor evils as well have fallen upon France in these late years since the war. The phylloxera has killed off

the vineyards, and American competition has ruined the market for cattle and farm products. Many large estates have become unproductive, and there were grand dames who were quite willing enough to supplement their resources by returns from their literary labor, were these little or much. I was occasionally filled with admiration at some excellent piece of work done by persons of this kind, little recognized, nor ever likely to be recognized under the hard conditions of the literary trade. They looked on with envy at those regularly in the guild and who possessed as they thought the kind of acquaintance to forward them, and the potent secret of *reclame*, or self-advertising.

Madame Adam, who wrote of American manners, was herself one of those who entertained in a natural and easy way. She was aided in her hospitality by abundant means. As a hostess there are none of the terrors about her which might be feared from the formidable political articles in her *Revue*. She has a bright, charming, new hotel at the corner of the Boulevard Malesherbes and a little street named after herself, Rue Juliette Laimber.

In the country she is pleasanter yet. I shall never forget a unique fête we saw, later on, at her country place, "the Abbaye" of Gif, an hour or so out of town, by the line of Sceaux. She gives a garden party there with new, original features every summer. It was a costumed fête. The dress of peasant or well-to-do farmer was prescribed. We wore our costumes openly from the station, in our special train. A collection of large breaks and farm-wains, decked with boughs, received the company. Madame Adam was at her gate, dressed like a country bourgeois of a hundred years ago.

Her white cap and fichu gave her a decided Marie Antoinette look. The good *bourgeoise*, the *patronne*, went on in the van crying gayly, "*Allons boire! allons boire!*" Let us drink! and the motley company trooped in her wake. Cider was set forth in foaming pitchers with all other appropriate beverages.

Later a *mât-de-cocagne* and other rural sports were inaugurated and there was dancing on the grass. Then at dark a ruined abbey in the grounds, which gives its name to the property, was illuminated with colored lights. A ghost too appeared there, and the young Prince Karageorgewitch, the same whose portrait Marie Bashkirtseff painted, sang in a sympathetic tenor voice an ode especially composed by François Coppée. You had celebrities on all sides, from Pierre Loti—as Pecheur d'Islande—to the irrepressible Jean Aicard, the Provençale poet, as a Parisian *voyou* or hoodlum; from the pretty Mlle. Jean Hugo, about to marry young Daudet, to the bellicose Marquis de Mores.

All were unbent, all full of frisking jollity and *entrain*. A prodigiously oriental King and Queen of Annam arrived upon the scene and paid their respects to the hostess with profound prostrations, after the manner of the East. She, not to be outdone, knelt down also, and with the gayety of a girl of sixteen, returned them obeisance for obeisance, knocking her head upon the ground.

That day the great destinies of nations were allowed to slumber. The making of formidable political articles in the *New Review* by that merry person would never one instant have been credited.

CHAPTER IV

A PARIS EXPOSITION IN DISHABILLE

THAT the Exposition was near to us was not due to collusion on either side. The Exposition certainly did not establish itself at the Champ de Mars on our account, because its elaborate constructions were going on there long before we came. On the other hand, I at least, after experiencing pretty thoroughly two of those very great, bustling, overcrowded affairs, considered myself Exposition-proof.

But it did not prove possible, on the whole, to keep our attention withdrawn from this one. In the first place the newspapers were full of it, as they were full too of everything connected with the Eighteenth Century, which was certainly a charming period in many ways and which was to be profusely commemorated in the great exhibition. They adopted, for instance, the practice of giving us every day, in our modern '89, a summary of the news of the corresponding day in the great '89, the year of the French Revolution. Details of art and decoration and social life came out, as well as politics and everlasting principles of liberty. The *Matin*, quoting from some old book of the time, over-sanguine perhaps, even affected to find the origin of that venerable expression "poor but honest parents." "*Cette jeune fille, née de parents honnêtes mais pauvres*," said the old romancer, and this was declared

to be the centennial anniversary of the time-honored "chestnut."

The people were full of it, the air was full of it. The Exposition was the pet of the whole nation. France, having been so long greatly humiliated, was now to score a triumph over her adversaries and detractors. She was to do something in which she could excel, something she could do better than anybody else and thus put in evidence her return to the front rank of nations and make a peaceful counterpoise to the disasters of 1870. This mixed a little touch of pathos and sentiment well deserving of sympathy amid the clamor of the enterprise. Then, during all the fall and winter, some of the heavy material for it was always passing down our avenue, hauled by long, string-teams of ponderous Norman horses. Finally one night, when I came home late, in our otherwise quiet and deserted street, I saw a procession of large trees going by on wheels, nodding mysteriously with their leafless branches toward the Exposition where they were going to be set up. It was like Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane. If Birnam Wood had indeed come to Dunsinane, then it seemed time to throw off one's apathy and recognize this great event so irresistibly and ponderously forced upon us.

There was some doubt too whether it would ever take place, for these were the days of Boulanger supremacy; and it was more than a mere doubt whether that eminent charlatan might not any day make himself Dictator and precipitate the country upon Germany in a war of revenge which would forever put an end to any such festal projects. I made interest, therefore, to get admitted to the grounds, in the latter days of January,

and saw it in its unformed condition. It was not to open till the usual period in May.

As I passed the dingy, serious façade of Louis XV.'s old military school, there came pouring out of its barrack-gates regiment after regiment of heavy cuirassiers, in brass helmets, about the same costume they wore at Waterloo. The officers rode Thor-like in their midst draped in cloaks, and the colors nodded this way and that, like some sagacious sort of fetiches. Behind them, in dress familiar since Sebastopol and Solferino, came drumming long regiments of infantry. All looked very deft, swift, and business-like, and calculated to give food for reflection to any German mind that might think they had learned nothing since the Downfall of 1870. They were going off to drill elsewhere, their parade-ground having been taken from them by the Exposition. It was for the same reason that we had the troops from the Rue de Babylone so often going through their facings under our own windows.

None but a military nation in truth could give this peculiar kind of an Exposition, so conveniently situated from all points of access; for no other could retain in the very heart of its capital so spacious a tract, which has its reason for being only in the needs of military manœuvres. One end of it reaches the Seine and is connected by the broad quay with another parade-ground, the Esplanade des Invalides, while the Bridge of Jena connects it with the park of the Trocadero across the river. It is an uneasy sod that lies upon this Champ de Mars. It has been torn up and remodelled in the most wholesale manner for each of these two last great expositions, and does not get restored to its normal condition for years afterward. The

nation plays at industrial games there about as the soldiers play at making rifle-pits and bastions in the exercise grounds reserved for their use.

I had the Exposition all to myself, and the changing my mind about it proved the occasion of a very original and pleasant experience. I could not but reflect too upon the possibly unique position reserved for me, in case the threatened bombshell of war or civil discord should fall and prevent it—it was not at all unlikely at the hands of brother Boulanger—and I should be about the only spectator of a Universal Exposition designed for uncounted millions.

The weather chanced to be mild and half spring-like; and a certain idyllic peacefulness prevailed there, in spite of all the mammoth enterprises in progress. Here the surface had been spaded up for extensive gardens, there dug into deep abysses for a lake and fountains and dark pits for costly drainage and water-supply systems. Lines of fine magnolias stood protected by tents of coarse bagging, open to the south. Much of the shrubbery had been planted a year before, and was in flourishing condition.

I gossiped with the gardeners about the transplanting of Birnam Wood. There seemed to be no limit, with modern appliances, to the size of trees that could be transplanted. One very bright-eyed, lively old man, with leathern skin, assured me that capable men, on these government jobs, were paid only the same wages as the quite incapable. It was something like seven cents an hour. The chiefs of gangs got more, say from eleven to fourteen cents an hour, but they were chiefs only in virtue of favoritism, and not of superior capacity. The inventor of a fine new decorative process complained

that the architect, who was using it to a small extent, had not put it forward half enough, because he had not been sufficiently bribed. Many seemed to find a certain comfort in airing their grievances to a stranger.

The bright-eyed old gardener told me that he had learned his trade from a master who was an author; and, what was more, that he himself was an author. He stood back a little, upon this, to properly receive my admiration. He had written a treatise on horticulture, he said, and taken it to a publisher, simply demanding a few hundred dollars down and the usual royalty, and, apart from this, content to leave to the publisher all the other emoluments that might accrue from the work, no matter how large they might be.

"And what think you was the result, what was the action of that publisher?" he asked.—"*Il ne voulait pas.*" He would not. And again he drew back, this time to receive my natural expressions of incredulity and disgust.

My astonishment would have been stronger, no doubt, if there were not publishers even in America capable of acting the same way.

I had been looking over my friend's shoulder, as he talked, noting the great difference in the plan of the main building between this Exposition and the last, in 1878. Whereas, then one vast rectangular edifice had contained almost everything in itself, this time a moderate central structure sent out five great galleries or wings projecting far before it. A fine dome crowned the centre,—a particularly fine one,—two others the twin palaces of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts, which constituted the grander wings; and the whole

stood upon a stately terrace with grand flights of steps and balustrades.

These three domes were the salient points of departure, always leading the eye up to them. Made of elaborate iron framing, they were encased in beautiful shining, colored tiles that recalled to me the fine old, tile-covered Spanish domes I had admired in Mexico. All round the front of the main palace, the Palace of Diverse Groups, ran a two-story arcade, abutting against the Gallery Rapp and the Gallery Desaix. They were putting upon it a broad belt of Renaissance frieze, of the richest and most original description. It was fretted in high relief, like a tossing foam, with leafage, scrolls, and cherubim much more than life-size, supporting escutcheons. The material was simply plaster, surfaced to stand the six months' exposure to the summer season, and given a general tone of old ivory. The borders and shields were being picked out with colors. A small portion only was complete, and this portion, where sculpture and mosaic, gold and colors mingled, was like a dashing, lovely sketch, with all the charm of creation and the fresh idea strong upon it. You would have liked to arrest it there and never let it go ahead another step, for fear of the tameness that might fall upon so perfect a thing—as indeed it did fall upon it—with over-completion.

It is naturally a point of pride with each new universal Exposition to have a fresh plan of its own; yet looking back, by the comparative method, at the whole list since the Paris Exposition of '67, I cannot say that I find anything that seems to me equal in symmetry and logic to the great ellipse adopted for the chief palace that year. This elliptical palace, by means of its con-

centric as well as converging aisles, placed the nations in the segments side by side, and not only that but the corresponding classes of goods in each nation were side by side. In the present case there were transitions in passing from one country to another, as you know, for all the world saw it later, and an interruption of continuity in inspecting the goods that might interfere with the desirable clearness of comparison. It was a highly condensed method of travelling, and to cross a fine garden or stroll in beautiful corridors awhile, in going, say from Great Britain to Italy, should be no great matter. Still, when you have numerous realms of the universe to visit in a day, everything counts.

In some respects I would have liked to stop the Exposition as a whole and never let it advance a step farther. It too was a glorious sketch, broad, simple, plucky, full of color and full of so many possibilities that it was alarming to think how they might be disappointed. I was admitted to an Exposition in dishabille, as one might say, but a charming dishabille. It was like—since Eighteenth Century things are in vogue—assisting at the *petit lever* of a *grande dame* of that epoch. She admitted a select few, her coiffeur, her music-master, her amanuensis, and perhaps a poet or two, while she was dressing, and she was only the more charming at that favored moment for not being yet arrayed in the full war-paint and feathers of conquest.

I had rather expected to have to piece out the Exposition myself at this early stage, and construct the complete impression, much as an anthropologist constructs a mastodon from a rib and a few teeth or so, found in a swamp. But nothing of the kind: it was already a domain with a complete character of its

own; it was a vast stretch of fairy-like palaces. The scaffoldings were still up in multifarious complexity, but this did not hide them. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath," I muttered, and surely the quotation was nowhere ever better justified. The materials were chiefly iron, glass, terra-cotta, and glazed tiles. The iron was painted of a pleasing soft blue, instead of the conventional brown or black, the terra-cotta was pink; the tiles were colored or gilded; the sky showed delicately azure through the glass; and a bold grandiose sculpture began to embellish the whole. The construction, exceedingly light and graceful, was yet free from ephemeralness, or any look of pasteboard and trumpery makeshift. There was no need of bunting, of drapery or "exhibits," to cover up rude framing or unsightliness. Everything was beautifully finished, complete, perfect in itself. "If the Exposition never did more than give us these lovely buildings," I said, "without putting a thing in them, it would still be worthy to draw the usual pilgrims from all the ends of the earth to see it."

It had gone nearer than any other to finding a new thing under the sun, in the Eiffel Tower. This was the *clou*, the master-achievement, the great distinctive novelty of the affair. Its very pedestal soared high above all the other architectural ascents of men. The tower of Babel must have been but the merest joke to it, and our Washington obelisk, which we Americans deservedly estimate a tower of prodigious altitude, is but half its height. We may comfort our patriotism, however, with the recollection that it is the *next* highest thing in the world.

From the Trocadero on the opposite slope, whence

the whole gay parterre was spread out before you, the Eiffel Tower looked, as it did too in all the colored lithographs and newspaper illustrations of it so profusely spread about, like a Brobdingnagian candlestick, put down in the Land of Liliput. But near at hand you had no desire at all to smile at it, you could not avoid the impression it gave of real sublimity. The airy crocheting of its iron beams a foot in diameter, the endless congeries of its braces, tie-rods, struts, and girders fell at last into great bundles of interwoven strands resembling a ship's cordage, with tops and cross-trees in the midst, coming dark with a noble effect against the sky. Tribes of pigmy workmen in baggy corduroy trousers, crimson sashes and crimson caps zigzagged up interminable staircases among the girders, like the angels of Jacob's ladder. They were no angels at all, as the very embarrassing strikes they were continually contriving against Monsieur Eiffel, their engineer, plainly showed, yet never was a closer connection than this between the earth and sky.

It was to have its uses even in a scientific way. Meteorologic experiments were to be conducted under yet more favorable conditions than on the mountain slopes. The lower strata of the atmosphere, the formation of rain, fog, mist, and dew, variations in humidity and electric tension were to be studied there, with registering instruments at various heights capable of being simultaneously consulted. Even the astronomers were to find their profit in the clearer air about its top.

Up on the dizzy height of the second platform was a row of pavilions, each a great hall in itself, and a side of the platform was at least as long as the longest city block. The eye was continually baffled and returned in

wonderment from these vast dimensions. And be it observed that I speak of a time when it lacked yet two hundred feet of the total one thousand it had to attain. It stood four-square across the two main avenues of circulation, and the general views were the grandest from beneath its arches, a hundred and thirty feet in height. These arches in no way impeded any part of the vision; it was rather as if they belonged to nature, as if they were a proper part of the blue heaven they framed in, above the strangely singular prospect.

As I wandered on, bizarre details began to invite the attention, like the odd things one sees in a dream and that seem only natural there.

Here and there a monumental stork sat upon the angle of an unfinished dome, precursor of the plentiful sculpture to follow. I went into a workshop in the lofty nave of the Palace of Fine Arts, and was amazed to see there the amazing lightness of this temporary sculpture which seemed so substantial, and the great ingenuity with which it was put together. The heads, hands, claws, and the like were cast, but the chief portion of the huge bodies was simply built up on iron framework, joined in sections. This was helped out of by bits of wood and bent wands, fashioned yet closer to the desired modelling, and then wire netting was stretched over the whole to hold the plaster. Men with large bowls dashed on handfuls of the plaster and completed the work, much as a lath-and-plaster partition is made. The plaster being tinted with yellow ochre, and the surface left rough-cast, at a little distance the precise effect of boldly finished terra-cotta was attained. The wings of some of the figures must have been ten feet high. There was no cheapness of *design* at least in

this plaster sculpture; it was the work of the very best talents of the day and later played a notable part in giving the façades their grand appearance. Meantime I kept running across portions of it in a very incongruous state of incompleteness. A procession all of colossal legs, for instance, marched away in vigorous lock-step. Elsewhere the bust of a sturdy young Genius of Photography—she had a camera under her arm, and, an amateur myself, I felt especially interested in her case—looked on with a pertly critical air, as I thought, at some workmen completing the lower part of her body near by.

The first sentiment excited, on entering the great, as yet unfurnished, buildings, was a keen admiration for the beauty of simplicity. Who will convert us, especially in America, where we so much need it, to the delightful charm of this most sweet and worthy form of attractiveness? Who will effectively convince us that a smooth largeness, plainness, and temperance in the matter of ornament is the chief condition, in every domain of decoration, of noble, satisfying, long-enduring effect? The multiplicity of detail, either within or without, had not yet sprung up. The neat, smooth stretches of untrodden flooring were restful and grateful to the eye. There was a fragrant smell of new pine in the air. The imposing heights, the plenteous breadths, the long vistas were undisturbed as yet by any of the uneasy "exhibits" of the coming bee-hive. In the main, only light, graceful screens divided the nations from one another and bounded the sections which were soon to be heaped with the goods of all creation. The United States had been given a fine *tabula rasa* which contained over three thousand square metres. They

said we had more space allotted us than any other nation but Great Britain and Belgium, and in the fine arts department more space than any other nation. There was matter for patriotic pride in this, but it seemed as if it were going to be difficult to fill it properly with the economical appropriation of a quarter of a million dollars our Government had voted, whereas diminutive Mexico alone had a whole million.

It was apparent that the republics, of all kinds, were getting special consideration from their sister French republic. And this was with good reason, at a celebration peculiarly intended to commemorate the centenary of immortal '89 and the overthrow of monarchy. By some indeed it was deemed a piece of brazen impertinence and a complete want of logic to invite the monarchical nations to participate in a show to such an end. But Jules Ferry met the objection in this way.

"I make a distinction," said he, "between the principles of '89 and those of '93, which resulted in the Reign of Terror. The liberal principles of '89 have found general acceptance in the lapse of a century and are those that now actually prevail in all the constitutional governments of Europe. I see no reason, therefore, why the monarchical government should not accept—and the more especially since the success of the Exposition is a guarantee of peace."

So spoke the astute minister, but the monarchies did not accept, all the same. The Moslem despotisms of the Orient, it is true, did not suffer themselves to be disturbed by fine-drawn scruples, but in Europe only the comparatively small kingdoms of Norway, Greece, and Servia agreed to any official representation. Not that the Exposition suffered, as we know, from such

ostensible neglect. Its success rested as usual with the people of the various countries, who found their commercial interest in it. Private committees were organized, and the rulers, perfectly willing to assist, once their sentimental objection sufficiently insisted upon, voted them handsome subsidies to be employed pretty much in the usual way. In Russia, Austria, Italy, the Low Countries, and Great Britain, where the government would aid neither directly nor indirectly, the private initiative took hold with such vigor and efficiency as to insure the most admirable results.

As boulders are scattered about the country, which, entirely disconnected from the ordinary formation, we know to have been stranded there in former geologic epochs, so numerous important buildings are found in Paris which remain to her as a heritage from former Expositions. She has a way of having something tangible on the ground to show for her time and money after each of them. Of such are the Palais de l'Industrie, scene of the annual Salon, the Pavillon de Paris alongside it, where the chic Black and White Exhibition was going on, and the remarkable palace with curved wide-spreading wings that crowns the Trocadéro. And now it was rumored that—as the event proved—the grand bright hall called the Palace of Machines was to be left over as a riding-school for the Military Academy.

Palace of Machines certainly has a finer sound than the name Machinery Hall, that we should have been obliged to give it, and calling it their palace seemed to suggest a conscious life in the machines, as if they were a mammoth race of intelligent genii that were soon coming to inhabit it. One almost seemed to breathe freer in this vast edifice than outside it, the sense of air

and space being even heightened by the slight boundaries and curtailment. It was some fourteen hundred feet long by nearly four hundred feet wide, and was roofed over by a few pivot trusses of noble sweep sustaining acres upon acres of glass-work. Science and beauty were rarely combined in these pivot trusses. For all their enormous weight, each rested only upon so small a point that they occupied practically no space at all on the ground. The palace was practically poised in the air. The tall blocks of Paris houses round about looked in through its glass sides strangely dwarfed. Men, appearing of about the size of flies, were suspended on platforms painting its far-away ridge-pole.

Rows of stout iron supports were being set up, to sustain the expected congeries of shafts and belting. Upon the top of these supports was to run an elevated railway to furnish sight-seers a continuous view. The machines would soon be humming and clattering there —and the great sweep and noble emptiness would be at an end. The Palace of Fine Arts itself, a magnified piece of jewelry in gold and opal, a thing of delicious grace, could not compensate for the vanished charm of that grand simplicity. I was perverse enough to like it then far better than ever again.

CHAPTER V

HOUSES AND GARDENS IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS

After our hardships of the winter, with the approach of springtime the desire for something freer and nearer the ground than the city apartment, something warmer and pleasanter than gloomy Paris, took possession of us. Our early ideal of living a country life revived with great force. In obedience to this feeling I soon started out on an extensive exploration of the suburbs of Paris, making a house with a garden the object.

Beginning first on the railway northward, I found the principal place on that line, royal St. Denis, entirely out of the question. It is merely a most grimy manufacturing quarter; the tombs of the kings of France are smudged with foundry soot, the chimes of the fine old abbey keep up a losing competition with factory-bells and steam-whistles. One might go farther on, of course. At Ecouen, for instance, a quiet little hamlet, once the site of the school of Frère, I saw a fine large house,—so large we should have been wholly swallowed up in it,—and partly furnished at that, for twelve hundred francs a year. Better still, in the same grounds was a pretty pavilion for no more than four hundred francs. There was a chance of its being vacant in July, when a young girl, who lived there with her father, a retired officer, had completed her studies at the school, into which the old château on the hill above has been turned

for daughters of members of the Legion of Honor; but we never went back to see.

Next in order I turned southward. That day I explored Bourg-la-Reine, and walked thence over to Sceaux and Fontenay-aux-Roses. It was in a driving snowstorm, for I had not waited for winter to fully end. The rolling country, its bold fort of Châtillon frowning down over it, looked bleak enough under that aspect, and even the more luxurious villas stiff and conventional, as villas under the wing of a great city are apt to look. On the Grande Rue at Bourg-la-Reine, not far from an old hunting-lodge of Henri IV., now a deaf-mute school, were a small first-story apartment and a small house, both with gardens: the latter at six hundred and fifty francs, the former at four hundred and fifty. Here I first discovered a characteristic and very unpleasant feature of French suburban gardens. In the first case, a small plot of ground was allotted each tenant, in a general inclosure, much as gardens are allotted to children, "to call their own;" in the second, the ground was separated from that of the neighbors only by a slight lattice barrier about three feet high: so that in neither case was there any privacy whatever. The practice may be adopted because of limited amount of sun; the shadows cast by really effectual walls would take too much away from the scant space open to cultivation at best. It may be an enforced choice of evils; but at any rate, in the more modest Parisian suburban dwellings one is not *chez soi*, not in his own house. At Sceaux, where vestiges of great Colbert and the Duchess of Maine still linger, a second-story apartment, all in Louis XVI. white, high, panelled wainscoting, a Grinling Gibbons sort of carving, the

rooms large and fine, and all the windows south, and looking upon a slope which dropped rapidly to the valley, had no small attraction. All things considered, it seemed well worth the eight hundred francs asked for it; but there was a pestilential odor in the house, as from defective drainage. I went back again with S——, and it was still there, so it could have been no mere accident. The station for this odd little circular line of Sceaux is in quite a remote part of Paris, a point to be taken into account; for it would be much more convenient to be on a line that would bring you into the heart of the vast city directly.

It was still winter in town, but spring was already abroad in the country, on the 20th of March, when I took the line eastward for Vincennes. At Saint Mandé, three miles from Paris, where two trains recently collided, making one of the most dreadful railway accidents on record, the small apartment I saw, looking directly out into a park, at two minutes from the station and one thousand francs rent, was not at all bad. Nor was another, at the same price, with two principal bedrooms and a servant's room, on the broad, pleasant Avenue Victor Hugo. Both had only the usual conventional *petit jardinet* belonging to them. In the park of Vincennes gardeners were comfortably burning stubble, sheep were browsing upon the beautifully green new grass, military buglers were piping in the copses, and soldiers—mere dots and lines on the vast parade-ground —were firing at iron targets, which responded, when hit, with a sharp ring. It would have been pleasant to be near that, but houses did not offer. Joinville-le-Pont, again, theatre of picnics and pleasant strolls in earlier days, seemed merely shabby. That was a long

day's wandering, not fruitful with regard to the object in view, but improving as a glimpse of realistic suburban life. An omnibus goes from Joinville-le-Pont to Saint Maur, but I made the journey on foot instead. The region is pervadingly commonplace and bare of interest. It appears to have been originally a sort of prairie of scrub oak, resembling those about Chicago. The streets and parcels of ground, though but freshly made, are as irregular as in Paris. Land was everywhere for sale; to each person taking as much as six hundred square metres on a certain avenue a yearly commutation ticket on the railway was given. I paused to look at some little houses in a block, for sale, perhaps to minor clerks or superior mechanics. They cost seven thousand francs. I compared them with some of the clerks' houses, put up by the building societies, which one sees around Washington. An enormous pair of Percherons, kicked and dragged at by a driver who wore a scarlet cap and a blouse of Millet blue, were delivering building material in the petty street. They too looked as if they belonged in Brobdingnag, and had dropped down in Liliput. The houses were built of black and red bricks. Their design was better than that of some of a more pretentious sort, which had glaring string-courses of bright tiles relieved with bosses of rough glass, and very crude roofs in green and yellow. Have I explained that all houses in the land are built of solid materials? No? Then I will explain it now, for not to do so would be a serious omission. Those that I dealt with were chiefly made of rubble-stone plastered on the outside and this plaster tinted. Never a one of them all was in wood. It astonishes the American eye to find that material almost unknown.

I got down at last to the river Marne, a large river, in freshet just then and running over a half-submerged island. It looked as if it might be pleasant in summer time. There was an inn offering *friture* and like hospitality for canoeists, and there were some small villas, red and striped in the Italian fashion, that half made you think of the Brenta; but none of them were vacant.

I can only touch lightly upon a few typical bits. We did not go back again to Versailles. I have known of Americans living there pleasantly for a long stretch, but then we had brushed off its novelty; and they tell you the stately fish-ponds in the park are unhealthy, as they are certainly sometimes malodorous. Saint Germain is, next to Versailles, the suburb of Paris uniting the greatest number of fine old traditions. Though I have left that scene of the glories of Francis I. and home of the exiled Stuarts to the last, we visited it more than once, and were on the very point of taking up our abode there.

I got off first at Nanterre, where a *rosière* is annually crowned, and Rueil, full of traditions of the Bonapartes. All the streets there are named after them, and Josephine and Hortense are buried in the church. The surface thereabout is divided into verdant strips of market garden, and the fort of Mont Valérien looks down upon it from its bold hill, as does the fort of Châtillon upon Fontenay-aux-Roses. The idea of the crowning of the *rosière* casts over Nanterre in advance a pleasant glamour which its commonplaceness does not justify. The wide, grassy Avenue de Paris at Rueil had a nice rural look, but its villas were closed. In general it would take all the summer foliage to make those places agreeable, and we were looking for a place where we could

live all the year round. There were long streets of peculiarly cold, depressing, detached houses, boxlike and uniform, that recalled too much the tombs in a French cemetery.

All the country between Rueil and Saint Germain was sown with villas and châlets; an American activity all about, a prodigious amount of building going on. Lands were advertised for sale in the stations; ancient estates and woods were being cut up into building-lots at Chatou, at Le Vesinet, and even in the historic park of Malmaison. The same things have to be done in much the same way the world over. The Seine was in flood, turbid and violent, and had submerged the long island at Croissy, the bare trees of which projected from it like the masts of a foundered vessel.

Saint Germain is hardly as popular a resort as it once was; it is rather the way now to call its situation exposed, and to pretend that you get a peculiar sort of cold there, even in a day's jaunt. Saint Germain is a city of sixteen thousand people; Versailles has near fifty thousand, Bourg-la-Reine twenty-seven thousand, Nanterre five thousand. The things to "do" are to walk in the large forest, look down upon the views of the valley from the grand terrace, and study the collections in the ancient château of Francis I., which has been turned into a museum of national antiquities. The museum is most improving, but the château itself suffers from having been so immensely smartened up and put to such practical use. A first view of it and of the famous terrace was rather disappointing, yet here at last was a place where the house-hunter might take heart. The town has a pleasant, ancient, comfortable look, and it seemed worth while to search.

The American painter Hennessy has for many years occupied, at Saint Germain, a quaint, low, old dwelling once the property of a morganatic wife of Louis XIV., and called for her the Pavillon Montespan. It is exactly the *thing* in its way, so charming a picture that it tends to make one who has seen it dissatisfied with anything less. For the time being, nothing at all comparable offered; what there was was modern, gardenless, or in various other ways devoid of interest. A rather attractive apartment in the Rue Voltaire was to be had for nine hundred francs; one in the Rue de Mareuil for one thousand; another in the Rue de la République, opposite the ancient Hôtel de Longueville, for eight hundred. These were larger, and none were higher than a second story; otherwise, the prices, as will be seen, offered no great advantage over those in Paris. Our friends knew of an American family who had found a charming pavilion, in a garden, for three hundred francs; but these opportunities are always heard of when just too late; they are never overtaken. We coquetted with a two-story house in the Rue de Pologne, fair in itself, but the outlook not very good, and especially with another in the street descending toward the Pavillon Montespan; each, I think, at a rent of about twelve hundred francs. That last one was in some respects *pas mal du tout.* I tremble when I think how near we were to going there. The proprietor would not allow the overrank foliage to be pruned, and there was but a single room which the sun penetrated freely; it must have been damp and chilly even in summer, and in winter—br-r-r!

There was perhaps considerable perversity in all our objections; we seemed to find fault with the city for

not being the country, and with the country for not being the city. We considered that if we lived in one of the suburban towns we should be forever yielding to the temptation to run in to the various attractions of Paris, and so fatigue ourselves by trying to do too much. Paris itself now began to have some charming days, when the flower-venders perfumed the air around the Arc de Triomphe, and all the world was going to the Bois on foot or on wheels. Nothing was more delightful than when, in April, the young girls, who wore white for a long time apropos of their first communion, began to trip, vaporous and sylphlike, about our little square of Saint François Xavier.

The truth was, we had not chanced to hit upon the fascinating spot that might have detained us. Then, too, more important still, ideas of most radical changes, of far-distant, entirely new horizons, had begun to rise upon the view. We began to meditate a bold migration southward.

CHAPTER VI

NEVERS, AND A TUNE ON A FAÏENCE VIOLIN

THE long, dark Paris winter had imparted an especial value to light and warmth. I started southward, upon the agreement that sunshine should be almost our first consideration. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," says august Scripture. This motto I blazoned, as it were, on my banner. We were to have floods of sunshine. Next to that, we were to have a house and garden, and the surroundings of the house and garden must be romantic, in the mediæval or other ancient way, as heretofore set forth. The nearer Paris all this could be realized, the better.

It will be seen whether I grew over-critical as to everything that was presented or whether this was only an effect of that alluring imagination which is always promising something better just a little further on. At all events, the result was an unexpectedly long journey, a tour southward through many foreign lands, touching at nearly all the typical points that vaunt, with reason, their winter climates, and a return to Paris from an entirely opposite point of the compass.

Allowing a sufficient interval for a presumed change of climate, the first place I got off at was Nevers, a hundred and fifty miles down the P. L. M. Naturally, you contract your railroads here, too. The Paris,

Lyons, and Mediterranean is reduced to those few letters, just as we talk about the cabalistic C., B. & Q. at home. Do I catch the remark that no one ever heard of anybody's living at Nevers? Do you in surprise ask at once what inducements it may offer? The question permits me to say that I myself sometimes wonder whether the people who have a passion for finding things to do that nobody else has ever done,—a passion grown quite impossible of gratification, for the rest, in these populous times,—are not entirely misguided and in the wrong. Possibly conventional people who follow the beaten track have once been through all these things for themselves,—or somebody else for them,—and know there is nothing in them and it is not worth while. Perhaps would-be pioneers are only laggards after all. An eighteenth-century writer, notable in his day, thinks an excellent book might be made, called "Prejudices Justified." So original a person as Goldsmith himself tells us bluntly, "Whoever does a new thing does a bad thing; whoever says a new thing says a false thing."

I may indulge in this line of remark with the greater freedom, since we did not go and live at Nevers; nor were we ever in the least danger of doing so.

A travelling acquaintance on the train had assured me I should find just what I was in search of, on the Boulevard Victor Hugo. It was till lately the Boulevard Saint Gildard, but the saint had been summarily dispossessed for the poet. Everywhere in France, in these days, you are certain to find a boulevard or an avenue, one of the best, named for Victor Hugo, another for Gambetta; and now Carnot, also, is having his turn. This was a raw new one, and the stiff little gardens had exactly the same lack of privacy I had already found

so unpleasant in suburban Paris. It is a general complaint, I fear. As the wealthy have too much seclusion behind their massive walls, which spoil the prospect, an average is got by giving the poor too little. Saint Jean —Midsummer's Day—is the great renting-day here, as it is also in Touraine and the Pyrenees, Saint Michel resuming his sway again further south. It is true, there were two first-story apartments in the old part of the town, close to the ducal palace and the cathedral, that might almost have done. They were thirteen hundred francs and six hundred and fifty francs respectively, and the latter was much in need of repairs; but we were not yet arrived at the stage of considering mere apartments.

I looked, among other things, at the chief manufactory of a characteristic pottery made in the place, and of course at the fine old sculptured palace of the Gonzagas, dukes of Nevers, who first introduced the manufacture of this pottery from Italy. Huddled up into a small museum, placed in the attic of the palace in a rather depreciatory way, were some good specimens of the artistic wares of early date.

It was absolutely the first time I had been in Nevers, yet, as I went about, things had a certain familiar, almost homelike air. It was the Faïence Violin that produced this effect and was really—now that we come to it—at the bottom of my getting off there. Do you want to hear about the Faïence Violin,* in case you don't happen to know of it already?

Writers are not now in search of an original passion of human nature, to treat for the first time. All that

* Lately translated by the author.

was over so long ago that the date is not a matter of consequence. If a newish treatment or an unhackneyed situation is found nowadays, that is about all that can fairly be demanded. Yet it was something very like an original passion that M. Champfleury hit upon in his bright, gay, amusing book the "Faïence Violin." Instead of love, jealousy, patriotism, filial affection or friendship, the motive power of this romance is the passion for ceramics. The subject had its technical works in plenty, but had hardly ever been treated even in the literary manner. Lamb, to be sure, has a delightful essay ostensibly on Old Porcelain, but it is made of as irrelevant matter as Artemus Ward's lecture on the Babes in the Wood.

At any rate, Champfleury first gave the passion its story.

I have had for a great many years the pleasure of owning a copy of the *édition de luxe*, in which heavy paper, extravagant margins, interleaved etchings, and designs in color from the rare ceramics, give the text the preciousness of an illuminated manuscript, and add to the quaint tale the charm of a work of art.

The collector's passion expends itself upon multifarious objects, upon books, old pictures, coins, musical instruments, arms, autographs and photographs, wigs, shoes, canes, snuff-boxes, postage-stamps, theatre tickets and programmes, and even buttons. The mania is generally thought rather a harmless one, but Champfleury, following it out remorselessly in his amusing study, shows to what perversion it may lead. It is capable of becoming an enormous egotism and avarice, betraying the dearest friendships, revelling in falsehoods and perfidies, and may stop little short of robbery and assassination.

"There are such innocent passions," he tells us, "that begin by twining about a stalwart tree, and end by choking the life out of it."—"No passions? Gardilanne had them all; he was a collector. Lightning might have struck beside him without diverting his attention from a shop window in which he chanced to be interested."

Monsieur Champfleury was especially fitted by his own pursuits for the task undertaken. He was for a long time the director of the National Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres. Histories of ancient and modern caricature, the pottery of the Revolution, of the brothers Le Nain,—obscure painters under Louis XIII. whom he endeavored to restore to a rightful place in the public esteem,—all show a natural bent toward the rare and curious. He himself has been a devotee of the fantastic passion he describes. He confesses that the three passions of his existence have been Music, Faïence, and Cats. His taste for the uncommon has marked even the most intimate doings of his private life. He proposed to his wife, by sending her the message that if she agreed with him that the unmarried are like but one half a pair of scissors, without the other, he was at her service to make a joint endeavor to cut out the fabric of life agreeably. She replied laconically by returning him a pair of scissors.

His critics say that "realist" is inseparable from his name, and that where his friend and intimate, Mürger, only sang of Bohemian life, he studied it. His fidelity to actual types once secured him the singular compliment of a beating from a quite unknown peasant who considered himself personally meant in a rural skit called "The Christmas Geese."

With a droll irony and a genial overflowing humor he gives us all the side-lights, as well, of this pottery dilettantism he portrays.

"Nothing in the collector's cabinet," he tells us, "is the result of chance; profound meditations determine whether a Chinese pipe is to be suspended above a dried Malabar frog or the opposite arrangement is to be adopted."

He shows us the *Chineurs*, or professional china-hunters, sent down to the country by Parisian dealers in curiosities. They push their way into dwellings with the brazen effrontery of book-agents or lightning-rod men; they get put out of doors, by the flustered housewives, but they return again by the window, as it were, and manage, against all opposition, to ransack the house for bric-a-brac, from top to bottom. He shows the Paris club, that wholly despises china, not making the finest *pâte tendre* of Sèvres an exception, in favor of its adored hobby of faïence. And then his leading situations are as dramatically amusing as those combinations of ludicrous misery seen on the boards of a French theatre.

The conceit of a faïence violin is not, as it might appear—as it *did* appear to the honest citizens of Nevers—a mere conceit.

There are faïence violins. The making of them, as an occasional *tour de force*, was among the achievements of the great days of Delft. I myself have looked longingly at a charming one preserved in the ceramic museum at Rouen. Curiously enough, too, this is the one Champfleury has chosen for the etching in his book, as nearest the impression he tried to present.

Possibly it was the sight of it that first suggested his idea to him. In the story it is thus described:

"It had contours to make a Stradivarius jealous. Its enamel was of an incomparable purity. Its delicious blue recalled the azure skies of Spain. Not a crack, or a blemish even, on the fine curves of the neck. Never before had the potter's art reached so high an achievement. Angels playing upon viols in the clouds displayed a scroll with the motto, *Musica et gloria in aer.* Below, a group of figures in Louis Quatorze costume surrounded a pretty woman at the harpsichord."

But, at Nevers, they did not believe in it. A searcher for it felt much comforted when he met an old potter who would even admit that such a thing was possible. For the first time he had encountered some one who did not put the very existence of his ardently coveted treasure in doubt.

The marvellous instrument was supposed to be made of the faïence of Nevers, and there was a tradition that it was hidden away somewhere in that old town. An old poem, in the Mercury of France, even claims that this blue and yellow ware of Nevers, brought in by the Gonzagas, was the first manufacture of such pottery in the country, though I think history will hardly substantiate that:

"Chantons, Fille de Ciel, l'honneur de la Fayence.
Quel Art! dans l'Italie il reçut la naissance,
Et vint, passant les monts, s'établir dans Nevers,
Ses ouvrages charmans vont au de là des mers."

Sing, Muse, the praises of Faïence.
What an Art! In Italy it had its birth,
Then passed the mountains to dwell in Nevers,
Whence now its charming works spread beyond the seas.

According to this poem the origin of the art was in a quarrel between Plutus, the god of wealth, and wise

Minerva. The former inclined to despise taste and skill, placing his reliance solely upon the intrinsic value of the precious metals.

"I will show you, sir," said the goddess, "that I can get along very well without your rich materials. I will let you see that in my hands the commonest clay becomes precious." She takes up a lump of earth and throws it upon the potter's wheel, when lo!—"can I believe my eyes?—start in an instant a hundred curious vases forth:"

—"en croirais-je mes yeux,
Sortent dans un instant cent vases curieux."

Pursuing her disparagement of his valuable metals, she takes up a little of the commonest tin, lead, salt, and sand and makes an enamel "dazzling as the sun." Then she paints upon her vases figures of shepherds, festoons, games with songs and dances, loves, grotesques, palaces, and temples. Plutus, not yet abandoning the contest, says, "But all this is very flimsy." "Not at all," she replies, "it will outlast your metals and marbles a thousand years."—"And *now*, what do I see?" concludes the poet; "even proud Paris and supercilious London—who would credit it?—paying tribute to our little city of Nevers."

The "Faïence Violin" first introduces to us one Monsieur Dalègre, a denizen of this favored town, a jolly bachelor of fortune, age thirty-five. He has hardly even known that such a thing as artistic pottery exists. But, making a visit to Paris, he falls in with an old friend and schoolmate of his, one Gardilanne, who is a confirmed collector. Gardilanne passes for having the sharpest scent for such things in all Paris. With him a sort of diabolical keenness supplied the lack of money.

He has managed, on an income of but a thousand dollars a year, as a government clerk, to get together a collection that is the envy of the very museums. He scarce gives himself time to eat or sleep. For fifteen years he has hardly dreamed of anything else but his hobby.

He defies wind, rain, and hail in the pursuit; he goes to the length, if need be, of passing himself off as a rag-and-bottle man, to have an opportunity of examining old stocks of trumpery. In him the disease is fully seated, but in Dalègre we are shown its gradual rise and progress. He looks at the plates and ewers which his enthusiastic friend places in his hands, with about the intelligence of a bat at fireworks. Living as he does in so promising a locality, it occurs to the Paris collector to turn him to account. He might pick up a few pieces, while he was around town, and send them up to him as well as not. Dalègre receives his directions as to what is desirable, and agrees to do so. It is faïence or fine stone-ware, in which there are many beautiful objects, and not pottery in general, which is Gardilanne's particular hobby. "I tell you," said he, "porcelain has lorded it long enough. A revolution is at hand in ceramics, like that of '89. The *bourgeois* faïence is to have its rights, and aristocratic porcelain will fall. It will not be persecuted, it is true, but it will pass into contempt. That cold and heartless production will be sought only by *parvenus*."

Dalègre complies with his promise. Praises and profuse instructions are showered upon him by his friend. "Make tours in the churches," urges Gardilanne. "Happily, the village priests know nothing of archæology; they will let you have things cheap. The

hospitals, too, are a fruitful field. In their pharmacies there are beautiful old jars made to contain drugs. Manage to get a wound in hunting, or a sprained ankle; a mere scratch will do. The sisters of charity are very simple. If you find there is no faïence, your complaint will of course immediately disappear. If there is, it will become serious, and you must manage in the end to take, besides the medicine, the bottle that contains it."

Such ardor by degrees inspires a mild interest in the subject in Dalègre himself. This is increased by the indignation of some people who complain that he is robbing his native town of its treasures, for the benefit of a cold, greedy Parisian. At last he finds himself bitten with the infection. He exhibits its symptoms in their utmost violence. He becomes a collector on his own account. An interior voice bids him sacrifice Gardilanne. There is a moral in the story of this whimsical passion, as in those selected for especial mention in the decalogue. Here, too, it is the first false step that involves a continually increasing train of evils, and at last overwhelms its author in ruin. Had he boldly avowed to Gardilanne that he had become a convert to the taste, and made no secret of his collection, all would have been well. But no; he entered upon a course of abandoned hypocrisy. He began to send his friend packages which he knew to be unmitigated rubbish, as an indication that Nevers was exhausted. The confiding Parisian wrote to him of the faïence violin, which he had just heard of from M. du Sommerard, the founder of the Cluny Museum. It was believed to be extant at Nevers, and he was adjured to search for it. He entered vigorously upon the quest, but he muttered

to himself, "Oh, yes, I'll play you a jig upon your faïence violin." He had become more perfidious than Iago.

Thus matters ran on. He has not heard from Gardilanne—doubtless disgusted with the paltry stuff he had sent him—for a long time. His hard heart smites him a little, but he does not relent. One day, at supper, his servant hands him a letter, which has been received in the morning, during his absence. He toys with it, and does not break the seal till he has nearly finished eating. He gives a cry of dismay. It is a notice that Gardilanne is on the way to visit him. He is due in twenty minutes. The distracted master runs hither and thither, not knowing where to begin. The house, full of pottery, must be dismantled; Gardilanne must not discover his treason.

It is hurriedly determined to remove the specimens from one other room and the guest chamber, to which he may possibly be confined until, at night, the rest can be removed and secreted in the cellar. The manœuvre is barely accomplished when the redoubtable Parisian collector arrives. He has secured a vacation, and will commence to-morrow to beat a grand *battue* in the Nivernais. Dalègre's heart sinks within him; for in this tour among the dealers his own occupation must inevitably come out. He determines to accompany his guest like his shadow wherever he moves, in order to find some means of turning aside indiscreet revelations. At bed-time the guest inquires what village the old servant Margaret is from, and announces his intention to talk to her. Most likely she will have recollections of seeing some pieces among her people which might be desirable. Dalègre feels that if such a talk is per-

mitted the gossiping old woman will betray his secret. During the process of concealing the things in the cellar, therefore, he gives her the most alarming account of Gardilanne's purposes in his visit. He instructs her, under the heaviest penalties, to appear to be deaf and dumb, and assures Gardilanne that she is. The great Sainte-Beuve treated of the story in his "Causeries de Lundi." He speaks of this scene, the furtive stowing away of the crockery in the cellar, the fear entertained by Dalègre lest the guest should awake at the delicious clicking of the pieces and lest he himself should be precipitated headlong down the stairs with his basket, in punishment of his perfidy, as one of the most excellent in a book which he calls the description of a unique case in moral pathology.

The Nevers collector is exposed at too many points. He can escape neither harrowing anxieties nor ultimate discovery. Lies upon lies flow from his tongue. Once, by a blunder of Margaret, a lovely mustard-pot was put upon the table. Gardilanne half-closed his eyes and clacked his tongue over it. Dalègre hastened to explain, in trepidation, that it was an heirloom,—handed down from his grandfather, by which he set great store. Later on, a faïence writing-desk, left in the *salon* by oversight, was discovered.

"This also was handed down—" stammered Dalègre.

"From your *grandmother*, no doubt," cut in Gardilanne dryly.

"Yes," assented Dalègre humbly. "We provincials live so much in our family traditions."

And still again, the old Margaret, forgetful of the admonition she had received, and tired of keeping her tongue so long idle, while waiting on the guest alone at

breakfast, began to talk to him. "Monsieur has not much appetite," said she.

He was abstracted, and carried on a conversation for some moments without thinking of its strangeness. But suddenly he exclaimed, "You are not deaf, then?"

Pressing her hands desperately over her ears, as if it were somehow possible to remedy the irreparable blunder, the old woman cried at the top of her voice, "Oh, yes, I *am!* I *am* deaf! I am deaf!"

From this point to the crisis of the story, the discovery of the faïence violin, Dalègre and Gardilanne are as ill at ease in each other's company as two galley-slaves dragging the same chain and meditating different methods of escape. They come, upon the last day of their rounds, to an old shed full of second-hand goods, on the quay. To Dalègre's astonishment, Gardilanne, after a little inspection of the interior, appears to be impressed with a bulky wardrobe about which there is absolutely nothing of interest, and begins to drive a bargain for it.

"It is worth a good fifty francs, if it is worth a sou," said the proprietor.

"Come, now, you are chaffing. I will give you forty," said Gardilanne.

"Why, I can get you a cart-load of them for half the money," expostulated Dalègre aside.

After further jockeying, Gardilanne promises to think about it. They leave the shop; but no sooner are they again at Dalègre's door than Gardilanne claps his hat desperately upon his head, fairly takes to his heels, leaving his amazed host in the lurch, and returns to the dealer. He renews the bargaining for the wardrobe. Amid the rubbish in the interior, the artful collector

has discerned the marvellous violin. It sang to him like a rare bird from an ignoble thicket. Dissembling his ecstatic feelings, he affects to make light of it as a petty children's toy.

"Nothing of the kind," said the dealer; "that violin is worth six francs, I can tell you."

Gardilanne thought he should be seized with vertigo. He was obliged to sit down. Six francs for a treasure worth six thousand at least! These are the shocks that shorten the collector's existence. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he managed to say, with a tremulous effort at self-control. "Throw in that crockery trifle, and I will give you forty francs for your wardrobe. I have a small nephew to whom I suppose I might make it a present."

The dealer consented, with an appearance of grumbling. Gardilanne departed, with his treasure under his arm. "But you have not told me where to send the wardrobe!" called the man after him.

"To the bottom of the river!" he muttered, hurrying on.

Who can picture the condition of Dalègre when the marvellous violin, thus carried off from under his very nose, was shown to him? A mist swam before his eyes; he could hardly see it. And the triumphal entry of Gardilanne into Paris! He was prouder than a conquering general returning from his wars.

Time did not abate the chagrin of Dalègre, but rather increased it. He felt at last that he could not live without the inestimable treasure. At night he dreamed of a St. Cecilia drawing tones from it clearer and sweeter than those of crystal. He went to Paris to throw himself upon the mercy of Gardilanne. If he did not have it, he should die. Arrived there, he found his friend as

full of enthusiasm as ever. He was assured that Paris lived but for faïence. His heart failed him, and he dared not prefer his preposterous request. He was taken to the club, and heard porcelain unsparingly denounced. He was introduced to this one, who collected only revolutionary pottery; another, pieces with *fleur-de-lis;* another, pieces with game-cocks, of which he had already more than seventeen thousand; another whose hobby was shapes of fruits and vegetables. He saw a thimble of Henri Deux ware which had cost six hundred and twenty thousand francs, and Madame Dubarry's faïence phaeton. He passed through a museum of faïence lions, tigers, and dragons, but Orpheus-like he clutched the memory of the faïence violin to his breast, and passed their yawning jaws in safety.

He resolved to return to his home and write what he dared not speak. His pathetic letter enhanced the charms of the faïence violin amazingly, like the fame of a wilful beauty for whom despairing suitors have blown their heads off.

It was read by its proud recipient to the faïence club in full council.

Still Gardilanne relented to the extent of agreeing to leave it to him in his will. Thenceforward, reproach himself as he would, Dalègre lived only in the hope of the testator's death. He prepared the place the violin should occupy upon the wall, and looked forward with unceasing desire to the time when he should rapturously fix it there. Meanwhile, it was securing a European reputation. A Dutch *savant,* with the sublime effrontery of his race, published a memoir claiming it as of the manufacture of Delft. Then did every member of the faïence club sink his private theory and unite in a com-

mon rebuke of the audacious Hollander. Before all, the honor of France must be vindicated.

Gardilanne died, and the violin passed into the possession of Dalègre. The emotions of this poor man seemed to have been tried to the limit of endurance. But they were to be racked still further. While making his elaborate preparations for suspending the violin in his cabinet, the fancy took him to play an air upon it. He tightened up the pegs to secure the proper pitch. More. A faïence violin is not made to stand the pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch, which the strings at their full tension exert. It flew in pieces. For a moment the unhappy man was mute. Then he rushed in fury upon the rest of his museum. His servant endeavored to stop him; he hurled her against a cabinet of specimens, which crashed down and added to the ruin. The passers-by rushed in; the fire department followed; under their feet the remains of the collection were ground to powder. Dalègre went stark mad. A friend of his gave utterance in a *café* to a witticism, which must be rendered in its own tongue: "Dalègre has fallen into *defaïence.*"

The author, however, is a merciful person, who by no means desires to lay himself open to the attention of the proposed society for the protection of readers. He does not leave us with the clamor of this complete catastrophe ringing in our ears. A supplementary paragraph explains that Dalègre had a benevolent aunt and pretty cousin in the place, who took care of him in his sickness. He had brain fever for a month, during which he dreamed that the world was inhabited entirely by faïence people, who were very polished and brilliant, it is true, but declined to have any intercourse with each

other for fear of spoiling their enamel. He awoke entirely recovered from his delusion. After a proper interval, he espoused the pretty cousin, who took care never to allow him to relapse into it again.

Such is the vivid account—which the unique character and rarity of the volume may be an apology for having paraphrased at some length—furnished by a competent witness, of the possible vagaries of the passion for pottery. Few of us would be prepared from any personal experience to guarantee it. Its substantial correctness must rest for the most part upon the reputation for accuracy of the author. The rage is not easily understood by reasonable people. The taste itself is less difficult of comprehension. It is, with those who possess it, a sort of instinct. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, indignant at Richardson for some slighting reference to it, and casting about for an argument to refute him, could find nothing better to advance than that it was enjoyed by a prominent person in the social world at that time. "I cannot forgive him [Richardson]," she says, "his disrespect of old china, which is below nobody's taste, since it has been the Duke of Argyll's, whose understanding has never been doubted either by his friends or his enemies."

But if other reasons were needed than the smooth and flowing forms, which have properties in common with the liquids they are for the most part made to contain, the outlines of flower and leaf and curling waves and beautiful women, the cream and pearl-tinted enamels, the dainty patches of color,—pink of sea-shells, blue of the sea and of lapis-lazuli and turquoise, the ruby reds and opaline iridescence,—doubtless they could be found. One is the apparent capability for use of even the most

elaborate specimens. It gives them an air of honest worth, lacking in the gingerbread articles which are solely objects of ornament. Another is the odd marks, the anchors, arrows, crosses, and monograms, upon the pieces, which show the personal interest taken in them by their makers, like that of painters in their pictures. The great age of that art of which they are the product is again an attraction. There are specimens extant three thousand years old, as bright in color as the day they were made. The potter's wheel is one of the oldest of human mechanisms; after centuries of progress toward patent side-draught and stem-winding improvements: frescoes of four thousand years ago in the catacombs of Thebes show it to have undergone no change.

More potent than all the rest is perhaps some subtle influence emanating from the trial by fire. Whatever has bravely undergone tribulation diffuses an involuntary air of respect for itself all about. Yonder pretty vase, of the thickness of an egg-shell, has withstood a heat of 4,717 degrees. It was not shrivelled like a leaf at the first breath of the hot blast, but endured its whole fury for days, and came forth glorious at last, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, from the fiery furnace. Henceforth the ruggedest stone and the hardest metal will corrode and fail, while it blooms unchanged in its coquettish beauty. As if all possible calamities were concentrated in that one furious trial, and having passed it nothing else could harm it, it has entered upon an immortal existence.

CHAPTER VII

THE CITIES OF PROVENCE AND ESPECIALLY AVIGNON

To have started so entirely without prejudices, either for or against, made the task of choosing both more difficult and easier. It greatly widened the field, while, when the right spot (to our eyes) was finally hit upon it would enable our decision to be very summary. As there was absolutely no place, *a priori*, we would not have lived in, the large city of Lyons, being *en route*, was naturally considered.

Lyons would not do. Tame and featureless, in spite of its bustling affairs, in spite of the bold heights around it, up which the *ficelle*, the string, as they call it, takes you, horses, carts, and all, like the cable-road of Cincinnati, I can only conceive of one living there if kept by handsome pay. Ancient Vienne, Valence, Orange would not do. At Valence lodgings might have been had in the house next to the one occupied by the young Napoleon when a second lieutenant in garrison there, and I am not sure but in that very one itself. He must often have looked off from the eastern terrace of the town to the Alps, and from the western to the splintered old ruin of Crussol that accompanies the view so long, as you journey down the wide plain of Provence. Of what were his meditations in those days? Surely not much of house-hunting. How are great things ever accomplished when the smallest require such a deal of pains?

What I had really thought in advance was Avignon. I sincerely hoped Avignon would do. When we talked of Avignon in Paris, however, a French friend used to pooh! and bah! at it in what we should call a highly American spirit.

"You will have used up its antiquities in three days. Petrarch and his Laura will last you just half an hour," he would say. "And then how will you occupy yourselves? No, if you *will* seek the Midi, keep on rather to Marseilles. There you will find movement, a proper stir of life, the theatre—a big city, in fact, and its resources."

Each one speaks after his own taste, and these considerations left us unmoved, though Marseilles itself, all unknown as it was, evoked ideas of southern warmth and gayety, and it would have seemed by no means a disagreeable fate. Provence opened well as to the forwardness of vegetation. Cold and wintry behind us still, here, on the 9th of April, the peach and almond trees were in bloom, and the generality of the trees well budded out. In spite of this, however, and the perennial foliage of the olive, the moist green of Burgundy was finished. The face of the plain and the mountains that inclose it have a gray, mud-colored, sad tone that it would take all the traditional sunshine of Provence to brighten. It recalled Southern California in the dry season, but without the oranges. It recalled it, too, even to the winds, except that the winds that raise the dust-storms at Los Angeles or Riverside have no such persistency as the famous *mistral*, which tears through the gorges of Montélimar, and becomes the scourge of all the country down to Marseilles, and of Marseilles worse than all the rest.

The first requirement of an Old World town was a good site for its fortress, just as the starting-point of a Western border town is its railway station, its "saloon," and its grocery. At Avignon was found an excellent bold, flat-topped rock to put the castle upon, and the broad Rhone beside it made the best of waterways for commerce. When the expatriated popes had acquired it, in the time of the great schism, they covered the rock with a gigantic brown-stone fortress palace, which ancient Froissart calls "the strongest and finest abode in all the world." It is on so great a scale that the city round about, though it contains forty thousand people, seems a mere scattering of tributary huts. Connect this with a ruinous suburb, having a mediæval fortress pure and simple on a like scale, by a bridge with most of its arches broken,—the bridge upon which, according to the nursery rhyme, there used to be so much dancing,—and you have Avignon. Its antiquities, its architecture, its traditions were all charming, and corresponded to the preconceived ideal; occupation for one's idle moments would never be wanting there. Then, too, the principal modern street, leading from the station, made an unexpectedly fine display of shops; there was a clinking of officers' swords, and a cheery promenading in the evening in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville; and there was, above all, the fresh vitalizing breath of the Félibrige, the literary movement which has revived the glories of old Provençal poetry. It was my good fortune to see something of the new troubadours,—bluff, hearty old Roumanille, in the Rue Saint Agricol, and kinglike Mistral, in his village of Maillane, amiable, genuine people all.

On the Doms rock, the choicest of all sites, nothing

rural appeared but the small public garden, whence you had the view over the level country,—the wide Rhone, turbid and headstrong as the Mississippi, and snow-patched Ventoux in the distance. Ventoux is the signal point; while snow rests on Ventoux, it is not yet summer. In the old town, once compressed within ramparts, it was useless to seek any open space for living. And let us make a general rule of it at once; the same is true of all old towns everywhere. In the new district, near the station, which, crabbedly, never comes to meet an European town more than half way,—this district—hum! hum!—it was low and flat, filled with factories smoking lustily, and the cottages of their work-people. It was Avignon, to be sure, but, even supposing something presentable to offer there,—and it did not chance to,—such an environment was not in the purview of the expedition. I began to surmise for the first time that the search for the desired house and garden might be a difficult one.

I had been in wretched, many-storied Rue Abraham and Place de Jérusalem of the ancient Jews' quarter, not house-hunting, but curiosity-hunting, for the two pursuits were inextricably mingled; then under the brown awnings of the queer, crowded, entertaining market in the Place Pie; and had swung round back to the Rue Joseph Vernet and the chapel of the Oratoire, which, being circular and quite open within, pleasingly suggests a little Gothic Pantheon. There were bills out on two houses near by,—wide, respectable, even stately houses. My ring was answered by an ancient servant, or *concierge* (though the *concierge* system can hardly be said to prevail in the smaller towns), in an extraordinarily clean white cap. She retained a guarded air, as who

should say, "You *may* be all right, coming along in this sudden way, with a strange accent, making inquiries as if you meant to live here, and I shall say nothing to your face to the contrary, but the thing is very much open to doubt." She had a first-story apartment, at one thousand francs a year. It could not be shown, however, for another fortnight, and, as it would obviously have been imprudent for me to wait so long, I do not know to this day what it was like. The other was a second story, at only six hundred francs. It was up a very high cold stone stairway. The parquetry floors of the north have disappeared; we are in a land of stone and tiles now, a land that plans for summer rather than winter. There was no way of entering the various rooms, five or six of them and of good size, except through each other, there being no corridor. All the water used would have to be brought up from a fountain in the court below. It would be compensation, of course, to have had carved lions' heads, but I fear hardly enough.

I did not often avail myself of the services of house-agents, where they existed, nor of the notaries who sometimes charged themselves with renting property. These persons, quite unaware that you may have all Europe—with Africa thrown in—for your hunting-ground, or that you could think of settling in any other place than theirs, proceeded with a hopeless deliberation. They proposed to settle down to it comfortably and make a campaign of weeks, or, for what I know, of years, as the case might require. In the first place, they wanted to make an appointment with you, to prepare a list. Then they would accompany you themselves, and, being rheumatic or otherwise disabled, get

on with mortal slowness; and they would try to show you everything, even to the last window-catch in a given apartment. Or they would send a blundering youth with you, who brought the wrong keys or could not find the right address. Or they would, perhaps by way of showing you the extent of their affairs, send you to places that were already rented, or that the occupants declared had never been to rent.

And finally they would take great pains to prevent your getting any general grasp of all the vacancies in the place, or looking at any other than such as chanced to be in their hands. The advertisements in the local papers are but a slight resource, as these are not advertising communities. It is the general custom to put out bills on all houses to rent; thus you have only to choose the quarter that suits you, and if you do not find what there is it is the fault of your own diligence. My plan of verifying in advance the architectural and other attractions of the given place, to see if these were going to be strong enough to hold us, took me to all parts of it. Indeed, were it not for this plan, I should have to marvel, in summing up the collection, how uniformly the habitations to rent found themselves in the neighborhood of some fine monument,—much as another sage traveller marvelled that wherever you found a great city you were sure to find a great river flowing by it. It was precisely in issuing from these monuments that I saw the habitations to rent. Of course there was liability to oversight, under such a system, and I will not maintain that I did not overlook plenty of opportunities, veritable jewels of homes for our purpose.

The Rue de la Vieille Poste was a mere winding dark alley, but the apartment at the corner had a window

looking into the Place du Palais. A mosaic-paved vestibule, a dining-room, and a kitchen on the damp entrance floor, the kitchen faced with Moorish-looking tiles; then, up a narrow winding stair, a handsome large sunny drawing-room and a bedroom, and above that, again, a servant's room; and finally the right to share in an inclosed square of garden, full of rather sober myrtles, laurels, and cypress, with a bit of historic tower looking down upon it. I tried to figure how, if we took it, we would harden our hearts to the lot of the maid in the damp kitchen, pass but the briefest possible moments daily in the damp dining-room, and then seek refuge in the sunny salon, and give our time to gazing rapturously at the glimpse of the Palace of the Popes. It went down on the list, for want of something better. As I turned into that same Place again, the mistral was whistling loudly, and even rattling small gravel along the base of the grandiose Palais de la Monnaie, close by, which is more boldly original and striking in its way than its vaster rival across the square. My French local guidebook naïvely pretended that the streets of Avignon were made narrow and tortuous to defeat the searching violence of this remorseless north wind. This theory would do very well, except that every other town and village in Europe, Turin excepted, is built upon the same plan. What is more certain is that the modern Chamber of Commerce was put where it is, across the open southern end of the Place, to keep the irruptions of hurricane out of the heart of the city.

Other apartments could have been had in a private palace of Julius II., the heritage of a decayed noble family, the vestiges of whose escutcheon remain over the door, where it was battered to pieces in the Revolu-

tion. Henry IV., and even so much rarer a celebrity as Saint Francis de Sales, had slept in it. But it was in a darker and narrower street than all the rest; they did not mind such things in those days. Meantime, too, the mistral, which I would not greatly believe in at first, was daily more impressed upon me as a positive and standing disadvantage of climate. The best authorities, including those whose local patriotism might well enough have obscured their honesty, agreed that it was a veritable scourge. Stendhal says it is the drawback to all pleasures one might enjoy in Provence. The lamented Roumanille told me it had once flattened him against the wall like a leaf. It uproots trees and tears down houses, and blows three, nine, even twelve days at a time. What then should we do here, when I recollected that S——, in Paris, had a horror, above all things, of having her hat-brim blown about by the breeze?

Nevertheless, as there are degrees and variations of it, I continued to look longingly in Provence, and sometimes almost to forget it. I looked at Tartarin's—and King René's—Tarascon; at Saint Rémy; at the rock-cut marvels of Les Baux, which some one has called "a Pompeii of the Middle Ages;" and at Arles. At Les Baux you could have bought a beautifully carved Renaissance dwelling outright for three hundred dollars, and could probably have rented it in proportion. It would not be bad at all to pass a vacation there. At Arles is a pleasant Moorish touch in the minor habitations, a trace still, perhaps, of the long Saracen domination there. The house that chiefly caught my eye was on a street leading up to the Roman arena, and showing at the end a square Moorish watch-tower looming up grandly on the top of that massive work. It was at

Tarascon, in the Rue des Halles, that the pleasant matron whom, in doubt, I asked as to the direction of the sun in her apartment answered, in affected confusion: "*Mon Dieu!* I have never stopped to think of it. I've never taken my bearings here." Alas! it was bare, uncompromising north; nothing could have been more so.

There again, at Tarascon was king-like Mistral, chief of the troubadours, doing so commonplace a thing as start in on a railway journey, and I had one more hearty shake of the hand from him.

CHAPTER VIII

WITH THE NEW TROUBADOURS AT AVIGNON

I HAD seen something in a familiar way of the Félibres, the people who had given Avignon the latest of its many forms of celebrity. They have had the gift of inspiring great interest and enthusiasm in many American literary men, and I shall not do amiss, perhaps, in setting down some brief impressions of them.

I had brought a letter from an American poet to Roumanille, since deceased, the Nestor of the group. But before presenting it, in order to meet them a little more on their own ground, I set out for a certain amount of exploration of the place.

I went first, or at least very early in the day, to the old bridge of the traditional dancing "*Sur le pont d'Avignon, on y danse; on y danse.*" It could have been nothing like quadrilles that they ever danced there, for it is very meagre and narrow. No wheeled vehicle, for instance, could ever have passed over it—though, to be sure, they had no wagon-roads nor wheeled vehicles in those times. It was paved with cobble-stones, among which the grass is growing. Only three or four of once numerous arches remain. A portion is bordered with light iron railings, but the final end remains entirely open, a high, abrupt, dizzy termination above the formidable Rhone. The river is very wide. Who could ever have suspected the Rhone, of sunny, poetic Provence, and

so far from its Alpine origin, of being turbid, mad, headstrong, unnavigable, uncontrollable? One would have expected to see it thoroughly tamed by all these centuries, by all these generations of men, civilized and uncivilized, that have abode by it and swayed it, in this old, old country. But all this occupation has left no trace; it would make nothing at all of sweeping away its bridges, if it took the notion. The most striking commentary upon the ephemeralness of man is this unruly, lonesome river, like some flood of the virgin wilds of America.

Probably it was the *farandole* they danced on the bridge. They dance it still, the peasants, in couples, footing it merrily, at the *fêtes* given at each of the seven gates of Avignon in turn. The city ramparts, restored by the learned architect Viollet-le-duc, are all complete; but somehow they did not appear to me at all impressive. Low, built chiefly on a level, it seemed as if almost anybody, with a ladder, could get over them. I found afterward that, in making the encompassing boulevard, a deep moat had been filled in which had added greatly to their height.

A long, modern—very modern—bridge leads to Villeneuve-les-Avignon, on the other side of the stream. It has a solid support upon a low, virgin island, Barthelasse, in the centre, while two suspension spans, from this, cross the two arms of the powerful current. Battalion after battalion of soldiers, in coarse linen undress, out to practise target-shooting, were returning swiftly on it. The road was glaring and Villeneuve-les-Avignon remote, but in the attractive mediævalism of the latter all inconvenience was well repaid. The castle-fortress of Saint-André is almost wholly preserved without,

while within it is a complete ruin. Nowhere else have I seen a grander ruin of its sort. Like the Palace of the Popes, over there at Avignon, its vast scale dwarfs everything around it. A shepherd, with flock and sheep-dog, rose from a reclining position on the slope, by the great towers, to come and serve as guide. Through an arched gap in the ramparts, big enough for an ox-cart, I looked down into a town full of sculptured façades and portals that show the feudal luxury of which it was once the abode. It is now abandoned to poverty and squalor. The dancers' broken bridge once reached across as far as this.

From this point of view Avignon, opposite, seems to consist mainly of the vast Papal Palace and the garden-planted cliff of the Doms. The roofs of the town are hardly more than scattered potsherds about these two masses. And what shall I say of its tone? All is a monotonous mud-color as if the turbid Rhone had gone over it and left a deposit. Even the tile roofs are not red. The river, the city, the roads are all of the same dusty hue. It is the hue of Provence, for the rest, of the whole sun-baked, wind-swept district, almost as far as Nice. It is fair to tell the color of your landscape, I suppose, as you would that of people's hair and eyes. Well, the mud-hue is so marked here, that you long to have license to dash on such ruddy tones and time-stains as characterize the Alhambra, for instance—and thus make the picture rich and complete.

A pale, cold moonlight lit the town and river when I returned; the frogs were croaking forlornly in the Mississippi-like island of Barthelasse, and the wind was cold upon my back. But I went then to the house of Roumanille, in the Rue St. Agricol, and there all

thought of chilliness was speedily dissipated. Nearly opposite it was the very curious ancient church of Saint-Agricol, its much sculptured, time-eaten front, of drab, or mud-colored, sandstone, packed close amid houses, while in front a small terrace with broad staircase at the side completed one of those arrangements that scene-painters love to give us as a setting for romantic operas and dramas.

Roumanille's house was a modest book-shop. Like the talented Aubanel and others he united the functions of poet and story-teller with that of publisher and bookseller. He began the Félibrige movement in 1847, and was naturally no longer young. He was a figure of the Victor Hugo or Walt Whitman type, gray, hale, hardy, well preserved. Born, as he said of himself, "one fine day in harvest-time, of a couple of gardeners, in their garden of Saint-Remy," he had kept up a certain bluntness, a harmless affectation perhaps, intended to identify him still with the class from which he sprung. He let it be well understood that no finical over-refinement as a man of education and letters had led him away from unspoiled nature. In the manners, customs, and racy unstudied language of the common people he found his inspiration, and in the approval of these people his first success. He knew how to be very simple without vulgarity. He refines away grossness, yet can be understood by the humblest. When you read his *Contes Provençaux*, quaint vigorous tales, full of fine observation and humor, you almost fancy it is the peasants themselves talking. I am just looking over one of them. How easily it begins, as if the narrator were seated familiarly by the fireside!

"We were saying then, you know, that Saint Peter

and his divine Master sometimes descend from heaven to earth, to see how things are getting along in this poor old world of ours."

They meet a poor carpenter, who in return for some service, is granted three wishes. Unaware of the character of his guests, he wishes in a very frivolous spirit. Does it seem sacrilegious? On the contrary, with all the humor, it is treated reverently. Saint Peter is nettled, in a very human way, at the lacking discernment of the poor mechanic. "Stupid lout!" he whispers, "don't you know anything at all? demand your eternal salvation."

Later, when Death brings the carpenter to heaven, thrown across his shoulder, he says: "Ah, it's you, is it, Obstinate? Well, I told you once, and I told you twice, and I told you three times, to ask for your eternal salvation. You wouldn't do it, and yet you come here to get into paradise. Very well, now go to the devil, my fine fellow!"

This may not be exactly the way we shall be addressed at the portals of heaven, but it is very like the way a peasant would tell the story.

Madame Roumanille was comely and amiable and a great many years younger. Her daughter, Mademoiselle Thérèse, a very pretty and accomplished girl, since married to an official and gone to the French Indies, was the reigning queen of love and beauty over the troubadours of Provence. The custom of a queen of love and beauty, to preside over floral games, courts of love, and other traditional poetic contests, has been revived from the days of Clémence Isaure and the early minstrels. The term is seven years, and Mademoiselle Roumanille had two more to serve. She was second

in the line, elected at grand *fêtes* at Hyères, the first having been the wife of Mistral, the poet, elected at Montpellier in 1878. The state and appurtenances of the office are of the simplest; but it is a compliment of which any woman might be proud. I am sure, in both instances it has been most worthily bestowed. A group of seven young poets, including a young woman, the most recent accession to the ranks, addressed — in Provençal, well understood—sonnets of felicitation to Mademoiselle Roumanille, or, in their language, Madamisello Tereset Roumaniho.

"Thou reignest over Provence," said one Alcide Blavet, "in thy simple muslin fichu. Oh, happy he who may become thy king!"

After some little discourse in the shop, we adjourned to a pretty *salon* behind it, and talked of America. The movement has spread even to that remote point; there exists a society of Félibrean poets in New York, of which Roumanille is president of honor. Suddenly there burst in upon us, like a merry irruption of the mistral itself, a gay group of leading *Félibres*, who had been dining together at some rendezvous of Félibrean interests. The principal one was Félix Gras, the poet, brother of Madame Roumanille. A large irrepressible blonde man, Mariéton, editor of a review, sat down at the piano and dashed into lively snatches of music. Félix Gras stood by it and gave some of the best ballads from his own "Romancero" set to the old popular airs and abounding in quaint cadence and minor key. His thoughtful face lighted up, and he swelled his breast proudly and followed the action with gesticulating hands, while all the room joined in the refrains. Refreshments were brought—sweetmeats, tea, a cordial

expressly named after the Félibres, and wine of Samos, golden, tasting the grape, a beverage worthy of a meeting of poets.

Mariéton was a sort of commercial traveller among the troubadours, possibly a bit of a charlatan. He would like to hippodrome them, make a show of them, and the modesty of those of real merit shrank from that. It was his habit to make a yearly tour, exchanging words of good cheer and encouragement with the schools of poets in Aquitaine, in Languedoc, and in Provence. He was going on to Maillane, to visit Frédéric Mistral, perhaps the one real genius the movement has produced, long the *Capoulié*, or Captain, of the Félibres.

The ideal of the propaganda is partly political. They desire to abate the egotistical supremacy of Paris, by aiding each province to a proper pride in its own achievements and way of thinking. They want to make an "Empire of the Sun," to unite the Latin peoples of the Mediterranean, which have natural affinities beyond any that hold them to races of other blood and languages. Fancy the real power of an alliance composed of France, Italy, and Spain. This is for the time being only a sentimental dream, but a good deal has really been done to unite the original seven southern provinces of Roman Gaul, to which the Roman Empire, in disintegration, left the heritage of very nearly the same traditions and language. There was a time when there were practically no Pyrenees, when the feudal lords of Barcelona ruled at Toulouse and Montpellier, and the *Langue d'Oc* was the speech alike of northern Spain and southern France.

Thus we now find the Spanish Catalans taking part

in all these courts of love and floral games. They sent as their most distinguished representative the poet-statesman Zorilla, who was soon to be crowned at Granada with gold from the sands of the Darro. On the other side of the compass, was an equally close affiliation with Roumania, through its queen the accomplished Carmen Sylva and the poet Alecsandri. The agency for promoting this fraternity and the new literary impulse was the revival of the *Langue d'Oc*, still in use among the people of these wide-extended districts.

It is not a dialect, a *patois;* nothing riles your true Félibre enthusiast so much as to treat it as *patois*, as the mockers in the Paris press are continually doing. It is simply a language which went to the wall by the fortune of war, while that of the conquerors became standard and academic. Dryden, for one, maintained that the Provençal was the most finished form of all existing speech. Perhaps in these days of complex life one's views should favor simplification and unity and not divergence, but you could not be in the midst of these enthusiasts without liking them and sharing their interest in this renaissance of Provençal poetry,—almost the only sort that has vitality in our day. If it be really an essential condition that it should be written in a little-known tongue, why, then let us accept the result and be grateful for it, all the same.

Among contributors to the review were the Queen of Roumania, Pierre Loti, Paul Arène, Clovis Hugues, Bonaparte-Wyse, François Coppée, Mounet Sully of the Comédie Française, and many duchesses and countesses and other titles high in the social scale. One would say that the days when kings and nobles engaged on equal terms with singers of humble birth in contests of

merit were to some extent renewed. The Félibres had lately given a lovely *fête* in the old Roman theatre at Orange, the drama of "Œdipus the King," with Mounet Sully in the title *rôle*, an almost perfect illusion of antiquity. The Paris society *La Cigale*—the Grasshopper, symbol of careless summer life and sunshine—was associated with them in this *fête*.

These two societies are sometimes confounded; but the Félibres are those devoted to the advancement of Provençal literature, while the Cigale is simply made up of notabilities, born in the South of France. Daudet is perhaps its best-known member. The two affiliate and have merry times at Paris, also. It was claimed at Avignon that Daudet's originality simply comes from his having done into French the Provençal turns of expression familiar in his childhood.

A slender, blonde young man, retiring in manner, wearing a long cloak of the country, read us again a very pretty poem, which he had already read at dinner. He was one of the younger neophytes, M. Baroncelli-Javon, son of a marquis of that name, of a family that had followed the papal court from Florence to Avignon and was allied to Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan.

He was good enough to be my companion and guide next day in a visit to Frederic Mistral, at his home. As we passed through the country the almond blossoms were out, but it was far from warm. A chill wind pressed the trees and hedges yet a little more in the chronic bent they all have southward. The villages seemed bare and dreary, the country a wide, nearly level plain, of monotonous gray. We crossed the Durance, another unruly river, worse than the Rhone. Its

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frequent overflow, instead of enriching the soil, actually burns it up. The Durance with the mistral are set down as the two scourges of Provence. From a bridge we discerned the distant towers of Château-Renard on the right and those of Barbentane on the left. Nearly every landmark, every rugged gap in the mountains, has inspired a poem by Mistral or the others. This baptizing of all the familiar objects in song gives a charming sentiment, and must add greatly to the home feeling of the inhabitants.

Mistral's village, Maillane, is somewhat larger than the others we passed. A café or two, the post-office, and a stage-office, around a bare little Place, constitute the centre. There is a great deal in being born in a place,—if everything has gone well with one, and Mistral was born in Maillane.

His house is a good large one of stone, almost a villa; Daudet did not do it justice, in an article he wrote in the *Century* a few years ago, in representing it as a farm-house. Over the wall at the back of the garden is a wide stretch of fertile plain and in the mountains some strange shapes are made out, as the "Lion of Arles," of the poem. Within, the house was all stone and brick, a little chilly. There was a bust of Lamartine, who was among the first to recognize Mistral's epic of "Mireille" as a work of genius, and a bust of Verdi, who wrote the music to "Mireille" and made the opera, which was then billed on the bill-boards of the handsome theatre at Avignon.

It was a large, handsome, manly-looking man, with hair touched with gray, who came forward to meet us. He had a fine, open expression and an air of good-fellowship. He was distinguished: you would ask who

he was in any gathering. There was nothing at all of the peasant about him. Mistral is, in fact, a man of education; he was the son of a rich farmer, took his degree of bachelor at Montpellier and studied law at Aix; he is not the untutored rustic genius some would have us suppose. He has done, besides his poetical work, a great dictionary, a very important linguistic enterprise, of high value to the student of the Provençal tongue. Yet a good part of his life is very nearly that of the peasants. He goes to the café of evenings and plays his game of whist or billiards with them, and has no other associates. He has been much honored in France; like Victor Hugo, he takes his mission seriously, and the sense of these honors, without spoiling his affability, has given him a fine, proud look. He is one of those that stand apart from the rest of men. Madame Mistral, much younger than her husband, is handsome, dark, Italian-like, a face of pensive revery. They have no children.

Mistral gave us beer of Avignon,—beer of Avignon is not sentimental, and we can hardly think of Petrarch's taking it,—and then we talked somewhat of realism in fiction and poetry. Mistral seemed to favor the unusual, romantic, perhaps even the bizarre. It is seen in his work, too striking incidents kept in check, however, by a strong feeling for probability and for consistency in character, time, and place. In "Mireille," "Mirèio," he has epitomized the Provence of the plain, in "Calendau" the Provence of the mountains, and in "Nerto" the Provence of the Middle Ages, at the picturesque court of Avignon. Throughout all you find a grandiose exaltation, with, at the same time, a strong feeling for nature and the simpler human affections.

He said he did not care for Longfellow, but greatly liked Cooper. One of Cooper's sea-romances had especially commended itself to him because it contained a Provençal captain who was very well done; he had long remembered it.

He proposed we should go and see the house where he was born, now occupied by a nephew. Ten minutes' drive, toward the hills, brought us to it. It was a real farm-house this time, solid, prosperous-looking, with barns, wine-house, and stable all joined in one. A table outside, consisting of a heavy slab of stone on four stone posts, like an altar of Druids, was where they dined in summer. In the stable were beds for the farm-hands, at but a little distance from the animals.

"I used to listen much to their tales and gossip in the winter evenings," said Mistral.

Here no doubt he picked up much of the homely, intimate traditions that served him in good stead afterward. He lived at this farm, man and boy, till the age of twenty-five, and here wrote the first part of "Mireille." He led us finally to the principal chamber, a large, pleasant room, with two windows facing south, toward the mountains, and a bed curtained with very old-fashioned chintz.

"Well, then," said the poet who had made so great a mark in the world, raising his arm with a whimsical expression and indicating the room and the bed, "here then—for better or for worse—your poor friend was born."

I was privileged to bring away from Avignon, when I left it, some signed portraits and books of the new race of troubadours. In writing a dedication in one of the books, Roumanille amiably inscribes me as a Félibre.

If then I am a Félibre, let me try my hand at verse—for that is a necessary part of the condition. I will attempt to render rudely into English the graceful little poem of Baroncelli-Javon. It is typical of a vast production of its class from the eleventh century down to the present day.

THE SWALLOW.

Brief on my window-sill,
At morn, a swallow stayed.
Left hand—an omen ill
That made me sore afraid.

"Whence, swallow, dost careen?"
"From where the sunset burns."
"My sweetheart, then, hast seen?"
"That have I," he returns.

"As thou didst pass her by,
O harbinger of spring,
Athwart the trackless sky
What message bade she bring?

"From those dear lips of red
From her, th' enchanting one,
What word to me was sped?"
"To thee?—ill-fated!—none.

"Another's favored name
My rapid hearing swept."
"Thanks, swallow, yet the same!"
I ceased and hapless wept.

CHAPTER IX

A FIRST LOOK AT THE RIVIERA—THEN ALL UP AND DOWN ALGERIA

ARRIVING at Marseilles, the 12th of April, most cheery anticipations and romantic illusions about the city of Monte Cristo were soon swept away. It was bleaker than any part of the Rhone Valley above; vegetation which had come out there seemed here to have gone in again. A cold, gray, wind-swept, colorless town, composed of very tall structures devoid of mouldings. Some of the shabby hill-climbing streets recalled streets of certain American towns,—Albany for one. The famous Allées de Meilhan were but a slatternly promenade, and walking was muddy on the Cours Belzunce, not even gravelled. Great merit in many of the more important buildings cannot be denied, but they do not redeem the general raw effect.

Whither next then? Surely further south, to Algeria; it began to seem as if only there was winter warmth a certainty. But the notion took me first of a run through the Riviera. It had not been in the programme. I had long permitted myself a sort of disdainful air toward it. It was a nest of idle fashion and expense, not likely to agree with either our purse or our tastes; and on various former European journeys I had carefully avoided this route, even for getting into Italy, taking many others. There are still estimable people

who feel the same way. Only the other day we were reproached anew by friends in America, ignorant of the fund of romance the Riviera contains, in connection with its exquisite scenery and climate, for the satisfaction and pleasure we show in it, since we have become converts to its charms.

But this is a subject to which I shall have to return at much greater length another time.

This time I went more out of curiosity than in prosecution of my general mission. Not expecting very much, I may have been somewhat *distrait* at the beginning of the journey. I do not recollect just where I was first fully under the shelter of the high Alpine ranges that make the Riviera what it is, "the sunny garden wall of Europe." Nor do I recall just where I saw the first oranges; it was the season of orange blossoms, rather, and the air was perfumed with their rich fragrance, the fruit having been mostly harvested. But when I did see them, they left an ineffaceable impression. They were like yellow lamps, and the landscape from which they were missing thereafter seemed cold and tame, as if its illumination had gone out. At the small station of La Farlède, fifty miles east of Marseilles, I was suddenly aware of a delicious pink rose blooming in the hedge, not ten feet from the car window. Perhaps there had been plenty before, which I had passed unperceived. Thenceforward, by the flowers, it was June, and not April, but by the flowers only, for a Riviera spring has a good deal of chill in it too.

I traversed tentatively the stretch of one hundred and fifty miles to the Italian frontier, at Mentone. Saint Raphael, discovered by Alphonse Karr, and Cannes, by Lord Brougham; Nice, once a capital of the House of

Savoy, and a place of consequence always, quite apart from its modern vogue as a winter-station; Monaco, with the evil brilliancy of its play-house, and Mentone, a lesser Cannes,—this group, clustered near together, on the last third of the way, comprise nearly all that it contains of importance.

House-agents enough there were now, used to receiving strangers, and ready with ample provision for them. Pleasing surprises were in store in more ways than one. The greatest of all was that prices were not higher in this delightful region than in some forlorn, little, hyperborean places with hardly an attraction of any kind to offer. Passing between Nice and Monte Carlo, and again on the return, I stopped off at the quaint town and beautiful harbor of Villefranche. The fleets and the yachtsmen of the world seek the harbor, and the site is said to have a peculiarly sheltered climate of its own. An eccentric agent offered me a lodging in the clean, narrow main street of the old town. It would not have been half bad, with the mediæval tone and wide sea view, but it was not our house and garden.

But he had another place, on the hill, out of the town, and I went up to see that. The house was large, and capable of being made very comfortable, had ample ground, oranges, lemons, roses, and lovely views, and the price was temptingly low. But, alas! it must be let *immediately;* it could not wait for anybody beyond the first of May, and I had committed myself to a journey in Algeria, Spain, and western France, and should not be content to decide till I had seen the best the whole route could offer; and the Paris apartment was paid for till the middle of July. The house had all the appearance of having stood vacant a few years, and it

was odd the haste should be so great; but so it was, and I reluctantly left it.

The voyage from Marseilles to Algiers is supposed to take twenty-eight hours; we gave it thirty-four, instead. A violent head-wind and turbulent sea lay in wait for us outside the breakwater, and buffeted us all the way over. I had similar experiences later. This blue Mediterranean is generally a stormy sea, and I never greatly envied the yachtsmen. *Imprimis*, then, Algeria is difficult to get to.

Lights were strung out along the shore of Algiers, like lines of shining beads. These marked the streets of modern civilization, while others, scattered upon a hillside, like the dim sparks of an extinguished bonfire, marked the steep, old, Moorish town. A sort of bare-legged Othello seized my belongings and piloted me to an hotel in the Rue Bab-el-Oued. It was raining, too, and I had obscure glimpses of the massive arches of the grand quay; the fine new Boulevard de la République, which is a military bastion as well; other weird Othellos; the Duke of Orléans on horseback in the large Place du Gouvernement, and at one side of it a spacious mosque,—a real Arabian mosque,—as fine, neat, and perfectly whitewashed as the best reproduction of itself in an international exhibition. The hotel was French, with some Spanish element in the management, I think. The Spanish are strong in the colony, even to the extent of causing some jealousy. At Oran, for instance, they are largely in the majority, and publish several journals of their own.

The Rue Bab-el-Oued is one of the European streets. With its continuation, the Rue Bab-Azoun, it was once

the main thoroughfare, but it is now reduced to a second line, a sort of buffer between the new grandeurs in front and the exclusive district of the Moors. Going along it, the next morning, I saw, from under the eucalyptus and palms of the Place du Gouvernement, the Moorish town shining high and white and minareted above. A temptation so novel was not to be resisted, and I climbed to it without a moment's delay. The plan on paper is like a congeries of Arabic letters. It is a sort of hill of Montmartre, covered with blind alleys, and turned into a hive of grave Moorish industry. Let it be said at once that the characteristic Moorish life—the dwellings, dress, occupations, and habits—are still present in surprising fulness. It is indeed Africa, another world. The rich Oriental subjects to which the painters have accustomed us still wait in unlimited supply. Algiers itself gives a better exhibition of this peculiar life than any other part of the province; its large population has resisted the aggressive European encroachments much better than the smaller communities have been able to do. The French are no respecters of this Mussulman antiquity, and it has been predicted with alarm that in a quarter of a century a Moorish building will be as great a curiosity for Algerians themselves as for the tourists from abroad. In that day the enthusiasm of tourists will be greatly cooled, as it has been in these late years by the commonplace spirit that has all but taken away the charm of Rome. No doubt there have been prodigious changes since the arrival of the French in 1830; but the stranger, ignorant of these, will think it an ample supply of bizarre entertainment that is still left him.

You may stroll about in it all with perfect freedom;

you will come to no greater harm than getting a patch of whitewash on your sleeve from the mosque, where you have taken off your shoes, or from Ali's diminutive café, or "Ahmed's" basket-shop. The whitewash is universal, except where it is varied, with a happy effect, by blue wash or pink wash. The best point of view is the battlements of the ancient Casbah, the ruined palace where the Janissaries used to set up sovereigns and assassinate them,—sometimes as many as seven in a day. Your eyes wink at the dazzling brightness of the town and the wide blue sea beyond it. You may look down upon some details of private life,—perhaps a woman in a lemon-colored jacket, come forth to talk to her maid on the flat roof of her whitewashed house. Singular figures promenade also, in no small numbers, in the European streets,—the mysterious white-robed waddling women, a horseman of Fromentin, in long, dull red mantle, or a group, like Joseph and his brethren, prodding some camels along toward the port.

So far so good. The living accommodations in the town are a scanty choice of apartments in the new French buildings. For house and garden you would have to go out of the gate of Bab-el-Oued or the gate of Isly. Passing the latter, the nearer suburbs, Mustafa Inférieur and Agha Inférieur, are found given up to machine-shops and a populace more or less connected with these interests. The freer upper portions were dusty and unfinished, and very steep to climb. I remember in Mustafa Inférieur a whole *pension* to rent—and this only—for the summer, furnished, and at such a price that it was evident this "Land of Thirst" retained very few of its *habitués* in the scorching summer season. But Mustafa Supérieur,

two miles and more from the town, is the quarter enjoying the chief favor of strangers. Three-horse omnibuses mount to it. It was a curious sensation to have in the omnibus some of the mysterious veiled women as fellow-passengers. The district was sown, as you might say, entirely to modern villas of an expensive sort. It is the custom to rent them furnished for the winter, and it might be difficult to find one unfurnished. The merit of their spacious, well-kept grounds could not be denied; the fragrance of their flowers weighted the air. It would be charming to take up a comfortable country life there, with pleasant neighbors close at hand, and go down occasionally, by way of a change, for a dip into the decorative Moslemism of Algiers. But it was a high climb, and far from market. I should think you would want to have horses and plenty of servants there, and not be obliged to count the cost very closely. The governor-general's summer palace is a white, fairy-like abode, embowered in luxuriant palms, that makes you think of another summer palace, the captain-general's *quinta* in sultry, tropical Havana.

The gate of Bab-el-Oued gives you more three-horse omnibuses, to Saint Eugène and Point Pescade. These are on the level and on the border of the sea. Small merchants of the town live at Saint Eugène, a mile and a quarter out, and gay Sunday excursionists go to Point Pescade for fish-chowder, such as Thackeray celebrated as bouillabaisse. At Saint Eugène I could have lived in a two-story villa, Rue Salvandy, for one thousand francs. Its modest garden contained the orange, fig, almond, and pomegranate. It was too low to command the sea, but from the rear, the south (for the coast here

looks directly north), there was a charming view of the green hill and Notre Dame d'Afrique, the striking church built in memory of those who have perished in the sea. That same green hill, most likely, cut off a great deal too much of the sun in the winter. Hereabouts horseshoe arches and bright tiling gave a graceful Moorish look to some of the villas; but it was a real Moorish house, on a small farm of its own, that most caught my fancy.

I heard part of the Easter service at Notre Dame d'Afrique. You could take such a position, a little within the porch, that—and most appropriately—nothing but the outspread blue sea was visible. How soft and blue it was, that morning! You could never have suspected it of malice. Thence upward to a signal station looking down on Notre Dame; thence upward again to a mountain height, from which the signal station was as far below as was Notre Dame d'Afrique below the signal station, and Algiers below Notre Dame d'Afrique; and so, round about, into the clean white village of Bouzarea. The snow peaks to the eastward are four-square, like a vast snow castle, and the white Moorish villas, amid their vegetation in the valleys, are like the sugar *pièces montées* of the confectioners. The Valley of the Consuls contains, happily, a patriotic memory for Americans. It was the abode of Shaler, a United States consul, who left behind him an impression which it would be well if more of our consuls could leave upon their districts. His Sketch of the State of Algiers, written in the barbarous old corsair times, remains the best authority on the subject to the present day. Even a French writer, with reason discontented, contrasts his energy and intelligence with the indifference of whole

generations of French consuls. "Though our consuls had resided at Algiers ever since the sixteenth century," he says, "they had left us in the most absolute ignorance of its topography, customs, language, and history. And yet we had much more at stake in the country than the United States, for instance, whose representative, Mr. Shaler, has written a most interesting history of it." At the moment of the conquest such information was of pressing need, and from official sources none was to be had. It is to be hoped a like supineness does not really characterize the colonization work, so much stirred up in the French parliament of late.

I cannot linger upon the fascinating prospect from Bouzarea. It was the village that pleased me most of all I saw. Just as there was nothing African about the country, in the usual torrid, desert sense, there was nothing make-shift or immigrant-like about the village, standing on its broad, perfectly well-made road. One could quite envy the urchins who were taught in the pretty white communal school and enjoyed its glorious views. A little further on was a cluster of Kabyle dwellings, like "hunks" of plum-cake whitewashed; and on a knoll apart a white *marabout*, the tomb of a holy man, with a clean toadstool of a dome upon it.

The genuine Moorish house I have referred to was easily reached by a short cut from Saint Eugène. It stood in the midst of a few cypress-trees, with a tract of two hectares in vines about it. It was white, square, blockish, flat-roofed, and had few or no windows without, being lighted, in the customary way, from an open court within. The rent was but four hundred francs, and the agent furthermore maintained that a return of from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred francs could

be got from the vines. Here was something to cause an agreeable flutter of excitement: to turn farmer, in a Mussulman home, down in Algeria, and derive profit as well as pleasure from the experience,—that would be a novelty indeed.

I saw how a civilized family could make something quite delectable, quaint, and possibly habitable out of the house, fitting it up with draperies, and so on, in keeping with itself. The court had some columns and horseshoe arches, a well, and a kitchen and three chambers about it. Upstairs there were three more chambers. None of them received other light than what came in by the doors and some round holes over them. They were all tinted light blue, and the ceiling beams, openly displayed, were rounds of tree-trunk with the bark on. It was an altogether unheard-of sort of dwelling; but at the worst we could pass all our time out-of-doors, which really is what one goes to such a climate for. One would have to, if he were going to turn all those vines to account; they looked beyond the strength of a single person, and especially a novice.

"You could have a hired man for 80 francs a month," suggested the agent.

"And how much should I have to count on for his keep?"

"About 50 francs a month."

Let us take to our arithmetic: 80 and 50 make 130; equal to 1,560 a year. If the yield of grapes were 1,500 francs, we should be out by 60 francs. But perhaps it would be 1,800. No doubt the estate had been cultivated in its time by Christian slaves taken by the corsairs, and it was allowable to presume that one of them had run away with his master's sympathizing

daughter; the romantic should stand for something. Then, too, the yield might be increased. When I inquired of a *garde-champêtre*, afterward, as to the character of the native servants, he replied: "For one thing, the *indigène* has no judgment about the vine. He can't get it through his head, like a white man." He said that these men were mild and tractable enough, in spite of their wild looks, and that their greatest vice was small pilfering.

I journeyed by rail all along the northern belt of Algeria, more than two hundred and fifty miles, to Oran. The country was green and pastoral, planted with rich crops or flower-clad, like California in springtime. Now and again there were bananas waving their broad tattered leaves; orange groves with fruit glowing very red; muddy rivers cutting deeply through their clay banks; lonesome white marabouts afar; Arabs, old, old as the hills, minding their flocks, statue-like, under a bush.

Next in attraction to Algiers,—at a long remove—was Blidah. One of its Arab poets has said of it, quaintly:

"Others call you a little town, but I—I call you a little rose."

Any later poet might well find inspiration in its principal avenue. It consists of a double line of lovely orange-trees, all in flower at the time of my visit. The perfume is so continuous and all-pervading that you wonder if you ought not to take precautions against it, as you ought not to keep flowers in your chamber at night. The well-to-do lived on a comfortable avenue of new two-story houses amid shrubbery, near a small park, which, though new, contained part of an ancient Sacred Wood. A four-room brick cottage on the avenue leading from the station was seven hundred francs

a year. Prices were certainly not less than at Algiers. I spoke of this at my hotel. "Oh, yes," replied a resident, with a brisk, matter-of-course air, "things are dearer here." As I waited to have some peculiar local explanation of it, he added, "There is no competition, you see." I found that an American had been farming on a large scale near Blidah for ten years past. Have I said that cheap American chromos are rather frequent in the Moorish shops in Algiers? Such subjects as "Thanksgiving in New England" and "A Trotting-Match on the Bloomingdale Road" hang on their walls.

Bou Farik and Beni Mered, before Blidah, and El Affroun, Affreville, and others, after,—prosperous new villages all. Each has its Moslem quarter, which has become much what "China-town" and "Spanish-town" are in California. The natives bear themselves with much more dignity, but when they have a service to demand of you they do it with a meek gentleness that reminds you of the Mexican Indians. I aided one of them to send an express package. He could neither read nor write, and it was a question of filling out the blanks in the printed formula. Between us we got off a basket of thirty-five kilogrammes, from Haj Hamet Kaboosh, of Relizane, to Haj ben Ahmed, at the Moorish market, Adelia. I sincerely trust it arrived safely. It rained hard a good part of the way, the slopes of the Atlas were sprinkled with snow, and it was chilly. Some pretend that, owing to the great planting of trees, the climate has wholly changed. The women used to wear muslins in winter time, and now, on April 25th, a man got in with a fur cap. "Is it often like this?" I asked the depressed-looking ticket-agent

at Oued Fodda. "Alas! it has done little else but rain for three months," he replied.

Oran is of little moment after Algiers, although, on the other hand, it has a mosque much more charming than any in the larger city. You contemplate at leisure the plashing fountain and tropical vegetation in the semicircular cloister of this mosque, and the blue tiling all round its walls; you toil up and down the excessively steep Rue Philippe, take a refreshment on the level Place Kleber, wonder at the inaccessible forts on the naked environing crags, and you have finished Oran.

The question of residence, then, stands or falls by the attractiveness of Algiers proper. I need not go into formal statistics of the thermometer and the details that invalids of various sorts should have; all that is found in the regular treatises. It is certainly a charming flowery climate, where winter is almost abolished. In summer it is so hot that the favorite train from Algiers to Oran is run at night, only once a week at that, and people wait for it. Dr. Bennet asserts that in the summer malarial fevers exist there almost everywhere, in the high mountains as well as on the plains. It is much farther away than the Riviera, for instance, without corresponding advantages, since the lower latitude on the south side of the Mediterranean is counterbalanced by the sheltering mountain ranges on the north side, and the winter temperature remains much the same. I can see how it might be popular enough among English people, who in going there are not far away from home at the worst.

But the question for us was whether—besides separating ourselves three or four days further from our

letters—it could accord with our peculiar ideas of thrift to transport our household effects such a long journey by land and sea, and still have before us the necessity of getting out of the country and making the return journey northward for the summers.

CHAPTER X

SPAIN, AND ESPECIALLY GRANADA

I HAD had a shrewd idea of my own that the house-hunting question would be likely to settle itself as soon as we arrived in Spain.

We were forty-eight hours in coasting to various small African ports and then crossing to Malaga. The auspices were favorable. This voyage was as smooth and delightful as the other had been detestable. The process of elimination seemed to be placing our destiny there, and I was not at all sorry. I began to see how we should have to call our new abode a Castle in Spain, and I hoped the humor of this would not be considered too wholly threadbare. But, for our purpose, even this storied land of enchantment proved disappointing. There was a far-away, difficult-of-access feeling about it. I did not at once strike the ideal habitation that would have offset the expense and remoteness from support. Climate is chiefly confined to Andalusia, and there the elusive house and garden did not present themselves. Suburban life in Spain is very restricted, whether because the environs of the cities have not always been safe, or the cities themselves have continued large enough without need of spreading out, or whether it is a mere matter of a sociable taste.

In the first place, Malaga, from which I had expected much, was simply unkempt and ugly, and I got out of it with little delay.

Do you know that, of all the many things people can take in this world, advice is often the worst. Instead of taking the railroad, I proposed to go up from Malaga to Granada by wagon-road, by way of Velez-Malaga, Alhama and Gavia la Grande, a country certain to be full of picturesque reminiscence. I was dissuaded from it by a well-meaning person, a merchant at Malaga. The reasons alleged were the roughness of the way and impossibility of getting anything to eat. Mind you, not having tried it, I can't say it really would have been a good thing to do; but I suspect it would from the happy results that befell from just the same sort of an expedition a little later. And this eating along the way is much a matter of temper and adaptability to novel conditions. Where there is nothing for one man, there is often plenty for another. For my part, I have never let a dinner stand in the way of something better: a dinner can be had any day.

At Granada I found accommodations, not luxurious, but sufficient, in a rambling Spanish hotel that may once have been palace or convent. At *table-d'hôte* there were good wine and excellent food, a great relief from the everlasting monotony of French fare. It was in the town, in the square of Puerta Real, close to the theatre, the shops of the Zacatin, the markets, all the characteristic every-day sights. I almost felt sorry for the guests at the Washington Irving and the *Siete Suelos*, the hotels by the Alhambra especially devoted to foreign tourists. They sat somewhat disconsolately about the doors of their inns, under the damp shade. They were separated from the city by the steep hill, and half a mile of distance, which at night was shrouded in the blackest darkness.

Granada is gay to the sight even when its balconies are *not* draped with vivid colors, as now, in honor of a patron saint. The hangings were generally of some plain color, with wide contrasted border. Fancy draperies of pure canary, on the balconies of a long white house, effulgent in the sun, and, within the balconies, women all in black. The next one had the striped crimson and yellow of the Spanish ensign, and dark women in scarlet China shawls. I was surprised at the size and elegance of the cafés, for a place of but seventy-six thousand inhabitants. It is a late place at night, Granada; no rustic going early to bed there. A great shopping was in progress till late, in the winding Zacatin; the women were to be seen there sitting comfortably down by the counters at their bargaining.

In dark side-streets the suitors, the *novios*, draped in majestic, fierce-looking cloaks, stood by the grated windows of their lady-loves. If one did not know these harmless gentry, he would look to his pistols in dire alarm. No singular costume excites surprise at last; there are so many. In the principal squares, after midnight, plenty of people were still strolling up and down, cheap beverages were sold at the little stands, ornamented with a full-rigged ship under sail, and the newsboys were vending the Madrid evening papers. Not a local paper, no indeed,—though, as there is nothing whatever in them, this is the better accounted for. How often have I sighed, "Don't you know how supremely interesting your local journals might be to the stranger if you would only fill them up with news of the district?"

But no, only eternal fuss and froth about Boulanger and foreign politics; a bit of serial story; a page or two of

sewing-machine and patent medicine advertisements,—not even the human interest of genuine local advertisements. Change the name, and the same sheet might be published as well at Granada, Salamanca, Avignon, or Algiers.

One evening, by candle-light and in the rain, came by a most striking pageant, the Virgin *de las Angustias*, going back to a certain church from which she had been conveyed to the cathedral that morning. The procession was not numerous, but what we might call "very select." Well-dressed ladies and officers in brilliant uniforms walked in double-file in the mud; grenadiers with fixed bayonets pressed back the crowd. The image of the Queen of Heaven was robed in cloth of gold with a heavy gold crown on her head, and borne on a litter with silver handles. The lights vividly illuminated her face, which was very real. One might easily have taken her for a real queen, with even that slight expression of pain and fatigue in the drawn corners of the mouth which actual royalty must often wear. The throng clamored enthusiastic *vivas!* after her precisely as they might have done for a popular general or politician, and I asked myself in a dazed way what had become of the masculine skepticism and how it was those fine officers were walking there in the mud.

As to the Cathedral itself it contains many wooden effigies of persons carved out and colored with a startling reality. Ferdinand and Isabella, in armor damascened with gold, emerge from history, and become almost every-day acquaintances. Nowhere else had I ever imagined such a fine, dignified, gratifying sort of magnificence as is seen in the tombs of the Royal Chapel. Those of the French sovereigns in the ancient abbey of

Saint Denis are very poor and meagre in comparison. These are shut in by lofty iron gratings of rich, ingenious design. The tombs are of soft-hued alabaster or ivory-like marble. They spread much wider below than above, the angles filled by free, graceful Renaissance cherubs and saints. It is being king-like, indeed, to be buried thus.

The figures of the illustrious dead lie turned a little sideways, thoroughly natural, as if sleeping. Next Ferdinand and Isabella are their son Philip the Handsome and Jeanne the Fool, his wife, who went crazy on account of his fickleness. She looks pretty and distinguished enough here to have kept him faithful. With her crown upon her head, her locks flowing free, and her graceful garb of chatelaine, she is like the poetic figure we conjure up at the name of Tennyson's Elaine.

I took a long walk up the silver Xenil, beginning at the Alameda, loveliest of public gardens.—No prohibition against picking flowers here; there are enough for all.—Again I followed the tumbling Darro, and frequented the gypsies, in their rock-cut caverns, on the hill over against the Alhambra till I had got a considerable comprehension of their way of life. My guide-book takes pains to say that one should not do it unless well accompanied. Perhaps there is some exaggeration in this; at all events I yet survive to tell the tale. Their homes are cut in the solid rock, supplemented here and there with a trifle of masonry. The chimneys project among the cactus on the hillside above. There must be a hundred or more of them. This kind of dwelling is of very ancient origin and not uncommon in Spain. Nor is it as uncomfortable as might be supposed, that is to say, when compared with other dwellings of the

poor. The rock, all ready to hand and moderately soft, is easier to cut out into the habitations desired than it is to build regular courses. You don't get much window light, it is true, since none enters except by a small opening or two in front; but then these are not a people to put out their fine eyes with too much reading or writing, nor indeed with work either. A few make a semblance of forging and other blacksmith work.

How they jigged, and clapped, and twanged their guitars, those graceless, dark-skinned gypsies! And how white were the teeth of laughing Enriqueta! Their dance might have succeeded at the Paris Exhibition, after those in the Rue du Caire.

They would tell my fortune, she and her mates. A beautiful blonde lady, they said, with blue eyes was sighing for me; and I would win a million *pesetas* (francs) in the lottery. A little more money and they would tell me the name of the lady.

"*Vamos!* a little more money, then—her name?"

"She will be called Quiteria Ramona," whatever that combination may mean.

So be it; it is done. Henceforward, whenever I shall meet any Quiteria Ramonas, I shall have to feel that my fate is drawing near.

Of all that I saw in Spain, Granada alone really offered a temptation to stay. The Alhambra in no way fails its great reputation, and it seems as if it would be a most comfortable thing to live with. It is the most charming of pilgrimage spots, the more so for a slight air of neglect and decay; its surroundings are not kept up with an offensive spruceness. I found after my rounds had been thoroughly made that the massive un-

finished palace of Charles V., in the same enclosure, pleased me yet better than the Moorish palace.

The latter was very daintily-bright, a summer-pavilion architecture, but here was something that marked an advance in ornament as in civilization. The same monarch's chapel, in the Alhambra itself, is especially charming. Each of its deep windows, protected with an iron cage, is like a small room. Through it you have the most entrancing views of garden flowers and greenery.

One must be proud of literature here, since it is the genial papers of Washington Irving that have given the place its world-wide vogue. I bought a paper copy of Irving's book, done into Spanish, and sat down to renew the memories with which it had fascinated me in childhood. Rather pretty in form, it was so poorly bound that the leaves began to fall out at once; and it was embellished with wretched lithographed plans and views, including a portrait of the author. The book-seller spoke of Irving simply as "Washington," ignoring the rest, and I have no doubt confounded him pretty well with the Father of his Country. I did not feel that I knew the Alhambra well enough even when I had followed all its walls and outlying bastions, plan in hand. There remains a portion of its old domain devoted to private uses. A part of the hill has a few villas, with lovely orange-and-myrtle-embellished terraces, looking down over the winding Xenil. The British vice-consul had a bit of ground and a white *mirador* there. I saw the property of the Calderon family, a delicious garden of great extent, even finer than the Generaliffe,—a garden worthy of royalty. On the highest point is a wood almost in the natural state. Down the slope thence

pours, through embowering foliage, a stream which has been brought by an aqueduct from the Sierra Nevada, to feed a lake. On the lake were some artificial islands, a bit of artificial ruined castle, and a decaying boat, in the form of a swan, that Lohengrin might have used. Lower down, a formal palace-garden with fountains, statues, and clipped hedges, and the largest palm-tree ever seen, commands delightful views of the Alhambra close by, and down over the distant Vega. Lower still the hillside is cut into narrow terraces in charming cultivation.

Ah, had we but this for ours! but see now what destiny does. The owner is a young bachelor much given to far-distant travel. One day he packs his valise for Brazil or for Mexico, another day for Jerusalem, and another day for Timbuctoo. But he never packs it here, alas! nor for here. Some proprietors come only in the summer season, for it is in summer, cooled by the breezes from the snow-capped mountains, that Granada is the most agreeable; but he comes neither summer nor winter; not from one year's end to another does he ever set foot in this earthly paradise. The house, plain white and spacious, not imposing like the gardens, had been opened but once in many years. But it was not for rent nor was there anything else like it to rent.

I find in my notebook a plan of one of the apartments I saw offered in town. Not a house, mind you, but only an apartment. It was in a small plaza precisely under the Alhambra tower of La Vela. At the left, as you faced it, was an old church, a little bridge across the Darro, and the route by which you would go up among the gypsies in their hillside caverns. It was a third *piso*, or story, which means, however, that you went up

only two pairs of stairs; the ground floor being counted a story here, as it is not in France. It was in a very wide, brilliantly white house with an *azotea*, or *loggia*, on top, balconies to every window, and, at the moment, yellow draperies hanging from the balconies, for the festival. I much fear me that it was to the north once more, and the Alhambra hill shut off the sun in winter. But to look at, merely as a type, that makes no difference. That it was supposed to be warm enough in winter is inferred from the fact that there were no fireplaces except in the kitchen. There were eleven rooms, plain and large, brick-floored and calcimined. The doors were all panelled in a peculiarly elaborate way. One good idea, I thought, was closing the upper panels of the closet doors with only a pretty lattice-work, for the freer admission of air. In the kitchen, the swift water of the Darro was pumped into a reservoir consisting of a Forty-Thieves-like earthen jar. The chief characteristic of the place was its vast, labyrinthine extent. It had three courts of various sizes, and a proportionate amount of corridor to get around them. Most of the bedrooms received their light only from these courts, and were what we should call "dark rooms," though their cool obscurity may have been grateful enough in fervid summer.

All this, a smiling, grizzled proprietor assured me, would cost just one hundred and forty-five *duros* (dollars) a year.

CHAPTER XI

Olé—Mu-las!—STAGE-COACHING IT TO OLD JAEN

THERE was a *diligencia*, or stage, running to Jaen, sixty miles to the northward, and from there a branch railway could be taken to the junction of Espeluy on the main line. It was by no means the most expeditious route for Seville, and, indeed, would necessitate a good deal of going back on my track before I got to Madrid; but a long stage-ride in the heart of Spain, and especially through the mountain district of Granada, seemed worth making even at some sacrifice.

I had taken my ticket some days in advance. It certified that, in consideration of the sum of sixty *reals* paid, I was entitled to seat No. 1, in the top front compartment, and to have about forty pounds of baggage carried free. Sixty *reals*, put in that way, seems a rather large sum, but since the *real* is but five cents, it reduces itself to $3. I was called at four A.M., while the stage did not start till six. The manager said he was not certain but I was going to take the train, instead, and he wanted to be on the safe side. It was the safe side for him, but, as to me, such a superabundance of safety did not call forth by any means my warmest words of gratitude.

My ticket read six o'clock *en punta*,—sharp,—and it was in fact six o'clock to the minute when our start was made. I found a vehicle somewhat of the old Concord

coach pattern, yellow and black, with Jaen Mail, "*Correo de Jaen*," on the panels. It had numerous compartments, of most of which I came to know something in the course of the journey. In the first place it had the *coupé*, high up, which I had chosen for the sake of the view; then, a couple of steps lower, the seats for the driver and guard; then a forward space inside, glazed something like the front of a hansom cab; and finally a rear space with hardly any windows at all. In this last rode a melancholy man in brown, so shadowy vague, so apart from us even when we got down at the relays, that I don't count him, but figure that I travelled with but one other passenger. This fellow-passenger climbed up with his wraps into the *coupé*. The sturdy middle-aged driver, in a round jacket and dark sash, finished piling the heavy luggage on top and covered it over with a tarpaulin.

Hardly were we off when I found that the fixed wooden hood over the *coupé* came so low that, what with the broad backs of the driver and guard filling the rest of the space, very little view was to be had.

We went at a lively pace out past the Plaza de Toros; it was lucky I had so well seen the suburbs of the town already, for I should have got but scant acquaintance with them now. I began to repine under this; it would never do. My travelling-companion recommended that we should pay a certain supplement and descend into the glazed forward compartment. He was a very pleasant gentleman, of Barcelona. Here our amicable relations first commenced. We did so; but found that the contracted build of the coach was never calculated for sight-seeing. The driver's box cut off everything in front; the side windows showed only bits of hedges

and olive orchards; the whole upward part of the prospect was invisible.

A new effort at relief resulted, for me, in buying the guard's seat, beside the driver. This at last proved satisfactory. We were far out beyond all vestiges of Granada by this time, and one of those lonesome *atalayas*, from which the Moorish watchmen had been wont to signal the invasion of their fertile land by Christian forays, was close beside us, inaccessible on its crag as an eagle's nest. No doubt I should be expected to say something in this wild country of the roughness of the way; but very far from it; it is probably the United States that has the worst roads in the world. The roads here were capital, hard, wide, and of very easy grades. One sees how the goodness of European wagon roads may have accounted for the slow development of railways. At intervals were small houses occupied by a *peon caminéro*, who, with a lettered band about his hat, was keeping the route in repair. Two operatic-looking *gendarmes* with rifles and cocked hats occasionally drew up on either side of the way and saluted the *diligencia*.

The pace became yet more rattling. We had set out with six strong, swift mules, but after the first relay the wheelers were white horses, with fine legs and feet that denoted a strain of Arabian blood. In front, on the off leader, rode a postilion, a gallant, handsome young fellow in a scarlet sash with a horn slung over his shoulder. He tooted his horn and cracked a short whip round his head; the driver swung and cracked his long-lashed whip with reports like a pistol-shot, but for effect only: he never touched the animals with it. It was most exhilarating. *Olé mulas!* The bells on the

harness jingled; we went on at a grand trot, much more than a trot, a veritable *train d'enfer*.

Oh, the lovely bright morning! which had threatened to rain but didn't. Oh, the clear bracing air, the sun, the mountains, the historic Vega! the early mists clinging in the valleys! Oh, the joy of life! The driver tried, together with his perpetual *olés*, something like an Alpine yodel upon his flying steeds.

"*Olé! Olé—mu-las!—alyu—alyeu—aley-ee-o!—yuh!*" —I spell out his cries as best I may. It was well worth coming for indeed.

We continually hear that the South is gay and the North is grave. But we hear the same thing of North and South in every country, no matter what the latitude. It is said in France; in Italy, in Spain; it is said in Mexico; and no doubt too in Guatemala and Nicaragua. To my mind it is a matter of individuals rather than races, and I would like to contrast with my taciturn Andalusian stage-driver many a rollicking one in Maine. He was taciturn but not gloomy; on the contrary I think he was well contented with himself. He told me, monosyllabically, that a good horse or mule could be bought here for $70, and that one of his was *mucho perro*, literally "much dog," that is, not good for very much. He said Cara Ancha—Wide Face—was the other famous bull-fighter that was coming to Granada with Mazzantini on Sunday, and not Lagartijo. When I asked him where all the laborers in the fields were—for there was not a soul in sight—he only turned and smiled, a trifle disdainfully I think. He improved with the present of a good cigar; but he had probably seen very few foreigners and may have regarded me much as an honest Maine driver might a German or Italian immigrant who should

get up beside him and try to draw him into intelligent conversation in bad English.

Our first pause was at an Estanco Nacional, a place where tobacco was sold by government permit. There were four relays for changing the team, and all of these were mere *ventas*, poor, bare solitary inns, where it did not look as if one would be at all comfortable if he had to stay over-night. There were some half-ruined farm buildings, and sheep and dogs about. A russet mail-bag was generally thrown down—a very thin one, be it remarked. In the country at large there was no vestige of old Moorish houses—there were no houses at all, no castles, no fences, no inhabitants. At half-past eight we began climbing the foot-hills, and the way grew gradually steeper. At nine we got out and walked, to ease the team, and I stretched my legs up to the top of a veritable Swiss-looking pass. These ups and downs were continual. From amid rocks and starveling bushes we look down at the road winding ribbon-like through a cultivated district below. There were some tough black-and-tan-colored goats in the mountain. I recollect Ampotiza, which we left at our right, as a gray mediæval hamlet, such as one of the old masters might have put in the background of his pictures. We did meet a train of patient little donkeys carrying charcoal, and their masters were on their backs too, sitting sideways and kicking them in the ribs with their heels. Then there were some droves of black swine and their herders in the fields, a trace of an out-of-door threshing-floor, and an occasional, a very occasional, ploughman.

But now the continued glare of the white roads began to affect my eyes unpleasantly. The edge of the coupé

hood, too, still came down so low that I had been able neither to sit up comfortably straight nor to keep my hat on, the latter being replaced by a white handkerchief knotted bandit fashion. I descended once more, therefore, and joined my Barcelona friend within; and it was in this way I heard at last the absence of laborers from the fields accounted for. There is little else but olives in the district; the harvest of these is gathered but once a year or even two years; the hands come and pick them for the great proprietors and go away again, and that is the end of it.

At noon we halted ten minutes at Campillo de Arenas, a forlorn little village of something over 4,000 inhabitants, solidly built of rubble-stone in the customary way. There was no inn, but only a dingy country store with some very dry groceries from which to choose the eatables to take with us. I left my companion to attend to that, as being the more experienced in such matters, while I took a brief stroll about the place. When our luncheon was spread out upon our knees in the stage, it had a very uninviting look. We had paid the price of a good breakfast each—for the poor part of the country is not cheap—for some sections of ham, sausage, and cheese, all provender for which, as a rule, I have little liking, and a loaf of unfermented bread, which looked as though it could not be divided with anything less than a stone-mason's chisel. But now, see the folly of trusting to appearances. The ham, cured in the district, was sweeter and tenderer than any other I ever ate; the sausage was infused with an unusually delicate and distinguished flavor; the cheese was a very mild variety, made of goat's milk; the adamantine-looking bread was excel-

lent. Each successive article, as I took it up with repugnance, proved a new surprise. We washed the whole down with a red wine of Valdepeñas, which, though tasting a trifle of the wine-skin from which it had been drawn into our bottle, was excellent also.

This was an experience to make the spirits rise. My companion was a man of education and taste, a friend of the distinguished poet, Balaguer. He told me something of his business and himself. He said deprecatingly that he belonged, as his name showed, to the *petite noblesse.* We felicitated ourselves upon our good luck and the day we were having. And over our cigars we moralized upon how simple are the real wants of man, how much too civilized the world has become, and how much oftener we would like to escape it as now. My friend regretted that we had not met at Granada earlier, for then we could have arranged to make the journey on horseback together, instead of by stage. That would have been a still better ideal.

We traversed a profound little valley, rattled through a tunnel a hundred feet long, in the natural rock, the Puerta de Arenas, caught sight of the mineral springs of Jabalcuz, and entered Jaen at three o'clock. It is on a rocky slope. An enormous old castle, as large as the Alhambra, rises upon a precipitous crag above the main part of it. The cathedral, once a Moorish mosque, and now in perfect preservation, makes a great mass by itself to the left. Cathedral, old town, and jagged rocks, all group into those bold combinations that painters, and especially etchers, love. Jaen is a city of 25,000 people, but its rudely-paved streets have the vacant look of those of a country village. In certain ways it recalled, too, such

old Italian cities as Mantua. The diligence office is the great centre of life and bustle. I bought delicious oranges in the market and saw peasant pottery that would make the fortune of a collector. I tried to buy photographs of the monuments, but there were none; it had not become sophisticated to that point. At the cathedral a gorgeous beadle in scarlet, with a mace, was just bowing out a bishop, in purple and fine linen, and a handful of other ecclesiastics, who had been saying some sort of service in the rich, dark old oak choir, though there was no other spectator than myself. This most attractive cathedral has an esplanade before it, with massive stairs going down to the narrow lower streets, and an archbishop's palace on one side, grand enough for the scenery of the grandest opera. If it were not that there is so much picturesqueness in Spain, I should think all the world would want to go and see Jaen, instead of leaving it so exclusively to me.

The journey thence by the branch railroad to Espeluy, where the land belongs chiefly to the Duke of Medinaceli, is no long affair.

But I had to wait from five o'clock to ten, at the forlorn little junction of Espeluy. I walked far into the country. Not a house, not a man, not a sign of life of any sort. In the dark evening, I went over to a shanty café, the Cantina Andaluz, which with a few freight cars on a side-track, and the little station, constituted the place. There was a group of persons in the garden, a family group, I hardly know who, it all passed so obscurely, in the dark. A girl had a guitar and a younger sister urged her to sing.

"*Anda*, Maria! *anda! anda-a-a!*" pressed the little one, impatient at the other's reluctance,—"Oh, do go

on, Maria ! go on, I tell you! • What are you hanging back for?"

Then Maria "went on," and the sitters-around joined in the refrains, and some also tried various airs on their own account, not always knowing very well either the words or the tune. One pretty song the vague Maria sang was this:—

"I am not happy either with you or without you; for when I am with you, you torment me past all endurance; and when I am without you I die of longing. So I am not happy either with you or without you."

The songs almost invariably begin with a long-drawn, quavering cry, or whine, and continue in a monotonous, minor key, fascinating and essentially Spanish. I thought the feminine voices soft and pleasing, which is unusual, for the Spanish woman's throat often has a harsh quality, a roughness about it. The same thing may be noticed of the Spanish blood in Mexico and Cuba. Admixture with the Indian stock softens it away to the sweetness of speech that belongs to this latter.

CHAPTER XII

CORDOVA, SEVILLE, AND ABOUT PRETTY SPANISH WOMEN

AT Cordova, a herd of black bulls was crossing the old Moorish bridge, while peasants, laborers, and traffic were backed up into the gateway called la Puerta del Puente to give them an uninterrupted right of way.

The dust flew, the herders swore, the fierce bulls went on, over the coffee-colored Guadalquivir, the pent-up business resumed its course. A small knot of working-girls, going over to their toil in the suburb, took up their march with the rest.

"*Adios!*"—good-by! one of them tossed back, laughing, over her shoulder, to the lean, sallow, leathern-visaged employee of the octroi which took toll of all market produce at the gate. "*Adios,*" she tossed back, in laughing mockery, as if the sole purpose of the stoppage had been to make a little visit with him; and the group all giggled, as they went their way.

"*Adios, hermosa!*" the man called after her, with a good deal of respectful sincerity in his compliment.

"*Hermosa*" means fair or beautiful, and his description was certainly well bestowed. This was a beautiful Spanish girl without manner of doubt. Rather large than medium of stature, with that something majestic about her which belongs to peasant simplicity of costume, she had the fine dark eyes that seem to say everything even when they say nothing. She had the very

dark skin of countries baked by the sun, a smooth skin, too, easily capable of the blush that mantled it now perhaps at her own forwardness.

She was perfectly well made in all those points in which feminine perfection is outwardly visible, and from her gait might be divined the small foot and arched instep which have led poets, from Byron down, to institute a comparison between the Spanish woman and the Arab steed. There was no doubt Moorish blood in this young denizen of a place where caliphs for centuries held sway —perhaps even an unusual supply of it. Not that the Moorish women themselves have any such gait, they merely waddle about in incommodious trousers, but let us concede that it may be attained by some crossing of the breed.

I think the beauty of the bridge had no other acquaintance with the man at the gate than such as her own high spirits just now gave her. She must have been somewhere about sixteen and he was grizzled and middle-aged. Naturally girls of her station are not held to so strict an etiquette as the higher class. They receive many bold *olés* of admiration from chance observers.

Well, she had a red rose in her hair, and she went her way laughing, across the old bridge, so old that it had been Roman even before it became Arabic and then Spanish. And so—keeping, I trust, a safe distance from the feet of the bulls—she disappeared forever, one of those momentary glimpses from which the traveller often parts with a real pang; a touch of young, warm, breathing modern life that derived the greater zest from its ancient setting. It was in springtime and in Cordova of Andalusia.

I found myself charmed with the time-worn picturesque bits in the small streets all about the great cathedral, that was once a mosque and still is far more a mosque than a Christian church. I was delighted with the vast court, planted with long lines of blossoming perfumed orange-trees, before the cathedral—and rather disillusioned in the cathedral itself. In truth, of all the innumerable columns in that vaunted interior you can see but a very few at a time; and the red and white principle of architecture, the streak of fat and streak of lean, has been partly spoiled by too numerous imitations. You have to think of various Turkish baths, and of that Fourth Avenue, New York, church which some irreverent parishioner has dubbed the Church of the Holy Zebra.

Cordova was delicious and typically Spanish—and as a place to live in, I never even once thought of it; for I had Seville before me and, after Seville, I did not come back to it.

The day after Cordova, I was at Seville, the Seville which it is tradition to rave about as the very home of grace and beauty. It was first visible on a distant height, like a city in a fairy tale. The brown plain over which we approached it was destitute of houses. Tracts of it here and there were covered thick with a small species of blue wild flower that called to mind the lagoons of the sea. We followed the course of the Guadalquivir, a sizeable river not unlike the Connecticut in general aspect. As we drew nearer, oranges and lemons began to glow among the thicker vegetation, and the famous tower of the Giralda was seen plainly rising above the mass of buildings.

Seville, within, was a congeries of narrow, irregular

streets of rather plain houses, chiefly white, provided liberally with balconies, chiefly green. The streets were much protected by awnings against the summer heat; but, on the other hand, many of the balconies were made into glazed *miradores*, covered sun-boxes, for refuge in the chilly days of winter. Every woman wore a rose in her hair, and came idly out on her balcony as often as possible. Great heaps of yellow oranges glowed in the market-place, with a general effect like that of our heaps of yellow pumpkins in autumn; and how the red roses bloomed in the beautiful old gardens of the Alcazar, that were made for the Moorish kings.

Though Seville is twice the size of Granada, I should estimate it, as a residence place, considerably less than half as attractive. This was the upshot of my researches. Owing to the universal practice of white-washing the antiquity out of buildings, the effect of it is new and modern. The most that could be said of the second *piso*, or floor, of seven rooms, I saw, under the ægis of the Giralda, or of the one that had a view of the delightful Alcazar, or of that third one opposite the rich-sculptured city hall, or Ayuntamiento, was that they were neat, commonplace, inoffensive. They had no positive reasons for them.

The dearest, reduced to American money, would have been about two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. There is a curious way in that country of estimating rent by the day. Thus, if you ask, "How much is it?" they will reply "Twelve *reals* a day," or more or less as the case may be, leaving you to make your own calculations. As the *real* is so small, you are forever boiling down magnificent totals to a modest residuum.

In a general way, you may count on having a highly

presentable apartment for four hundred dollars,—this in the large, expensive cities, including Madrid. Perhaps even one of the famous houses of Seville, with *patio*, or half-Moorish courtyard, could be had for that, —if one of them could ever be found vacant. The cost of provisions cannot vary greatly from what it is in France. In servants' wages there is a notable reduction. You can have an excellent cook for thirty-five *pesetas* (francs), and a maid-of-all-work for fifteen or twenty.

Why can I not truthfully report that all the women of Seville and of Spain were as beautiful as the girl at Cordova? There is, after all, much luck in these matters, and if I did not see in Seville the full display of female loveliness that one is almost positively bound to see there—it is perhaps that I was born, as I have often thought, under an unpropitious star.

Almost the first thing after my arrival, I chanced to meet the women coming out from the great government tobacco-factory. Everybody speaks of that sight: read De Amicis and read Marie Bashkirtseff. For my part I remarked many and many a pale face, plenty of drawn and ugly features, and figures without the least distinction, the result of unhygienic conditions, sickness, hard work, poverty. They all wore red roses in their hair. Red roses were the rule that month, in Andalusia. First, in going up to Granada from Malaga, young women had showed themselves at the small stations, thus adorned. If brunette faces peered through the shrubbery like another kind of fruit, or if they sat sewing—a group of young tailoresses for instance—in open doors just off the street, or partly hid behind a curtain on their balconies, the red rose for their tresses was

never forgotten. More rarely one fastened her mantilla at the breast with a bunch of them.

Even among the ladies of a much higher grade than the tobacco girls, among those, for example, who issued forth from an entertainment given by a group of fashionable young men, at the private bull-ring, one Sunday afternoon, and those who drove in the fine equipages on the Paseo by the Guadalquivir, there were often very bad complexions and even moustaches like a grenadier's. But all of them, even these, were very Spanish. They still flaunted the Spanish fan; they still wore, thank heaven, the graceful mantilla, though its days are numbered; and some of the beautiful carriages were drawn by mules bedecked with colored trappings.

Spanish women are rather picturesque than beautiful. It is the painter effects to which they lend themselves instead of their actual good looks that accounts for much of the enthusiasm about them. It is a land where they are not afraid of vivid colors. Crimson and yellow drape not only the balconies, but the backs of the dark-haired women, in neckerchiefs, or shawls wrought with gay patterns of flowers or birds. Yonder maid, in the suburb of Triana, wears a China shawl of brilliant yellow embroidered in green and scarlet, and stands idly awaiting somebody in the doorway of a low house, dazzling white in the sunlight. From a window tumbles out a perfect cascade of gorgeous scarlet cactus blossoms. And it is all in no way tawdry; you no more think of tawdriness in connection with it than in a humming-bird, an oriole, or a bird of paradise.

Society in Spanish towns is retiring, at least from the stranger; and I was told of an English family, drawn by

the natural beauties of the place, who had spent several years in Seville and had not made a single acquaintance. Of course there is no saying that the fault may not have been on their own side. Native authorities certainly give a pleasant account of the social doings at Seville. What with all their *tertullias*, or informal reunions, their dinners—no, not very many dinners—but their balls, picnics, and rowing-parties, life is not too serious. And in spite of the Moorish tradition of the close supervision of women, there would appear to be often almost as free and merry goings-on among the young people as if it were America. Then, after a sufficient term of coquetry and gayety, the maidens are said to settle down and become quite model wives.

Valdés treats of this elucidatingly in his "Sister San Sulpicio." I wish I had had the charming book when I was passing through there, as a guide to what was doing in the closed houses. His hero, wildly in love with, and engaged to, an extremely pretty and vivacious girl, goes to consult a friend of his, a man of the world. He has been smitten with a dread, such as has no doubt taken possession of other nervous lovers also, to wit, that his affianced, while possessed of every fascination now during the period of laughing maidenhood, may not, on account of the very brightness of her spirit, be able to stand the test of long-enduring, prosaic matrimony.

"Captain Villa," said he, "the women here have more comeliness and passion, as well as a livelier intelligence than those of my part of the world, up in the north. They know how to love, that is evident; but—but do you not think there is some danger that they may make better sweethearts than wives?"

The Captain, on the contrary, takes up the defence of the woman of Seville with a zest.

"She is warm and she is lively, it is true," he says, "but she is not vain. The fire of her nature converts itself, after marriage, into domestic tenderness and devotion. She will demand to be loved, not to be extravagantly arrayed. Luxury does not turn the head of a woman in Seville as elsewhere, and poverty is not considered ridiculous. The mantilla equalizes all classes. Distinctions of rank are not felt here. A young girl from among those most favored in birth and fortune will associate on even terms with one who may have no more to look to than the modest salary of a struggling father. It is said that there still is something of the Moorish odalisque about the Sevillian woman, but I tell you that with one who demands nothing but fondness of her husband on his daily return to his home, life cannot well be other than very facile and sweet. And possibly the women of your section, more demure on the surface, more circumspect or timid in manner, are really less to be trusted than ours."

Ah, blessed Seville! ah, thrice happy homes of Seville! if this picture of female perfection have the truth that is asserted with such positiveness and charm.

That inveterate Paris *boulevardier*, Aurelien Scholl, affirms that it takes Italian women a year to become a *Parisienne*, a Spanish woman three years, an English woman a couple of generations, and a German woman five,—the Russian being already born a *Parisienne*. There is some play of national prejudice in this statement, but it shows that a certain fixity of character without degenerating into rooted obstinacy is to be prop-

erly ascribed to the Spanish woman. There must be a fund of gravity even in the lightest heads, for Spain is a country that has always taken life seriously. It has had plenty of heroic, even if sometimes mistaken, ideals, and personal inconvenience has never stood in their way.

The fact is there are none too many *Parisiennes* even in Paris. That is a type that flourishes somewhat indiscriminately everywhere. That particular union of intelligence, grace, coquetry, and taste in attire, that gayety of character, with well-meaning principles, that yet must not be too much tempted—such a combination is a female inheritance only awaiting favorable opportunities to develop in any country.

But the more one journeys, the more he is inclined to think there are no fixed national types, especially in womankind, but only varying individuals of the universal type. You find light Spanish women as well as dark; reserved, silent ones as well as gay; spirits bustling in the march of progress, as well as those who sit under the shade of archaic traditions. The sweet young Queen Regent of Spain, with the baby king in her arms, was a portrait which hung in nearly all the public halls and was an influence that was strengthening the domestic virtues in private life. On the other side, no more energetic worker could be found, even in energetic America, than the novelist and essayist Emilia Pardo Bazan. She was devoting herself to the emancipation of woman "from her fetters of iron and gold and jewels." She welcomed most sagely to her banner every woman who could contribute to the cause, not sentimental twaddle and ridiculous bombast, but deeds of tangible worth. And, to show that it is still conservative Spain, she

professes herself not a radical, not even a republican, but a monarchist of the most uncompromising sort.

I cannot help thinking there was something of the *Parisienne* even in St. Theresa, an ideal who still very greatly influences the women of Spain. Born in Avila where the winter is long and hard and there is no spring, she threw the sunshine of a southern nature over that stern district which has been termed "a land of stones and saints." Never having been taught, she yet wrote a literary style that Juan Valera, of the Academy, declares a model.

"Above all," she used to say, "let our sanctity never befog our brains; no one has ever had too much intelligence."

Amid the austerities of the convents she founded, she always permitted them one cold, sweet sort of luxury, of a kind I most thoroughly indorse: they were placed where they commanded a lovely point of view. She was beautiful, she was always gay; she was full of a heavenly sort of common-sense. Saint if she were, there was still something very lovable about her, in the human way. And so I am not afraid of the connection if I cite so close to her name yet one more of those poetic little songs of the people, showing their ardent appreciation of their womenkind, which I heard,—to the accompaniment of guitars and castanets and clapping hands and loud *olés*—the last evening of my stay at Seville:

"From the heavens a star has been lost. In the place it was wont to be it no longer appears. But lo! in thy chamber instead it dwells. It shines in thy radiant eyes. From the heavens a star has been lost but with thee it is found.

"More than roses, my brown girl, thy dear eyes enchant me. More than all the flowers thy eyes delight me. Ah, truly I fall ill of their splendor, I am ill with their glances, and to the hospital of San Augostin I must go away."

CHAPTER XIII

TO MADRID, AND WHEN YOU GET THERE

FROM Seville to Madrid is a long step, in every sense. The prodigious variations of climate raise an everlasting difference between them. The high central table-land is the very antipodes of Andalusia. On the high central plateau, no oranges nor myrtles, no delicious gardens of Lindaraja nor of Maria Pradilla; barren La Mancha is fit only for the melancholy shepherdesses, the Lucindas and Camillas, who used to air their misfortunes there. Chill winds blow and there are no red roses in their hair.

Further north, the vast treeless, grass-grown, Scandinavian-looking plain, with snow-mountains on its borders, by which Madrid is approached, is less sterile than La Mancha; it is without the stone-heaps and dark, aggressive-looking windmills of Don Quixote's country, at Argamasilla, but it is only a trifle less lonesome and forlorn. Herds of large black bulls draw attention to the national sport. Finally, at Getarfe—a station quite furbished up, as if it might contain the country-places of prosperous city people—you see a notch in the plain, and through the notch, down-hill, you make out a great expanse of red roofs varied with New York-looking domes and steeples, which is Madrid. Somehow, the grand snow-peaks are never visible in the city itself.

"Oh, De Amicis!" one exclaims, at Madrid, in involuntary reproach, for is it not De Amicis who has written the most glowing accounts of it—"Oh, De Amicis!"

And "Oh, De Amicis!" one especially exclaims in the famous Puerta del Sol. It is true we have been told, in a general way, that Madrid is new, and not to expect too much of it. But, after all, a few hundred years is a very respectable antiquity, and our own fancies, even if baseless, are stronger than descriptions—which makes me think it may be quite useless to read any descriptive writing at all, except, of course, this. Who would not have expected of a plaza which calls itself the Gate of the Sun, a gate of some kind—probably a fine, ancient one, with the sculptured horses of the sun prancing upon it? There is no gate at all. There is nothing but a great ellipse of monotonous five-story buildings, chiefly hotels, the rendezvous of numerous horse-car lines. But let us be just: you see also a large government building stuccoed and colored red, with white embellishments; and you see a fountain, a large, full basin, perfectly plain, where you can wash your hands if you like—a very good idea. There are even no splendid cafés. The most prominent object is the sign of the New York Life Insurance Company. Nor are all the hotels models of elegance and comfort. I entered one of them, with a rather fine-sounding name, which advertised in one of the journals reasonable prices. Its rates might well have been reasonable, for it was as down-at-the-heel, raggedly carpeted, and malodorous as the most lamentably cheap boarding-house. How this could have been, behind so respectable a front and in so famous a square, I do not understand. It is true there is always a great lot of people in the Puerta

del Sol, a rush and stir of life, quite on the American plan; but if an Italian traveller like De Amicis, coming from the very essence of color and picturesqueness at home, could like this, I am sure he would like America much more. Would that he would come and stand on our street-corners in New York and Chicago, and write of us in the vivid style in which he has treated of Madrid and Constantinople. It is pleasant not to have to disparage America for once, and I do not hesitate in the least to say that Union Square is more attractive than the Puerta del Sol.

There is a good deal of New Yorkey architecture, of the common sort, in Madrid; that is to say, the tall brick tenement-houses with stone "trimmings," on the balconies of which the family-wash is hung out to the breeze. To hang out the washing thus is the custom, however, even in much higher circles. I saw it displayed on the houses bounding the garden which skirts the royal palace. I was often tempted to think that excessive practicality was the trait of the modern Spaniard, and that the feeling that inspired the rich old architecture, with its color, its exuberant yet massive forms, and its fine, deep shadows, had quite gone out of him. Perhaps he has been so weighed upon by old traditions that it is a relief to cast them all off for a time and even dance upon them with a sort of barbaric glee. The noble Duke of Medinaceli has a brick palace, at the corner of San Geronimo Street, which might be the merest manufacturing establishment; and from the shabby brown walls of that of the Duke of Villahermosa, across the way, the stucco is peeling off in patches. The Duke of Montpensier's palace, San Telmo, with its fine, semi-tropical gardens, along the Paseo, at

Seville, had rather formed my ideal for those of the modern sort. If there were no more than this of castles in Spain, one might as well build them in any other country. The public buildings have their large royal escutcheons, which carry one back to the ancient traditions, but they have little else. The marked Dutch and German influence, in their belfries and roofs, was always a surprise; can I have heard it mentioned before? The Low Countries, so maltreated by Philip and Alva, took their revenge in setting the fashion in architecture. Philip brought back the pattern of their roofs even for his stern granite vagary the Escorial.

From afar off and long in advance I had thought very seriously of Madrid as a possible home. But it was soon evident that Madrid, for all its Velasquezes in the Royal Gallery and for all its fine new *paseos* or boulevards, could not be made to square with our ideas. I had tasted the charms of genial southern climate, and here everybody wore his winter overcoat in the middle of May. Why then detail all its inadequacy? It is so cold that plain wooden stairways, neither painted, waxed, nor carpeted, wood too I fancy being something of a luxury, are found in many most respectable homes, where you would rather have expected to find stone or marble. If we should live at Madrid at all, I should prefer to be out in the fine new part of town, say on the broad Alcala Street. The houses are often built in crescents, of gray granite. In the middle of the circular Plaza is the fresh granite Ionic triumphal arch of Charles III. Now, *there* is a gate something like, and in excellent taste. It is another rendering of the Paris Arc de l'Etoile but in much better proportion to its surroundings, which it does not dwarf, like the too large French monument.

The boulevard trees are sycamore and acacia, very young yet, but the more umbrageous greenery of the public park, the Buen Retiro, is seen at one side. The street of Alcala, if one follow it all the way from its origin, comes up to this arch from the Puerta del Sol, greatly aggrandizing in width on the way. It passes the War Department, terraced up amid grassy grounds in a situation not unlike that of the White House at Washington; the fine new granite Bank of Spain, still under construction; and the grand marble fountain, in which a majestic queen is driving a chariot drawn by lions. The granite so much in use in the newer structures is like that employed in many of our public structures, and in the huge Equitable Building in New York. And *apropos* of this, just as the New York Life Insurance had the largest sign in the Puerta del Sol, the Equitable had put up one of the finest buildings in the city, naturally a source of pride to the patriotic American.

All this did not prevent Madrid from looking like such French provincial cities as Lyons and Marseilles, notably vacant of charm. Nor did it prevent washing being hung out even on houses of this fashionable quarter. The *concierge* system prevails in the large Madrid houses as at Paris, and the unhappy *portero* or *portera* often seems to occupy an even darker nook than his contemporary there. I priced an apartment billed for rent in one of the very best houses. It consisted of eleven rooms, on the third story, which, as the tall ground-floor story and an entresol are not counted, was equivalent to a fifth or sixth, and there was an *ascensor*—an elevator. The price was 12,000 *reales*. How magnificent to live in an apartment at 12,000 *reales*! though it was but six hundred dollars, after all.

CHAPTER XIV

A DAY IN LITERARY MADRID

THERE was a literary club—the Liceo Literario, at Granada, but it did not contain many writers of note; indeed, I doubt if it contained any at all. I went to its rooms one hot evening—in the little plaza called the Campillo, and the building of the principal theatre—and saw the members playing checkers and dominoes, but the night-life of charming Granada seemed much pleasanter outside. They were preparing just then the great *fête* of crowning the poet Zorilla, at the Alhambra, yet I could not even secure one of the programmes. The *fête* took place successfully later, and it was a very pretty and original idea. The gold for the crown, as I have already said, came from the sands of the Darro—the swift little stream that cuts off the hill of the Alhambra from the gypsies' hill, the Albayein. Now, as the Darro yields gold in but the smallest quantities, the collection of it was a labor of love and patience.

No, among all the other classes that I saw, I did not see anything of the literary class, till I reached Madrid. But at Madrid I had the great good fortune to meet many of the literary men, especially of that fresh contemporary movement in Spanish fiction, which is so much translated in America of late and has won so much applause from the world at large. It came about, too, almost all in a single day, as it happened,

and I have to count that full, pleasurable, and improving day in literary Madrid as one of the most memorable of my journey and of many journeys.

I had not really expected a great deal from such few letters as I brought. Not that they were not from sources of which I might well feel proud, but there is a great deal of accident about such things, and the time of my stay was limited. For example, I missed, on my first visit, a certain eminent senator, who was among them, and he missed me on his amiable return visit at my hotel. That is the way, as you know, it so often goes.

But at length I found him, and he took me to his apartment in the Cálle del Barquillo, an apartment full of all the charming objects that refined people gather round them.

He had been cabinet-minister and was now senator. His district was Granada, where he had a summer home, out by the Cartuja, where travellers go to admire the rich marble-work mosaics. But fancy representing Granada in a legislative body! Our American ideas are so full of romance about the place, that it seems like representing dream-land or taking out a political mandate from fairy-land. My senator was of a thoughtful, quiet mien, and courteous, unaffected manners. His dark olive skin, contrasting with silver hair and mustache, made a thoroughly handsome head, and distinguished personality, one of the finest types of the Spanish gentleman; the hidalgo realized. He spoke excellent English; his wife spoke it without even an accent. The señora was the daughter of a remarkable historian and critic, friend—in their day—of Prescott and Ticknor, reviewer of history for that standard peri-

odical the *Ateneo*, and at eighty with faculties as clear as ever, writing a history of the relations between Spain and England at the time of Philip II. She had lived much in England, and knew Lowell, James, and other American literary men, whom she appreciated highly. Indeed, it was pleasant to hear her express her admiration of the Americans, who poor souls! do not always get the best of characters abroad nowadays.

"I have known so many nice ones," she said positively, "and I am so very fond of them."

Of our books that had pleased her she praised especially "The Lady of the Aroostook."

Complaint is sometimes made of the lack of intellectual people in the society of Madrid—would that such a complaint were well founded in Madrid alone! It is said to be hard to find a woman who interests herself in a book, and the women, after middle life, settle down into a pretty complete dulness. It has been gallantly claimed, it is true, that if Spanish women do not read nor write many books, it is that they understand so well their ability to inspire them. However this may be, my accomplished hostess certainly was not one of those who settle into apathy in middle life.

"*I* do not mean to stagnate, you see," she said, with her bright, engaging smile. "If anybody should cross-examine me on my Goethe just now, he would get well come up with."

She was deep in German at the time; and, even while I was there, a music-master came to give his lesson. She talked to me admiringly of her friend, Señora Emilia Pardo Bazan, resident at Barcelona, of whom I have before spoken, displaying her "Insolacion," illustrated with beautiful little realistic vignettes,

which lay open upon the table, and especially recommending her latest book, "Los Pazos de Ulloa." This distinguished novelist is much in town, and would be counted one of the literary lights of Madrid.

Well, there is much more in the talk of a bright, cultivated woman than that of most men, and after this conversation was over, I felt my knowledge of persons and places increased, my limited horizon as to Madrid much widened.

From my senator's, I went to see the novelist Perez Galdós. He was in the Plaza de Colon, at no great distance away. The house was new and handsome, brick and stone, one of the houses in a crescent or semicircle, five tall stories high, and, it may be added, without elevators. Galdós was up in the top—Daudet lived as high in Paris, and, though an invalid, had no elevator either. The view was charming, the site the very best part of Madrid, the brand new part, in which, with wide boulevards—at present a little vacant—and plentiful gardens and statues, the Spanish capital is trying to emulate Paris. It is at the junction of the Paséo de Recolétos with that of La Castellana, and these are the continuation of the Prádo, where Madrid promenades on fête-days and fine summer evenings. A part of the Prádo, called the Salón, is almost as carefully kept as a dancing-floor, and on one side of it, separated by a balustrade, with gas-lamps, is a macadamized road along which pass the carriages and equestrians, as in Rotten Row.

A little south—to mention what the novelist had closest at hand—was the ornate, dainty theatre of Prince Alfonso; directly in front, the handsome Colon (Columbus) monument; and beyond that, veiled by the boule-

vard trees, the Mint and the National Museum and Library.

His apartment showed comfortable command of money. Indeed, the vogue enjoyed by the author of "Doña Perfecta" and "Gloria" must have resulted in good financial returns. There were many bright, sketchy water-colors and drawings, as if the author were an amateur in such things and might have picked them up from artist friends, and then there were rather too many small knick-knacks about, as if a feminine taste had prevailed, somewhat at the expense of solidity of effect. The servant who opened the door was reddish-dark, like a Mexican Indian, and of the same smiling, docile character. She evidently had orders to protect her master's leisure, but she was too honest to do it. She would *see* if he was at home. She did not think he was. Probably he had gone out and would not return till two o'clock, and so on and so forth.

It was transparently clear that he was at home, and he was. But he kindly allowed me to disturb him. He came into the room with a cigarette between thumb and finger, a dark, slender, tallish, rather loose-jointed man, of forty-four, characterized by a hard-working air and a younger look.

We began to talk of the realistic movement in literature. In Spain realism is conceived as an enlightened sort of social history. It aims to choose what is vital with meaning and best worthy of attention. It gives no countenance to the assumption, based upon certain performances of the French school, that it should be only a display of the ugly and disgusting. We were in accord on the subject, and had it delightfully all our own way.

Galdós next showed me a long shelf of his books, in English, their English and American bindings much more substantial than the Spanish. Indeed, on the Continent generally, they do not publish in bindings at all, but only in paper. He gave me his latest, "Miáu."—Miáu! miáu!—it sounds like a cat. That is precisely what it is. It is the history of a family whose peculiar facial expression gives them, particularly the three women in it, a resemblance to the porcelain cats made for ornament. A schoolboy "Miau" fights his way dismally through school under the weight of his nickname. It is the history, too, of a poor old man who drags out his life hoping to be reinstated in a government clerkship he has lost. He had in a supreme degree that habit, which most of us practise now and then, of trying to hoodwink destiny by pretending to expect nothing from it.

"I shall never get the place," he says; "I know it perfectly well. I don't cherish the thousandth part of an illusion on that score, and never have."

But, all the same, he passes his time devouring the *Correspondéncia*—that famous *Correspondéncia* devoted so exclusively to news—and in going down to the cafés to see if he cannot hear of some change of government, some new *combinación*, under which he may be reinstated. We have an extended picture of bureaucratic life under the Spanish government, a good deal like the bright account Sidney Luska has given—in "Grandison Mather"—of the New York Surrogate's office. The story possesses considerable drollery in the relations of little Miau, a weakly chap subject to cataleptic fits and visions, with the Creator and Ruler of the Universe. His conception of the Deity, in these visions,

is a peculiar and rather familiar one. He is not at all bright in his lessons, and he imagines the august Maker of All Things asking him one day:

"What did you mean by saying, in your geography lesson, that France is bounded on the north by the River Danube, and the Po passes through Pau? Do you think I took so much pains to create the world to have you go and unsettle it all in this way? Just put yourself in my place a little: how would you like it yourself?" The earliest of Galdós' novels proper, "Doña Perfécta," for he had before that written some of the romantic popular historical series, the *Episódios Naciondles*, is still perhaps the best. On seeing it in his book-case, I could not but recall my copy in Harpers' Franklin Square Library. That particular copy was handed on to me from one of the brightest minds in New York, who used to go around asking people if they had read "Doña Perfécta," and, if they had not, he didn't want anything more to do with them.

On the cover of "Miáu" was a singular idea, which might go down in America or might not. At a first glance it looked like an ordinary list of new publications, but, instead it was a "List of those dealers having open accounts with this house, from whom we have not been able, up to this time, to collect what they owe." There followed the names of forty-two dealers in different places, including one recorded as having paid *half* the debt. A convenient foot-note said: "On the covers of succeeding volumes, we shall give the names of those in the above list who have in the mean time liquidated their accounts, and we shall also continue publishing the names of other delinquents, if there be occasion." This new way to collect old debts would, I fear, not be

at all popular in our country. Delinquents would be rather apt to harden their hearts.

Galdós, besides being a novelist, is a legislator. He sits in the Deputies, as representative of Porto Rico. Not that he is a resident of that island or has any special affiliations with it, but, here, as in other European countries, one may stand for any district he pleases. Nor is he an orator—nor yet active in the political way. I heard say that he got elected merely in order to study legislative manners at first hand. In another book, therefore, we might expect an intimate picture of the Cortes of Spain, as of the government offices in the last. Fancy an American author being able to get elected to Congress to secure material for a novel—or, indeed, to get elected there on any score whatever. Truly the Spanish are more enterprising than we.

It was one of the peculiarities of Galdós at that time that he did not want to tell anything about his past; interviewers and friendly inquirers blunted their efforts upon him in vain. Whether this were only modesty or a *pose*, which one so popular could safely assume, it had at least the refreshing merit of originality. All that was known of him, by any admissions of his own, was that he was born in the Canary Islands. There was an amusing little volume, of thirty-nine closely printed pages devoted to him, in a series of contemporary biographical sketches, which probably contained less on its subject than any other book ever printed.

The biographer was a friend of Galdós, and as this was the very first volume in the series too, he had fancied that Galdós would give him as full information as possible, on the score of personal friendship and to give the enterprise a favorable start.

"But what incredible labors it cost me," exclaims the writer in despair, "to draw from him the mere admission that he was born at Las Palmas—which I already knew. He has a history, but he keeps it under lock and key. After a long and amiable correspondence it appeared that he could not even figure to himself what kind of biographical data I wanted. The upshot and resultant of the whole was that he conceded having been born at Las Palmas—and there was nothing more."

I had also a letter to Armando Palacio Valdés, but as he lives at Oviedo, a small city far in the north of Spain, I did not expect to see him till, if at all, I should reach that distant point in my travels.

But I learned from Perez Galdós that he must be in Madrid at this time; he had seen him only the day before, and told me where he was stopping—Plaza de la Independencia, No. 9, third *piso*, or story, right. The house was another fine, proper, conventional one. In the apartment entrance door, a common Spanish feature and a good idea, was a revolving brass disk through which the servant could see who rang before opening the door.

Señor Valdés was not in, but momentarily expected; I waited, and talked with a younger brother, who looks much like him, and presently he came. He had a bright, winning smile, thoroughly dark, Spanish complexion, and short beard curling round a rather plump face. He was on the whole somewhat German-looking, had a more amiable expression than Galdós, and was much younger. Except that humorists are notoriously sombre—one would have said that he came well by the abundance of humor in his most excellent novels. This was but a boarding-house and transient abode, and one

could not judge of his personal tastes from the surroundings. He told me he aimed to pass about three months of the year in the capital. He had two younger brothers in business positions in Madrid, and I saw a little son, Armando Palacio Valdés, Jr., dressed in a miniature bull-fighter's costume, as Spanish urchins so often are. Valdés had met with a crushing bereavement after a short married life. His young wife died, leaving him this child, but eight months from their wedding-day.

Late articles on Spanish literature in *Harper's Magazine*, and the translations of his books in America, made an easy point of departure. He was especially pleased with the appreciative opinions concerning his part in the present movement. He read English with difficulty, and did not speak it. When it was a question of sending him some piece of writing of mine, he said, with a smile, "Let it be in French at least." Howells' article tracing the humor of Cervantes to the English school, through Fielding and Thackeray, had much interested him. He belongs very much among the best humorists himself, though we are possessed to think of the Spaniards only as a dark, serious, and tragic people. Oh, these preconceived impressions of ours! *Oh, la-la!* He, too, gave me his latest book, with an inscription "*en pruéba de amistad*"—in proof of friendship. I was gathering a charming collection. I have already spoken of this extremely gay and amusing *La Hermdna San Sulpicio.*

It is a "novel of manners," an account of a modern love-affair, and depends for its interest upon character. There is quaint originality even in the choice of the minor, humorous incidents. In this respect, and in the

sparkle of the conversations, it calls to mind Thomas Hardy, though the style is without a certain ponderousness the latter indulges in, perhaps through having read, or written, too many articles in the philosophic reviews. The hero, so to call him, for nobody in the book is at all "too good for human nature's daily food," is a young Galician medical student, who passes his time in trying his hand at verses and dramas. He has serious thoughts of putting upon his visiting-card "Ceferino Sanjurjo, Descriptive Poet." We first meet him going down by rail from Madrid to the Baths of Marmolejo. He has a travelling companion, a man who has just been elected judge, and must present himself without fail at Seville on the arrival of the train, to be sworn in. At the station of Baeza the judge gets off, only in smoking-cap and slippers, and the train apparently goes on without him. Señor Sanjurjo, thinking he is left, means to do a friendly act by putting off his effects at the next station and instructing a station-hand to telegraph back. Fancy his sensations when, at the station of Andujar, the judge, a most pompous and irascible person, walks into the car again, having only spent the interval with acquaintances farther back in the train.

The main situation of the story is quite unusual. Sister San Sulpice is a little nun, a charmingly pretty and mischievous one; there never was a more roguish and tantalizing daughter of Eve. The staid nun's habit is very becoming to her. But she belongs to an order which has her vows of allegiance for but three years, she has entered it only to escape certain disagreeable things in her family, with no real intention of remaining if she can help it. Her three years was to be up in a few

weeks. The main part of the sprightly, laughing love-affair, with its many ingenious turns, goes on in the outer world. Incidentally every typical phase of Seville, every class of society, is displayed. I wish I had read the book before going there. I do not know that I should call it deep—something profounder even in character-drawing might easily be conceived—but it is graphic, and gives a comprehension of a state of society to which no mere traveller could ever attain. The hero is a very every-day person, as I have said. He tells the story himself, by the way, and he spares neither his own simplicity nor shortcomings. I should like him better if he were not *quite* so every-day, but it is a great point in his favor that he owns up so frankly. What do you think he does, at the end? It is one of those novel touches to which I have already referred. I doubt if many such things can be found elsewhere. In order to get the consent of his wife's mother and her administrator, to his marriage —which they both strenuously opposed—he had appealed to them on the mercenary side. He had finally consented not to ask for an accounting, and to leave the management of his wife's fortune in their hands, together with one-third of the income from a profitable factory of hers. But he tells us—it is after the wedding:

"Be it known, then, that I mailed from Madrid a duly legalized power of attorney to claim my wife's full inheritance. I had given my word, it is true, but I had not bound myself by any document. I was thinking every instant of that blessed dower, imprisoned in distant hands, and what might become of it. I hope that the reader, unless he be one of those rigid Catos who

know nothing whatever but the strait and narrow way, will, though he justly censure me, not dismiss me wholly from his good graces."

This story is accompanied by an extended preface containing Valdés' profession of the realistic faith as applied to novel-writing. The preface is perhaps too long where it is; the reader is hardly willing to put up with so much delay before arriving at the story; but it can be read afterward, and, at any rate, it is full of excellent ideas and a spirit of frank, open confession.

"While novelist and dramatist," he says, "refuse to recognize that *everything is plot*, that all of life is equally interesting, while they devote themselves, instead, to weaving would-be stupendous, but really puerile, complications and labyrinths, they can give us no solid, enduring work."

Again he admits, almost naïvely, "There are chapters in my novels which I am very much ashamed of and would abolish, with the greatest pleasure. It is almost needless to say," he adds, "that these are the very ones that have won the most applause." And he goes on: "Henceforward I am resolved to eliminate from my work every false, improbable element. My aspiration is to produce effects that shall be not violent but convincing and useful."

It was still early in the day. My introduction to Juan Valera, a third in the group of great Spanish novelists, remained. Should I be able to find him also? It seemed really too much to expect in a single day, with experience of Paris still fresh upon me, where almost the chief part of every enterprise was the tedious preliminaries and delays.

But this good fortune too was mine. I found Don Juan Valera at his bachelor-like apartment, in the Calle de Claudio Coéllo. This again is in the district where much grand new building was going on, but his house was of the older sort, a business-like building, with some patches of the brown stucco on its front peeling off.

Don Juan Valera holds the best possible social position. He has been the Spanish minister at Washington, he is a crown senator, and his sister is the Duchess of Malakoff, one of the distinguished ornaments of Paris high life. He has been spoken of by the flippant "Paul Vasili," who writes of the society of the great capitals of Europe, in the *Nouvelle Révue*, as "an aristocrat by station but a radical by choice," and also as a cynic, and "the coldest of men." He certainly was not the latter to me. He honored my introduction with a hospitable, even friendly, politeness, made all the more charming by the easy manner of an accomplished man of the world. Now as to *his* looks, for, superficial as it may seem, I am sure we all like to know the appearance of great men we honor and esteem. He had gray mustache and hair, cut close, and a firm, brown, aristocratic sort of complexion. He was dignified, polished, comfortably well-built, a handsome man for his age, which might be sixty, and very well dressed.

After second breakfast, about noon, when I arrived, he had excellent coffee, served in the study, and cigars of corresponding merit. There were some old portraits, and the walls were lined with books, most in bindings of an expensive old-fashioned sort, indicating a certain antiquity. All the chairs, too, were strewn with books; the chamber was the work-room of a busy literary man.

Valera has not poured forth volumes with the fecun-

dity of that French romancer, for instance, of whom it was said that he was so busy writing about life that he had never had any time to see it, yet what with a multitude of poems, novels, tales, dissertations, and critical papers, he has been a very prolific writer. He was regularly trained for the diplomatic career, knows many languages, and learning plays an important part in his works. A new life of Vasco de Gama, in Portuguese, was lying about on a chair, on another a well-thumbed copy of Dr. Draper's "History of Civilization," in English, and in the book case was Stedman's study of the American poets. He speaks English, but prefers French.

In America he had known Whittier, Lowell, and Story; he has translated into Spanish some of Whittier's verse. Nevertheless there must have been something rather alien to him in the American movement in letters, for in his own "*Cártas Americánas*" he comes to the conclusion, hard indeed for us to reconcile ourselves to, that the literature of the South American republics is superior to ours. The conclusion from my own limited experience with Spanish-American literature has been that while, especially in poetry, it has a great deal of deftness and happy faculty of expression, it is too often lacking in solidity and ideas, it inclines to the vice of sacrificing sense to sound. These "*Cártas Americánas*"—American Letters—were first published in a series of separate articles, each of them treating of the authors of some South American state in its turn. The opinion of so able a judge should at least dispose us to acquaint ourselves better with the work of rivals, known already in Europe it would seem, but almost wholly unknown to us. Certainly the "Maria" of a Colombian writer, Jorge Isaacs, lately translated, one of

the most charming idyls I know, is a favorable example worthy of an author of any race or clime.

Valera is best known among us by his "Pepita Ximenez." Nor could there be a better basis for his reputation than this strong, moving, natural, carefully wrought novel, of Andalusian life, and of love in a high-minded, reflective nature. It has been done into almost all the languages.

I was booked for half-past four that same afternoon for the great bull-fight, a function at which both the most famous *espádas*, Lagartijo and Mazzantini, were to appear. I had already described bull-fighting in Mexico, and it seemed the next thing to an imperative duty to see the best article in the same line elsewhere. When I referred to my engagement, Señor Valera spoke of this cruel amusement with the same repugnance an American or an Englishman might express. He commended, on the other hand, the mild Portuguese form, in which the bull is baited but not killed. In that, too, the horses are not sacrificed in the fray but are fine and mettlesome, and thus the pleasure of gallant, spirited horsemanship is added to the other scenic effects.

We now sallied forth, and my host was good enough to take me, as a privileged guest, to visit the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. I had the time, as both begin their sittings at three o'clock. What a solid bit of comfort it was! No need of formalities, under such an efficient protection, no tiresome, roundabout, red-tape preliminaries. As by a charm, we passed all guards and watchers and entered all points of vantage and to inmost recesses of both houses.

Two heralds-at-arms, in gorgeous crimson velvet, with the arms of Spain blazoned in gold on their breasts,

precede the president of each body to his chair, carrying maces after the stately mediæval fashion, and afterward stand at the bar during the whole session. In exterior aspect the palaces of the two legislative bodies are not remarkable. That of the Deputies somewhat resembles the Corps Législatif at Paris, while the assembly-hall of the Senate is the ancient church of an Augustinian convent. But the arrangements within are very luxurious and comfortable, recalling those of fine clubs. In the main salon, committee-rooms, and halls, were magnificent enormous pictures, of that cheerful, bright kind, nearly devoid of shadow, in which the strong modern Spanish school almost realizes the veritable daylight. Some of the finest of the pictures, too, had gone to the Paris Exhibition as part of Spain's display. The legislative benches were upholstered in warm red; the floors were spread with carpets of large design, woven at the government's own manufactory; I recollect that the drawing-room of the president of the Senate was entirely in splendid yellow. It was hung with the portraits of the successive occupants of the office. I gazed first at the present incumbent, the Marqués de la Habana, in his portrait, painted in the fine uniform of Captain-General of Cuba. When I presently came to see him in the body there was a wonderful falling-off. He was a spare little man, all in black, which was not becoming to his sallow complexion, and he was almost lost in the depths of his vast official chair. The Queen's throne was just behind him, unoccupied.

The Deputies were all young men, or but little over the prime of life, fine-looking men, carefully dressed, for the most part in black. In the Senate Chamber you saw many more fine heads, elderly, of course,

touched with gray, dignified or venerable. And among the finest, the most gracious of them all, I could not but place Juan Valera. An ornament to letters as he was, I left him behind, among his brother senators, an equal ornament to legislation and the cause of good government.

Señor Valdés had said to me, smiling amiably, as though he saw the joke as well as myself, that we should most likely meet at the bull-fight. But I did not find him there, and witnessed it alone.

The Plaza de Toros was a vast, new amphitheatre, of brick and stone, in a half-Moorish style, everything very harsh and cold about it. My seat (price six francs) was a numbered place on a bare granite step, amid thousands of similar ones. Those who are initiated bring their own cushions. It came on to rain, and umbrellas were put up in every direction. Facetious spirits now imitated the water-sellers in the streets, who cry, "*Agua! quien quiere agua?*"—Water! who wants water? There were only a few women present, but these few seemed to be all of the superior class; several gray-haired ladies were seen in the president's tribune. At the bloodiest passages, I observed the feminine element looking on unconcerned, or laughing about irrelevant matters with male admirers. The audience called the two famous bull-fighters by their pet names.

"Now, Luís! now!" to Mazzantini, and, "Well done, Manuél!" to Lagartijo.

These men—shaven smug and clean—looked somehow like priests, in spite of their brilliant costume, and I do not see how the costume can be thought becoming. The breeches fall awkwardly far below the knees, and the jacket comes only just below the shoul-

der-blades. Lagartijo slightly resembled Irving. He was fifty, but took flying leaps over the high barrier as if he were fifteen. The only slight redeeming feature in the whole brutal show was this evidence that a man with proper training may keep his strength and agility to almost any age he pleases.

Admirers threw their hats and even their cushions into the ring, and it was etiquette for these to be tossed back again by the bull-fighting troupe. The hats were of the modern every-day fashions; they were not picturesque, like the silver-braided Mexican sombreros. I saw a bull furiously endeavor to gore a very good new Derby hat that had been tossed down in this way, but it was too small a mark for him and he did not succeed in piercing it. It was skimmed back again to its owner, and I have no doubt he exhibited with pride the slight contusions it had received, and valued it highly for the fiery ordeal.

The ring was so large that the bull soon became tired out simply by running around it. When he first appeared he had such force that he crushed a horse against the barrier like a mere nothing, and made the stout barrier itself crack at the touch of his horns; but presently he stood panting, had to be lured on to the attack, and before he was dispatched became very dull. The bull-fighting really did not look very difficult, given a certain amount of experience, all of which made it an even more disgusting and cowardly exhibition than in Mexico, where, the ring being smaller, the men were apparently in more danger.

Well, it took place in the rain, as I have said. Now, on the Polo Grounds at New York, an earnest baseball match in rain and mud cannot be called a beautiful sight,

and yet a baseball match or even the most rough-and-tumble foot-ball scrimmage, in the rain, is a fair and gallant spectacle in comparison with the hateful atrocities and accumulated gory horrors, of any Spanish bull-fight.

By half-past six it was all over. In that eventful day I had seen the best and also possibly the worst, of Madrid. A concourse of omnibuses with gayly decorated mules, awaited the throng pouring forth from the arena. On handsome Alcalá Street, the technical bull-fighting paper, *El Tio Jindama*, was already being cried, with a long, glowing account of the bloody affair.

CHAPTER XV

ASCETIC ESCORIAL AND SCULPTURED SALAMANCA

I MOVED northward and sketched my next house-plan, curiously enough, at Philip II.'s gloomy Escorial. The village that holds the stern granite magnificence of that ascetic monarch is more or less a summer resort for Madrid people. Even this usage does not brighten it.

All the country round about was nothing but stony pastures. Its only redeeming feature was plenty of fragrant thyme and kindred balsamic plants, which partially covered the poor sterile soil as if in sympathy. I had expected of the Escorial Palace a kind of rich and splendid gloom, but the belongings of our own English Puritan ancestors must have been almost gay in comparison. Philip's apartment was actually squalid, and the dark, damp marble room in which he died was little more than a tomb already. The court retainers who occupied the village in Philip's day used, no doubt, to express their opinion strongly of their ruler's attempt to turn life into death. I saw a bill out, and went in to see what country life was like where no cottages, but only cramped apartments, were offered, even for the professed vacation season. The "bill," after a common Spanish usage, was only a bit of white rag tied to a railing. There were two stories, and two apartments of four rooms each. The floors were brick, the staircase was wood, a concession to

warmth which is made in the north; but thus much having been done for comfort, it was not thought necessary to paint it. The rooms had numerous closed alcoves for beds, so that a much larger family could have been stowed away in them than you might have thought. In the yard were two flowerless flower-beds, and against the end wall was an unsculptured fountain; for sculpture was never the fashion in this more than Puritanical place. The visit was, naturally, one more of curiosity than practical design.

"How much?" I asked.

"Two hundred *pesetas* [francs] for the three months of the *temporada* [the summer season], and five *duros* [dollars] a month, if taken for all the year."

Surely not dear. One who happened to be living at Madrid might do worse, as a student, than move some furniture out there, and pass the *temporada* in reading Prescott and thoroughly mastering Philip's vast Escorial.

"Many thanks and good-day, señora."

"*Vaya con Dios!*"—God be with you—she murmured piously.

A Spanish railway train has a way of stopping at every little station, not as if it had anything to do there, but as if it were surprised at having got over so much ground already and wanted to take breath awhile before going further. Salamanca was but about a hundred and seventy miles from Madrid, yet it took an eternity to get there. I was attracted to it naturally by the fame of its ancient university, and that storied university itself had been placed there, according to its chronicles, because Salamanca was a place "abounding in excellent water and all other good gifts of nature

to support life." These good gifts of nature must have become less abundant in the mean time.

There is but one train, each way, daily. I arrived there at the uncomfortable hour of four in the morning and had my first glimpse of it, therefore, before the earliest market-man or day-laborer was abroad, and hours before the sleepy waiters had begun to brush out the crumbs of last night's revelry from the doorways of the cafés. It was cold, and, at the hotel, I first got warm by putting my legs under a table covered with a heavy cloth, keeping in the heat of a brazier of burning charcoal below. It continued chilly and overcast during most of my stay. Who would believe it of Salamanca? Who would believe it, indeed, of Spain, where there should be nothing but sunshine, orange-blossoms, guitar-playing, perpetual gayety?

From the railway station you see nothing of the town; you are isolated in the midst of a high, brown, dreary moor. But when you arrive at the central square, the very handsome and charming Plaza Mayór, the compensations begin. There are arcades all around it for promenading; the belfry of the Ayuntamiento, or city hall, crowns one side, and a very pretty garden, like a Mexican Zocaló, fills the middle space. It has something cosey and comfortable about it; it is not too large; people pass and repass, and you have repeated glimpses of any interesting face or person, instead of regretfully seeing it vanish into the void, as is so often the case.

Though Salamanca has but twenty thousand inhabitants, no populous city in all the United States can show such a public square as this. The result is not a comparative triumph of money but of taste. If some of our municipal authorities would only go and look a little at

such things! As to the mere money, there is no doubt that we could perfectly afford it.

Outside the walls, which still endure, in a crumbly state, I descended to the River Tormes, spanned by its dam, with mills at each end, and its old Roman bridge. From there the town looms up grandly. I liked it best of all, perhaps, from one of the ruined colleges—the School of the Vega—down on the flat among the market-gardens. You are near enough at that point, while still retaining the general effect, to separate it into its details. You can admire the robust massiveness of one of the typical churches, make out the roofs of the College of the Military Knights of Calatrava to the right, and a bit of the façade of the Colegio Viejo to the left. This one, the oldest of them, dating from 1410, but rebuilt, in the classic style, in 1769, is no longer even a college. In the notable shrinking from former greatness the university has sustained, it became a part of the accommodations of the Provincial Government. Behind the Colegio Viejo is Santo Domingo, the rich convent where Columbus stayed when he came to consult the learned doctors of Salamanca about his project of discovering the New World.

All the conglomerate periods in the vast, imposing Cathedral may be studied out, from the Tower of the Cock, in the Byzantine style, of the twelfth century, to Chirruguera's latest Renaissance. Well I remembered fantastic Chirruguera in Mexico, whose architecture he has aided so much to its very characteristic look. Little enough I then thought I should ever follow him to his native city in Spain. When the Renaissance arrived at his period it was tired and indulged in the vagaries of a spoiled child.

I had seen the universities of Granada, Seville, and Madrid, and come away disappointed. It is true that nothing in Granada could ever be wholly commonplace, and there were gardens about and the smell of orange-blossoms in the air; but the buildings were quite fresh and new, the courts without sculpture of any kind. At Seville they were a little more time-worn than at Granada, and oranges grew in the courts; but still they were modern, while at Madrid the long, whitewashed córridors were bare and plain as those of any factory, and the stone stairs thick with dust, like the windy streets without.

I had been told I should find Salamanca a thoroughly satisfactory university town, and one of the architectural marvels of Spain. So, in fact, it proved, as to the latter specification, but there was no scholarly university atmosphere about it, and, as a residence place, I could scarcely even think of it. There was none of the mellowness of Oxford, for instance, though it is an almost inexhaustible museum of picturesque vestiges of former greatness. It had had so many monuments that it became known as "little Rome," just as its university caused it to be acclaimed the "mother of the sciences, arts, and virtues." Possibly Toledo has as many palaces, but they are packed together on its mediæval hillside with only narrow alleys between, while those of Salamanca have space before them, and are seen to more advantage. The carved escutcheons of prelates or noble families are the principal device for ornament, not only here but throughout Spain, a testimony perhaps to the traditional hidalgo pride. You continually see long walls, otherwise plain, made very rich and beautiful in this way. It is a pity we can-

not have something suitable to our own conditions, with the general effect of these forms, always so very decorative. I liked especially the way the shields, with heraldic animals supporting them, were made to break the abruptness of the sharp corners of buildings. Gil Gonçalez de Ávila insists that the blue blood represented in Salamanca is the very bluest in all Spain.

The chief of all its palaces was that of the Count of Monterey, once viceroy of Mexico, after whom prosperous Monterey in that country and our own Monterey in California were named. The two lower stories are perfectly plain, the sculpture is concentrated upon an upper gallery, the towers, and chimneys, which gives great preciousness. Another count of the same family, having a daughter carried away by the religious enthusiasm which Saint Theresa aroused among all the great dames of Spain, built for her the large Convent of the Augustinas, across the way, that she might not have to go far from home for her cloister.

The palace known as the House of the Shells has its whole exterior carved with the scallop-shell of the pilgrims, and it reappears in the heavy nail-heads studding the door, and wrought into the beautiful iron-work protecting the small windows. Such shells are cut about the doorway of one of our own most successful specimens of domestic architecture, on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-fifth Street; I wish our architects might drink yet further inspiration from Salamanca.

The scallop-shell plays a very important part in the style. I noticed it again on an ordinary house, in the street leading from the Casa de Monterey. The sole ornament was a large helmet, in high relief, with sword and scroll, and over this an enormous scallop, turned

downward, as for a canopy. I went to see the house of Cervantes and that of Saint Theresa. The former has fallen into the hands of a wholly squalid tenantry; the latter, large and plain, still keeps up its respectability and is now an infant-school. The saint slept on straw the night of her first arrival here, and she had more trouble about her establishment at Salamanca than any of the others. I used to rest a bit sometimes on a bench at the door of our plain hotel—albeit the best in the place—the Hotel del Comercio. The maid-servants were always going to a fountain, in the small Plaza de los Bandos, before it, to bring back water, in red earthen jars upon their heads. Occasionally they balanced one also upon their hips. These figures settle the problem of water-supply for a large part of Spain, and make most excellent foreground material.

There was enough in the view at this one point to fill a whole sketch-book, and yet this modest little plaza was not one of those that pretended to the recognition of tourists. On the right was the Palace of Garcigrande, its odd windows, with balconies, notched into the corner of the building. Philip II. was married at Salamanca, and it was over among those houses that the Duke of Alva gave him a grand reception.

On the other side was a portion of the Convent of Carmen, now the diligence-office for Zamora and the Baths of Ledesma; next to that the domed Church of Santo Tomé, with bells in open arches. Down at the end of the plaza a palace, now the offices of a railway company, shows beautiful arches of an upper gallery bricked in and fine columns and escutcheons half obliterated with plaster. This rude filling in of the fine upper galleries is a common sight all over town; a poorer race of ten-

ants did not wish to devote good space to the mere luxury of sunning themselves.

The only house I really looked at from the house-hunter's point of view was that known as Doña Maria la Brava's, in that same plaza. It was offered for rent, and, though covered with shields and evidently once the dwelling of a person of very high rank, it was not large to a cursory view, and seemed as if it might be well enough adapted to a family of moderate size. It showed in front only a single window, above the great round arch of the entrance door, and it could be seen that even this window had once been smaller and arched instead of square.

"Yes," I reflected, "it was like the imprudence of some of those poor and proud old hidalgos to spend all they had in cutting armorial bearings on the façade, and then to retire into semi-Moorish obscurity and the narrowest of quarters for themselves."

But this theory did not hold on entering the building. It was of prodigious extent, its size dissimulated by a rambling plan, spreading far on other streets, and the agent wanted to let it if possible for more railroad offices.

"Who *was* Dona Maria la Brava?" I ventured to ask, much interested in her.

"Oh, she lived a long time ago; there's nothing objectionable on her account," he answered, as if I had asked in a spirit of carping criticism.

In a town where you had all at once Hannibal, the Cid, Bernardo del Carpio, Columbus, Cortez, Cervantes, the Duke of Alva, Saint Theresa, and Saint Thomas of Villanueva, the annals were almost too rich and overpowering, and I was longing, by way of refreshment,

for the history of some one much nearer the level of ordinary life, some one of merely every-day character and fortune. But the writers I fell in with told me nothing of Doña Maria la Brava, except a casual mention of her as the cause of an episode of the fourteenth century called the War of the Bands. When I searched in the library, one tantalizing old chronicler said he really could not describe doings of those times for fear of increasing the wickedness of the human race if it knew of them. But I finally found one who was less scrupulous, and told. And this is what she did, the lady whose house I liked.

She was of the ancient family of the Monroys, and was left a widow, with two sons in their teens. Her title of la Brava came from the indomitable pluck and energy she manifested in avenging those young men, assassinated under very unusual circumstances. One of them was playing *pelota*, or tennis, with two young friends of his, of the equally distinguished family of the Manzanos. They quarrelled, laid their hands to their swords, and the Manzanos and their servants slew Monroy. Then, fearing the wrath of an elder brother of his, they lay in wait for that brother and slew him also. It reads almost like a Southern vendetta of the approved sort.

The bodies of her two sons were brought back to the mother at the same time. It was thought that she would die, but she granted her broken heart not even a sigh nor a tear. Feigning to retire, for the period of mourning, to her country place, she gathered twenty armed retainers, and set off that night in pursuit of the assassins, who had fled. She scoured the kingdom for them. They had taken refuge in Portugal. She came up with them even there, broke in

the door of their hostelry, slew them and brought back their heads. When all supposed she had been simply nursing her woman's grief at Villalba, she rode into town, bearing these two bloody trophies aloft on spears, and, going straight to the church, laid them on the tombs of her murdered sons, to appease their hapless manes.

Then it was the turn of the Manzanos again. The partisans of each side rallied and there commenced a war of factions that lasted forty years. Nothing but the intervention of Saint John of Sahagun, Salamanca's angelic apostle, could put an end to the sanguinary strife; and even he accomplished it by no means with ease. On the contrary, the feud was apparently going on nearly his whole life long. By dint of continual prayers, good works, and miracles, he was finally successful, and the house where, through his intervention, the reconciliation took place bears to this day the inscription:

Ira odium generat;
concordia nutrit amorem.

Gil Gonçalez de Ávila, one of the old black-letter authors I rummaged out in the library of the University of Salamanca, would have it that this appeasement took place about the time that the University settled the disputed title to the papacy as between Rome and Avignon, that is to say in 1381. But Bernardo Dorado, another, asserted that the War of the Bands must have been between 1440 and 1447, and that Saint John de Sahagun was not even alive at that time.

The appearance of Doña Maria la Brava's house would seem to agree best with the later date.

CHAPTER XVI

BEING A BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA

LE SAGE's Bachelor of Salamanca was from the neighboring village of Molidaro, a son of the alcalde of that place. He shone especially in disputation. He desired to be a tutor, and set out for Madrid by the mule-path—one can easily understand there were few roads in those times—with no other property but his student's dress and a few pistoles in his pocket. When, in seeking a place, he announced himself as a bachelor of Salamanca he was at once interrupted with,

"Say no more, you make yourself a sufficient eulogy in that single phrase."

Again when the much-worried Aunt and Niece are contriving with Sampson Carrasco to recapture the erratic Don Quixote, that confident adviser, taking the whole affair upon himself, says to them: "Get you home, for know you that I am a bachelor of Salamanca, beyond which bachelorizing can no further go."

Perhaps you may not know it, but the title of bachelor of Salamanca no longer exists. The degree of B. A. is no longer given now by the university but only by the Institutes of Secondary Instruction.

Don Mamés Esparabé, Rector of the University and a resident near the remarkably ornate Casa de la Salina, was a pleasant man of sixty, with grayish beard. So far as anything characteristically "Spanish" in his

appearance was concerned, he might just as easily have been a professor in an American college. He had taught first at Saragossa, and royal decree had named him Rector after two years' service here as professor.

Public instruction in Spain being now organized by University Districts, he had under his jurisdiction, assisted by a council, the educational interests of the four provinces of Ávila, Cáceres, Salamanca, and Zamora, or of more than a million of people. His charge comprised the four institutes of secondary instruction; a dozen private institutes of about equal rank; the normal schools, male and female; various technical schools; that for the deaf-mutes and blind; and, finally, all the primary schools in those provinces.

The examinations are conducted, and premiums, certificates, degrees, and licenses issued, in the name of the Minister of Public Instruction, under the direction of the University District of Salamanca, in accordance with the General Law of 1857, the improved form in which Spain has put herself in the path of modern progress in matters of education.

After we had talked considerably of such-like weighty matters, the Rector was kind enough to detail one of his brightest undergraduates, a student in law, to go about with me, and aid me to get correct impressions of the university life.

My friend, the Law-Student, expected to finish, that coming June, studies, which had occupied him six years, and to take the degree of Licentiate. I may add, he has since taken it, with the note of *sobresaliente*, super-excellent, added to his examination. Then he would go to Segovia, his home, and after that—he did not quite know, but he must do something to help sup-

port several younger brothers and sisters, thrown upon his hands by the recent death of both parents on the same day.

He was a *becario*, or holder of a scholarship, in the College of San Salvador. There were twenty-seven of these ancient colleges in all, founded, much as were those at Oxford, by bequest of some rich and noble personage or some monastic order. This last source would account for more of them than any other. The monastic orders in the day of Spanish prosperity were very wealthy and powerful; and all made haste to establish houses, whither, still keeping them under their own control, they sent their pupils and postulants for admission to their own body, to enjoy the teaching of the most famous instructors of the age.

Most of the ancient twenty-seven colleges have vanished utterly, and the places that knew them once know them no more forever. Others still remain in a condition of sad decay. At the College of the Knights of Calatrava, for instance, you still see the knightly banners, full size, blazoned in sculpture on the outer wall. Granite columns, carven in elaborate patterns of braid and tassel-work, contrast with the softer sandstone of the general façade. But within the grand staircase is cracked and askew, the court weed-grown and given over to tenants who do their washing under the fine old arcades.

Out in the western part of the town is a whole district in ruins, a vast King's College, a College of La Magdalena, and others, as desolate as Tadmor of the Wilderness. It was done by the French, in Napoleon's disastrous attempt to establish Joseph Bonaparte upon the throne of Spain. Later, there was a professor who,

to his dying day, could never refrain from branching out into fierce invectives against the French, as often as the subject of history was touched upon.

From the esplanade of ruined King's College, you look off to the bare, treeless, open country, its every road and path traced as on a map. Alba de Tormes, where Saint Theresa established one of her convents of barefooted Carmelites, and where she died, is there. And much nearer is Arapiles, where Wellington inflicted upon Marshal Marmont the defeat which was the beginning of the end for the French domination in Spain and for Napoleon's dynasty.

Out that way, still survived a *Colegio de las Nobles Irlandeses*, a college established by Philip II. for the education of the sons of Irish of noble birth, as a reward for the services of that class in his armies. It was once the headquarters of Wellington, and out of this occupation resulted important political consequences. Wellington, through his friendship for the rector, and perhaps involuntarily impressed by the great figure this people was making in all other countries than its own, lent his aid to the reform-agitation of O'Connell.

The inmates of the Colegio de las Nobles Irlandeses had become reduced at present to three young ecclesiastics—I do not know whether they were nobles or not—and the footfall echoed lonesomely in the halls and courts of the lovely old building.

"Why don't you stay here?" asked my conductor, who was one of the three.

"I?—I?—but I don't quite understand," I replied, puzzled as well as pleased at this hearty offer of hospitality.

But it appears that, by tradition or the constitution of the college, any English-speaking stranger may of right be entertained there for a few days.

The names of many of the defunct schools are perpetuated in the *becas*, or scholarships, left behind. What with the accidents of ages, and university reform, great changes have been operated in the funds. Where notably insufficient, two or three are united in one scholarship, or they are pieced out by an allowance from some other disposable fund.

The scholarships of the four colleges known from the earliest times as *Mayores*, or principal, namely, San Bartolomé, Santiago el Zebedeo, San Salvador, and Santiago Apóstol, are conferred by open competition. It was thus my student friend had won his *beca*, of extinct San Salvador. In the *Menores*, or minor schools, they are obtained through relationship to the founder or nomination by his living descendant. It is curious to read some of the names in the catalogue of patrons. The Duke of Berwick and Alva, as Count of Montijo, nominates to the scholarships of San Pelayo. His excellency the Duke of Berwick and Alva, as Count of Lermus, also nominates—in conjunction with the body of University Doctors—to those of Santa Maria de los Ángeles. The body of University Doctors alone nominates to the Trilingüe—founded especially to promote the study of the three tongues, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

The *becas* are usually for a long term of years. Some even include a lump sum for a year's travelling, at the end of the course. The income of the *beca* may be stopped for a time as a penalty, or even cut off entirely; and if the beneficiary has not travelled or has not used

the money for study, an action may be brought against him, and he may be held to pay it back.

Once, while I was at dinner, at the hotel, my waiter came and asked confidentially in my ear if I did not call myself "Don Guillermo" Enrique—William Henry. Touched by this affectionate interest, I replied:

"Yes, and why?"

"Then there is a *caballero* in the office waiting to see you."

Ah, the stately word *caballero!* It proved to be my law-student Don Eugenio. We had exchanged cards and it was thus he chose to interpret mine, dismissing the family name as unimportant. He had seen me working at a rough plan of the university buildings, and had accommodatingly come to bring me a much better one, made by himself. There was not even any good map of the city to be had, at the time, nor any adequate guide-book. It had not been used to being a show-place.

As we strolled about, there was very little clamor in the streets, no sign of exuberant spirits; yet we are apt to think a certain merry boisterousness as much a part of the life in a college town as the rolling of cabs in a great city. Don Eugenio told me that Conduct was of grave importance in the college grading, and that a very high rank might easily be cut down by an escapade or wholly nullified. Perhaps that partly accounted for it all.

Young women's names also figure among the *becarios.* You see, for instance, Doña Ángela So-and-so, credited to the ancient Colégio de las Doncellas (College of Damsels), and as pursuing her studies at the Female Normal School.

This was a court at the left of the Colégio Viejo, opposite the more picturesque side of the cathedral. *All* Spanish señoritas are not draped in coquettish mantillas and perpetually dancing to castanets. I doubt if one, looking at the photograph of a graduating class of this school, would know to just what country the girls belonged. I had found that Africa was not so very African, and now there were a good many things in Spain not particularly Spanish. Salamanca has been mindful of female interests from the beginning. Some early queen conferred upon the damsels of eight of its principal families the right to ennoble whomsoever they should marry. The university used to endow deserving damsels with wedding portions. There were women of extraordinary intellect and note, like Beatriz Galindo and Luisa de Madrano, who rose to be professors in the university. The former became the governess of Isabella, patron of Columbus.

Plutarch eulogized the women of Salamanca. And that brings me to Hannibal, as it brought Don Eugenio and myself, when we sat on the steps of an old granite cross, without the walls, and looked well at an ancient portal that is called Hannibal's Gate. It seems that in the Second Punic War the city surrendered to Hannibal, and its defenders marched out, leaving their arms behind them. But the women concealed weapons under their draperies, and, at a given moment, handed them to the men, to inflict some new damage on the enemy, which they tried—unsuccessfully—to do.

I was rather thrilled to have got even so near to Hannibal, for whom I have an unusual admiration, as that crumbly gate. He stormed over from Africa with his half-naked Numidians and went on to Rome, leav-

ing nothing but conquered Roman provinces behind him. The Pyrenees, the Alps! he swarmed over them with his sun-baked Numidians, elephants and all, and through nearly all Italy, where he stayed for sixteen years and would surely have made an end of the Roman power, but for the treachery of his own countrymen.

Did you in very truth do that, old Hannibal? Was there ever anything like it?—And shall we ever see such magnificent energies moving heaven and earth for the happiness of the human race, instead of its destruction?

You reach the university by a narrow street which leads to a small plaza, the Patio de Escuélas. On two sides of this are the principal entrances, and in the centre is a modern statue, about twice as large as life. The archives and the rector's office are entered through a doorway in what was once the Hospital for the Poor Students. If poor students were entertained in such magnificence as this, one need not be surprised that those in better circumstances were surrounded by luxury also. The staircase leading to the office is a lovely creation, carven with bullocks, horses, and monsters, in the spirit of a Greek frieze. The stone of the lower portion, like that of the doorway, is eaten away by the tooth of time, as if it had long been washed by the waves, and waves with plenty of sea-salt in them. The doorway is decorated with the effigies of kings and saints, and the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella and Charles V. Along the top of the lower building runs a balustrade consisting of a congeries of intertwisted flowers, animals, and cupids, the last perfection of rich stone-carving.

Down in the corner, at the right, is another beautiful doorway, giving access to the Institute and the School

of Sciences. Within, as in the centre of the university building proper, is a vast, agreeable court with the spacious arcades about it for promenading, which is a typical Spanish feature. The two remaining sides are occupied by plain buildings which were once dormitories, and have little to boast of over those of the older sort at Harvard or Yale. They are given up to secular uses now, the dormitory system having long since been abolished.

My student had some relatives living there, and took me to see their quarters. There was nothing notable to see, beyond the cyclopean thickness of the wall, but the outlook upon the sculptured façades and the statue was a perfect bit of romance. One should look much at such a court by moonlight, and I did see it by moonlight also. I stopped there one night coming home from the Café de Oporto when there was nobody in it but the *sereno*, sitting at the foot of the statue, the *sereno* being the ancient watchman, with spear and lantern, who still guards the Spanish cities.

The statue is that of Fray Luís de Leon, put up by an alumni subscription in 1869. They say the *chárros*, the simple country-folk, in town fair-time, kneel down and say a prayer before it, mistaking it for a saint. But why is Fray Luís de Leon, the only statue about the university, thus signally honored?

In the first place, the tradition of Salamanca is ecclesiastical, as the tradition of all Spain is still ecclesiastical. The leaders, the universities, which have entered the way of modern progress, and even the younger school of realistic novelists who have begun for the first time to paint the actual manners of the people, have to conciliate progress and the new blood more or less

with this tradition. As to who he was, he was the first editor of Saint Theresa, a professor in the university, and a mystic poet, still cited as one of the leading poets of Spain, the tuneful Swan of Granada. With the small scope allowed to free inquiry then, mysticism somewhat filled the place of philosophic speculation. He was called to his chair largely by the suffrages of the students, who had a good deal to say in those times. His popularity, a certain simplicity of character and originality in the manner of his instruction, made enemies for him, and to such an extent that he was subjected to disgraceful penalties and even imprisonment during five years. When he was finally vindicated, and returned to his chair, he said nothing of all his sufferings, not a word of malice, but simply resumed his lecture with: "As we were saying yesterday——" There is a world of sweetness in this "As we were saying yesterday——" Perhaps this alone was worth the statue, and the alumni selected better from their long roll of great names than might at first appear.

The chief university building is about the size of the University building in Washington Square, New York. Its main portal, of drab sandstone, set against the rough granite wall, is one mass of medallions, shields, and foliage like silversmiths' work. Figure to yourself a stained-glass window cut in relief, and you have a good idea of it. The cathedral and Santo Domingo are covered with the same over-exuberant work. You feel as if it ought to be put under glass, and you do not understand how it has kept its perfect sharpness. The portal on the opposite side of the court debouches upon the cathedral. The Spanish well understand, as here, how to add to the dignity of their public edifices by terraces

and flights of steps, and rows of pillars with bronze chains between them, which recall the votive pillars of the ancients. I have not space to go into the interior of these rich edifices. The churches of Spain are full of treasures in pictures, marbles, metal-work, furniture, every form of treasures. In the mortuary chapels are alabaster tombs of ideal loveliness; in all the roomy sacristies are the carved wardrobes, fantastic mirrors, large copper braziers, for warmth, and ornate beadles, depicted by the Spanish-Roman school of Fortuny. There is a word to be said as to the rigid severity with which religious dissent was repressed in Spain, which —now that it all can't be helped—may reconcile the amateurs of art to it. The churches were not racked to pieces by religious wars, as in all the rest of Europe, and have kept their treasures mainly unimpaired.

The corridors around the fine court, corridors in which the students are strolling, or taking a last look at their lessons, are adorned with a series of paintings of kings and queens who have been benefactors of the university. They are done in black and white, which does not seem a very taking idea, and is too modern for Salamanca; but we find that every new thing in Salamanca is as modern as the present generation can make it. From the corridors open the class-rooms.

A sculptured staircase leads to the library, which has a beautifully wrought old bronze grating before its main door, and within, the comfortable air which inheres in good old Spanish furniture. But as to books either on Salamanca or the university, it has none; not a treatise on college manners and customs, no memorabilia, no portraits, not a book of engravings of any kind, not even the poorest lithograph, to show looks, cos-

tume, festivities, or historical episodes. It was even thought singular that any one should be interested in such matters. The "mother of the virtues, arts, and sciences," beyond making a hasty catalogue of the names of some of her principal celebrities, had apparently never thought about her past. Not that documents of the truly archaic sort were wanting, the old manuscripts, state papers, as it were, relating to the early events of greatest moment, were plentiful.

I have seen in the archives the original charters of kings, bulls of popes, and letters of noble benefactors, with their leaden seals still attached. On the doors of a case for manuscripts, were two frescoed views of class-rooms in the sixteenth century, with the scholars, many in ecclesiastical dress, and others in the university gown, which, by the regulations, had to be *clerico y honésto*, clerkly and decorous. I entered the class-room of Fray Luís de Leon, unchanged, like many others also, from its original condition. It has been a point of pride, in particular, to retain the old benches. They were never more than sticks of pitch-pine, roughly squared, narrow, one set up higher, and a trifle sloped, for a desk; the other, lower, for a seat. Now they are worm-eaten, entirely covered with carven names and initials, and polished by all the elbows they have helped make threadbare, till they shine again, under the white light of the small, high windows. Yet to these benches lectured the men who ruled the domain of thought, the professors who first translated, for Europe, the Arab philosopher Averrhoës and physician Avicenna, who taught the system of Copernicus (by a strange contradiction) when it was esteemed heresy everywhere else; who advised Columbus, and sat in the trial of the

Knights Templars. The old titles of the classes, in Latin, are over the doors. My friend showed me his seat, in that which is now Law Procedure, and explained to me how tired his back often got.

There is no lack of luxury, however, in the Sala de Grados, where the degrees are given, the Paraninfo, where the annual commencements take place, nor the chapel; the professors, too, have a most comfortable conversation-room for themselves. The chapel is rich with precious marbles and hung entirely in crimson velvet. A student banner, of the united colors of the four faculties, used in the procession of Saint Theresa, and another of white silk, with keys and tiara upon it, the arms of the university, depend from above. The Paraninfo has a raised dais occupying one-half its length, and is stately enough to accord with the sessions of a Venetian Council of Ten. Behind the deep arm-chairs of the presiding dignitaries is hung, as now in almost all public deliberative halls in Spain, a portrait of the charming young widowed queen with her baby son in her arms. In both this room and the chapel were some fascinating old benches, perfectly simple in pattern, covered with quilted crimson velvet, and on this the arms of the university embroidered in gold and silver thread. Those are the things that are really Spanish.

I spent some time in the class-room of Miguel Rodriguez, professor of Spanish and general literature. The subject was the dramas of Lope de Vega; the exercise was part lecture and part recitation. The professor was the author of a work on æsthetics; but, in general, authors, at least those of note, are not connected with the universities. I had found the Spanish novelists at Madrid serving as deputies, senators, and members of

the queen's council but not as instructors. Perhaps Salamanca has had so many great writers in the past that she can afford to rest upon her laurels. One of them, Hurtado de Mendoza, while yet an undergraduate, most likely of this very class-room, wrote "Lazarillo del Tormes" and founded the school of picaresque romances dealing with low life and vagabond heroes. It would hardly have been thought from this light beginning that he was to become a grave historian and statesman, and so notable a personage under Charles V.

There is no distinctive student dress, and scarce a trace of any student manners and customs. Time was when the student of Salamanca wore an embroidered jacket, small-clothes, a jaunty cocked hat with an ivory spoon in it, and a sword by his side. But all this is so long of the past that even the date of its disappearance is well-nigh forgotten. A group of alleged students of Salamanca came to Paris some years ago, on a concert-tour. They wore this picturesque garb, were made much of, and remained so long away from their studies —if they really had any—that some French wag got off the following witticism:

"These are not students of *Salamanque:* they are simply students *à la manque.*"

If it had not been cold, I should have seen nothing more than a few every-day young men, in looks and dress like all the rest of the world. As it was, they were muffled in their cloaks, and the cloak is always romantic. It is the custom to line it with various bright colors according to the taste, and the borders, thrown back over the shoulder, brighten up the rest of the costume, which, by preference, is black. The profes-

sors, however, still wear, on state occasions, certain time-honored gowns, and fine medals of office. The great festival is on October 1st, the opening of the school-year—which closes on June 6th. This, it will be seen, is a genuine commencement, for there is none, as with us, at the end of the year. Each faculty has its own color: philosophy and letters, light blue; sciences, dark blue; law, crimson; medicine, yellow; these shown upon cuffs, crown of the cap, and *muceta*, or velvet cape worn over the gown. The beadles and other servitors are also very much gotten up, and there are two heralds, such as stand in the Spanish Senate and Chamber of Deputies, a survival of the middle ages. The programme on this occasion consists merely of some addresses. There is no ceremony on the giving out of the degrees. The aspirant is called before the Board of Three, some little time after he has passed his examination, which is partly written and partly oral; and the chairman, taking off his cap, gravely salutes him as doctor, or licentiate, or whatever his new title may be. His diploma is sent him afterward, whenever and wherever he wants it.

Most of the day of my scholar of Salamanca was taken up by recitations, and he was consequently obliged to do not a little of his studying by lamplight. He complained that his winter evenings were often chilly and disagreeable. As there are no dormitories, the custom is to have rooms in the *casas de huéspedes*, or boarding-houses. The poorer students often bring a week's supply of provisions from home—beans, cold meat, etc. —or buy provision as they pass through the market, and make an arrangement to have it cooked, their whole expense by this plan falling within four *reales* a day,

the *real* being but five cents. There is plenty of picturesqueness in this market; the *charros* supply it, if the students do not. The men wear a dignified black costume, with bright sash and silver buttons—I wish we had farmers who dressed like that; and the women bright striped blankets. All around, supported upon worn old columns with queer capitals, are half-timbered houses, tinted blue or pink, or quaintly frescoed in false perspective; and in the shops and booths, pottery, bright handkerchiefs, and dazzling yellow shawls, embroidered with birds of paradise. For ten *reales*, or fifty cents a day, the student in comfortable circumstances may have his room, light, a breakfast at seven, dinner at one, and supper at eight. It will be seen that Salamanca is not dear.

After supper it is the universal custom for all who are in funds to go to the café, and there, in the midst of din and smoke, thick enough to cut with a knife, to play cards and dominoes, and talk over their day's adventures. This is almost the only amusement. It is true that some go out to the Campo de San Francisco, and play *pelóta*, like the sons of Doña Maria la Brava, and some row and swim in the Tormes, which has green and pleasant banks below the town. There are two debating societies, which have rooms at the Café de Paris and the Café de Oporto, but even these throw no great animation into their proceedings. The Salamancan student looks young, and so he is. Something may be allowed to Southern precocity, but we often see him finishing the Institute at fourteen or fifteen, and coming out into the world, after the four or five years respectively prescribed, a beardless licentiate, or doctor, still in his teens. There are very few students at pres-

ent, either young or old. I sum up, from the last "Memoria," only one hundred and fifty-one in the academic department, and two hundred and sixty-two in the other three faculties. In the brilliant days of old, when Salamanca, Paris, Oxford, and Bologna were the four great universities of Europe, the figure of fourteen thousand students is continually mentioned; and I have even seen it put down at seventeen thousand. I had had my doubts about that fourteen thousand, to say nothing of the seventeen thousand; the buildings do not look it—the lecture-rooms were not calculated for such numbers. I found my doubts sustained by coming upon a writer who showed that this highest figure proceeded from the action of kings and pontiffs, who, in their generosity, extended the benefits of technical matriculation even to the landlords of the *posadas* where the students lodged, and to the tradesmen who supplied them with clothing and provisions. But it seems certain that there were at least six or seven thousand *bona fide* students.

How did a university come to be established here, in the first place? Why—in the year 1200—was Salamanca selected above all other sites? Don Alonzo the Wise, its founder, gave as his reason that Salamanca was healthy, provided with good water, and all other good things. He was ruler of Leon, the first Christian kingdom to throw off the yoke of the Moors. Once started, it profited by its position at the rear, remote from the border wars, which went on recovering territory, little by little, till the Moors were finally driven from the whole peninsula. It reaped the advantages of the new grandeur of Spain, as united in one for the first time by Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the great rise

to prominence of the country in the brilliant period of Charles V., who united under his sway a larger empire than any previous monarch since Charlemagne. Every family must have profited more or less by the plunder of the Moors of Granada, and the treasures that began to flow in from America, and so they put money in their purses and sent their sons, on horseback or on foot, to be educated at Salamanca. Among those seven thousand students were comprised the flower of the nobility. Royal privilege exempted the graduates from taxation, and made them and their children *hidalgos*. The university had a court for the government of all its own people. At one time it was the custom for the rector to be a son of a grandee of Spain, and often those grandees also filled the professors' chairs. The representatives of each province, as the Biscayans, Castilians, Andalusians, and Aragonese, consorted closely together, and all had their standing feud with the townspeople, as in college towns now. The candidate to be received as doctor had to sustain a public thesis. The scene of this was the Chapel of Santa Barbara in the old cathedral. At a very early period he used even to have to pass the previous night there in prayer and meditation, much as the candidate for knighthood used to watch his arms before an altar. One would say this was not the best way to obtain a clear head for the next day's examination. There were grand processions and banquets, and the doctors paid the cost of expensive bull-fights. The successful candidate in the examinations would get a ladder, climb up by night, and paint on the walls, in red, to commemorate his triumph, his initials, name, or monogram—with a crest over it, if he had one—and a hieroglyphic representing Victor. One can be as cred-

ible a witness to this as if he had actually seen it, for hundreds, or thousands, of these quaint inscriptions still remain. No place was esteemed too sacred for them; they embellish not only the college buildings and private palaces but even the fronts of the churches. They are particularly numerous in the Patio de Escuelas, and give the gray stone a decided ruddy tinge. May it have been this custom that gave rise to our modern expression of "painting the town red"?

Philip II. began to ruin Spain, though the disastrous influence did not tell immediately, for, on the contrary, it was his reign that witnessed the principal flowering of arts and letters. In the reign of his son it was well on its way down-hill. The people became poor and could not send their sons so far, and many other competing universities were opened. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the figure of students had fallen to two thousand, and at the beginning of the nineteenth to eleven hundred. In 1862 there were scarce three hundred, but since that time there has been a slight revival.

There are no glee clubs, no singing groups parading the streets, no hazing, no initiations, no planting of class ivies, no manners and customs at all. I fear a Yale or Princeton boy, who is forever inventing brand-new traditions and trying to think they are ancient, would be rather ashamed of Salamanca. I would not believe, at first, that there was such an absolute dearth of everything of the mighty past. I almost advertised for a manner, and offered valuable consideration for a custom. But then I began to see that the originality of Salamanca consisted in having none.

CHAPTER XVII

"IFS" AND "BUTS" THROUGH THE PYRENEES, GASCONY, TOURAINE, AND THE ORLÉANS COUNTRY

IN another week I was back again in France, entering it from the southwest.

The better and more frequent trains, the more active stir of life, were grateful, but I found myself engaging anew in the same programme of "ifs" and "buts" all through Gascony, the Pyrenees, Touraine, and the Orléannais. Each place had its peculiar charm and each its attendant drawbacks; and all had in particular to contend with a memory, a persuasive recollection from the earlier part of the long journey, that kept daily rising into greater prominence.

A sort of bargain offered at Saint Jean de Luz, a modest, dull little place, with a beach of yellow sand, just over the frontier—good, like much of this district, for both winter and summer. The houses, not of gray granite, are in open timber- and plaster-work, of a half-Swiss or Early English effect, as they are in northern Spain. A tradesman of the place would let me have one of the latter on a hill, across the port, a large one, well furnished and with a garden at last, for six hundred francs. I exclaimed in surprise at finding it furnished, which I had not expected; and his demands were at first much higher, but *mon Dieu! enfin*—he would let it go at that

rather than be at the trouble of taking out the furniture. Breaking on the wheel would not draw a price from a proprietor until he had first shown you the attractions of his premises. The house had squalid neighbors, much too close, on one side, though they were very good on the other; the drinking-water had to be brought up from a public fountain down on the road, and other water from a neglected spring at the far end of the long garden. Still, this was a chance that did not fail to go into my notebook with an especial mark of approval.

Biarritz was too much like Dinard; it had an ephemeral, hasty look; the shops were full of the usual seaside knick-knacks, and of English tourists selecting keepsakes from them. The villa of the ex-Empress Eugénie did not redeem it; could it have been so bare, treeless, and ordinary as that in the days of the Empire? Pau, on the other hand, has a good deal of solidity. Like Nice, its great contemporary on the other side of France, it has an air of being there partly for its own people, and not merely for the swarm of passing strangers. Let us remember that the towns are not of the same dimensions; Nice has eighty thousand people, and Pau thirty thousand. What is very comfortable about both is that they are so well used to receiving strangers, and have made such ample provision for housing them, that a few more or less do not throw them into a flurry. Quarters are not difficult to find, and you see at once that you are not expected to sleep on a billiard-table if you want to stay there. Then the shops abound with everything to sustain life agreeably; they are numerous and substantial, and the fever of novelty being long past, and unscrupulous fleecing checked by wholesome

competition, they furnish their goods at about as reasonable prices as if there were no question of *villes de saison* at all.

The favor that Pau meets with from the large English colony is well accounted for by the beauty of the site, the magnificent view from the terrace, of the snow-crowned Pyrenees and the green and thrifty country all round about. In a short promenade I already found three lodgments, any one of which would have done. They were all, as it happened, on that most respectable thoroughfare, the Rue Henri Quatre. The dearest of them was eight hundred francs, and it had three or four more bedrooms than we should have needed. Another, a first story, in the house of a respectable official, consisting of antechamber, kitchen, dining-room, parlor, two bedrooms, and servant's bedroom, was but five hundred and fifty francs. Perhaps one would not so much need a garden, in a semi-rural place like this, living low down, and with such ample opportunity to walk in the Place Royale and other spacious promenades close at hand.

The château of Henry IV., like the château of Francis I. at Saint Germain, would be better if it had been left a little more of its sentimental ruin. Directly underneath it is a smoking tannery, which scents the town in a way it is hard to understand how an enterprising *ville de saison* can put up with. The panorama of the snowy Pyrenees, too, is often veiled, for we are in a rather moist country, and not a dry one. Consult your weather-records; I have heard an acquaintance, somewhat given to exaggeration by nature, assert that he has seen it rain forty days at a time at Pau. You have lovely camellias here, and what not beside, but you

have no oranges. The yellow lamps have gone out of the green landscape, and leave you sad.

Arcachon and its flat district, redeemed from the once desert Landes,—a whiff of hygienic pine, and a pretty glimpse of garden-patch or so in the clearings, but not to the purpose. The two large cities of Bayonne and Bordeaux each in turn had something stately, smooth, green, and pleasant about them, but here was the rainy zone of Brittany again. I wanted to get off at Angoulême and Poitiers, as I had wanted to get off at Coutances and Avranches in Normandy; they occupy the same sort of high position, on terraces with borders of garden; but I did not. Tours, in Touraine, focus of the best château life, and rendezvous of all those who esteem themselves most highly in the social way, was, for me, forsooth, too large and level.

It was clear now that a place must be hilly to be truly picturesque, and a hilly site is healthier and cleaner. The agent I saw had no notable bargains for me. The house he showed me in the Rue des Acacias was thoroughly commonplace; and one would need horses, to live in the others he indicated, some miles away from town.

Orléans, again, seemed too level. We were getting very near Paris now, and from Orléans on, the regimented fields of choice vineyards that had long embellished the land gave place to yet flatter, more ordinary plain. A second-story apartment, by the grand atrium of the cathedral, for one thousand francs, the rooms more numerous, but no better, than our own in Paris; and a pleasing two-story house, with a high slate roof, in the shady little Place Saint Aignan, at twelve hundred francs: these are the items I noted there. I would

gladly have taken the latter, had it been elsewhere—than in storied Orléans.

Blois alone, thirty-five miles farther from Paris than Orléans,—I keep it to the last,—Blois alone checked the course of this universal disparagement. Blois was hilly, *accidenté*, or varied, clean, tranquil, not too large, endowed with pretty promenades, and amply romantic. "Here was not wanting," as Dr. Johnson has it, "the private passage, the dark cavern, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower." The silvery Loire reflected its old red bricks and bluish slates; round about were vineyards, a rich undulating plain, prosperous villages with windmills and castles in their midst; the famous châteaux of the Loire were close at hand; and, best of all, one of the most prepossessing of them was the very *clou*, the centre-piece and clinching argument, of the town. Here the houses to rent were in the Place, beside the rich red Louis XII. château itself, which the painter Marchetti, among others, has rendered with such appreciative feeling. One of the houses, unnecessarily large for us, fourteen rooms, with a garden, was about twelve hundred francs. Another was seven hundred francs. It was a queer place, without any windows at all on the square, I think; only its entrance door, which, with a very long hall, was wedged between two other houses. It was much in need of repairs, but these were promised. It was three stories in height, when you got to it, and had seven rooms, and a small sunny terrace which looked down on the slate roofs of the town, old churches, and the ancient bridge crossing the Loire. The Loire ought to be a resource for boating and swimming in the summer. It was to be considered whether its lush meadows, with their essentially French

landscape of vaporous poplars, would send us up any malarious exhalations. That was noted as one of the things to be inquired about. The Château of Blois was entirely charming, and the strangers coming up to look at its warm façade and see the room where the Duke of Guise was stabbed would be something of a distraction, if other amusement failed.

There was another point in favor of Blois,—a strong one: it was only four hours from Paris. All the other localities mooted would entail long and costly migrations; if such a place as Blois would do, what a vast saving in expense and trouble, besides retaining the closer connection with America! Naturally it was not the same sort of a change; plenty of brooding skies, plenty of winter, might be expected at Blois; but, considering the notable economy, some disadvantages could be put up with. The lilacs were in bloom in those last days, and spring lent her most illusive freshness.

Arrived in Paris, and the report of the journey submitted to the expectant ears of S——, we summed up the whole subject calmly, and again not at all so calmly. We fancied ourselves living, now in face of the Ducal Palace at Nevers, now by the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, now in the Moorish farmhouse at Algiers, now under the red Alhambra tower at Granada, again at Saint Jean de Luz, at Pau, and at Blois. We threw them out one by one; then threw them back again and began anew.

"If we should write to the man at Villefranche-sur-Mer, and see if by any chance *that* one—the one, you know, with the long walk, and the terrace, and the unlimited orange-trees—were not rented yet?" suggested S——.

The suggestion being acted upon, the agent at Villefranche-sur-Mer replied that his villa was not rented. He had probably known quite well it would not be, and fixed the date of the first of May only to force a decision more advantageous to himself. He placed it entirely at our disposition; he would put it in order, and we could have it from the 1st of July. We gladly closed with him, and completed the negotiation by mail.

CHAPTER XVIII

A FRENCH MOVING,—TO THE LAND OF MIGNON'S SONG

OUR moving day was in midsummer, the eve of our national festival of the Fourth of July. We had to leave our fellow-countrymen to celebrate it by the various patriotic ceremonies they proposed, much more content ourselves to celebrate it by being in full progress southward.

When this momentous day finally came, the movers arrived early in the morning and delivered themselves up to a peremptory sort of sack and pillage. In a few brief hours, all the domestic conveniences and details of artistic effect we had taken so much time and thought to place and had flattered ourselves upon having brought to so happy a conclusion vanished to ridiculous nothingness. Everything was whisked down in no time to the spacious boulevard before the door. Thus reduced to their lowest terms and spread out before the public eye, our modest belongings had that shrunken effect that always marks such a display. It is pathetic in a way, a sort of funeral, that rude upheaval and exposure of the lares and penates of a household, with all their defects, to the garish light of day, and we were inclined to assume an air of but casual relationship to them and rather hoped the passers-by would not know they belonged to us.

All was marshalled, as a preliminary upon the com-

modious Paris boulevard that serves so many useful purposes in the affairs of its inhabitants. The wide-gauge Empire arm-chairs that had stood such a deal on the balcony, looking off toward the golden dome of the Invalides, were unceremoniously bucked and gagged as it were, thrown upon their backs and thrust in amid enveloping straw in long packing-cases. The tables were expeditiously stood upon their heads, turned into boxes and filled in with a random collection of breakable articles. The workmen in their professional pride of making a very neat fit in the cases, wrenched apart the joints of some few pieces of furniture never naturally meant to be treated in that way; but on the whole the work was well done. We say nothing against our packer, M. Mazagran, let us say, of the Rue du Four, on that score, nor against his price, which was sixty-five francs for the labor and the cases complete. Where we do find just fault with Mazagran, however, is for engaging on our account an evil-visaged cartman, one Grumet, let us say, of the Rue de l'Odéon. Grumet, he represented, owing to the season's being dull, would cart the goods for us to the freight depot, the distant depot of Bercy, for even less than the moderate tariff of the railway's own cartage bureau.

Now Mazagran was a person of prepossessing looks and manners, but Grumet certainly looked any and all of the small villanies he might commit. We ought not to have trusted him. Grumet contrived not to reach the depot of Bercy at all that night, and I was obliged to depart without being put in possession of the railway receipt for my goods, the note of the weight and his charges. In consequence he was enabled to collect through the railway company about three times the

proper amount. Hence too a *réclamation* or claim for restitution against the company.

Has it ever happened to you to make a *réclamation* against a French railway or other large public body? Well, if not, don't!—unless you do it in pursuance of the general duty one has to complain in the interest of others when things are wrong. They will tire you out; they will call attention to hitherto unnoted regulations that vitiate your claim on the one side even while it may be allowed on the other; they may condescend to the point of regretting the circumstance and undertaking that it shall never happen again. At length they will peremptorily "consider the incident closed." I fancy the cases of remuneration in actual cash for loss sustained are as rare as those of dying for love, as explained by Sancho Panza.

"There are those who talk of it," says Sancho, "but as for doing it, believe it Judas."

I wish I could say there were no grievances of corresponding nature in England or the United States, so that I might complain more bitterly, but that would be rather too much to maintain.

You can transport freight either by Grande or Petite Vitesse,—by Great Quickness or Little Quickness. Furniture would naturally go by Little Quickness. It might arrive within four or five days, and it must arrive within a fortnight as the maximum. An extra half-rate per ton is charged for furniture, with extras besides for trunks, etc., which thus do not escape the usual luggage tariff. If you take an entire car, *un wagon complet*, you get a somewhat lower rate, but you have to pay for five tons complete. In taking an entire car, also, it is supposed that you can pack your effects in it very carefully,

and, as there is nothing to interfere with them, you may save the expense of boxing. I have tried that plan twice. Once it did very well; but on the second occasion, in returning from a sojourn in Italy, everything was turned topsy-turvy, probably by the customs officers at the frontier, and plenty of things were broken. I was assured, in answer to observations on this point, that "from the moment" that the car was a "*wagon complet*" the company was not in any way responsible. From the moment that it was a *wagon complet*, also,—and this seemed the most mysterious of all,—the company could not grant you the advantage of its own cheap rates of cartage, but threw you into the hands of outsiders. Thus, on the one hand one set of difficulties, and on the other another. You could take your choice; it amounted at about the same thing.

In the present case, the railway charge was fifty dollars to transport about a ton and a quarter weight of household effects from Paris to Villefranche-sur-Mer, close by Nice, a distance of about seven hundred miles. Add ten dollars for cartage at either end, and then our railway fares, and you have about a hundred and twenty-five dollars in all to join to the very moderate rental of the coming year, as the condition of reaching it. Really cheap living abroad would of course mean that, having got to a cheap place, you should never budge from it.

While our effects went by Marseilles, entirely through French territory, we ourselves, by way of variety, went by Turin. I recollect that, in taking the train, from the Gare de Lyon, we were almost as much incommoded in fleeing the great Exposition as if seeking the thick of it. People had been to see it and now were going back to their homes again. But, with all the crowd and

other drawbacks, there could hardly be a more satisfactory moment than was ours when we were fairly in the train, with the prospect of going by such pleasant ways to our yet pleasanter destination.

The infant born in Paris, and registered with all the due formalities at the *mairie* of a Paris *arrondissement*, was taking his earliest journey out into the world, and he must plunge the very first thing, forsooth, through the Mont Cenis tunnel. He smiled, with a mile or so of mountain upon his head, as if it were the merest trifle; surely the contrast was grand. The people in the train were charming to him. I don't know whether or not people in a train are always charming to an infant, or I ought to mention it to the especial credit of French kindness of heart. They managed to give him as many as two places complete, to make a little bed upon, though he was not provided by the railway company with any at all. He had arrived at an age to "take notice,"—to interfere, with courteous good-humor, in the conductor's punching of tickets, and to admire the *clinquant* of officers' uniforms,—which I am told is an important moment in the human career. There is a certain warrant in speaking of even so small a midget, in the disproportionate part he had contrived to take in all this matter of the choice of houses, gardens, locations, and climates.

Smooth, calm, restful Turin was a grateful relief after the roar of Paris. If we had not already chosen, there was a pretty furnished villa, at two hundred and fifty francs for the season, upon the grass-grown top of the small neighboring mountain of the Superga, where the kings of Savoy are buried. It would not have been at all unpleasant to have.

We passed a week at Alassio, in the Genoese Riviera. It was on the smooth sands of that pretty resort, where summer bathers succeed the winter residents, that the dispatch we were waiting for reached us announcing the arrival of our effects. We took train, sped through the long series of Riviera towns, great and small, each at the mouth of its dry torrent, of the same type, each with its embowering orange-trees and palm-trees, and through tunnels so numerous that somebody has aptly compared the journey to riding in a flute and looking out through the stops, and arrived at Villefranche-sur-Mer, from the eastward.

I looked for the effect upon my companions. The edge of the novelty had been a little taken off, in my own case. There is a greater pleasure in these matters than enjoying them one's self: it is to see others enjoy them. Both approved, but S—— not unreservedly. The cliffs approach nearer the shore here, and there was at first a rather sun-baked and arid effect as compared with the fuller greenery of Alassio. It was not till we were amid the embowering shades of our own domain, not, indeed, till the fascination that inhered in every detail of the prospect was experienced, that the new life began to be as full of charm as of strangeness.

A town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, looking what it is, a survival, if not from the fourteenth century, when it got its name and privileges as a free city from Charles of Anjou, at least from times but little following that, since when it has undergone slight change. If there be one casual figure more often seen than another, it is that of an artist sketching the approach leading to it, and the bold group of buildings, once part of

the maritime dignity of the dukes of Savoy, when this was their port and Nice was their capital. A vestige of Saracen tower juts up piquantly among the rock-ledges high above; and it has always seemed to me that those formless bits of wall down at the edge of the limpid water, below the parapeted walk, may well enough have belonged to the works of a Roman or Saracen port, vastly more ancient than that which sheltered the galleys of Emmanuel Philibert, and has come to shelter the fine yachts and men-of-war of many nations, and an important division of the French Mediterranean fleet.

It was this union of antiquity with the rest that chiefly attracted me to Villefranche. Most of the Riviera towns, that is to say the important ones, like Nice and Cannes, where people make it a matter of fashion to live, are new, in spite of a quite impossible section of "old town" pertaining to each. Climate is everything, and one is constantly tempted, in seeing the dwellings in which the stranger colony house themselves, luxurious though they may be, to quote the opinion of the Chevalier Chardin, who found that "where nature is easy and fruitful art is rude and little known." Villefranche was not much sought by the villa residents, though now, when an enterprising mayor talks of gas-works and an electric-light plant, and the premier of England is upon the territory of the commune, and Indian rajahs and American millionaires close by at Saint Jean and Beaulieu, there is no saying how long its isolation may continue. There were a few boxlike houses, close to the parade-ground, in the town, occupied by the pleasant young officers of the garrison, and a few quite small villas, all furnished, I think, scattered round about. You might

have had one for about twenty dollars per month, but they were too near the dust and glare of the white route, too public, too cramped as to ground, for my taste. Americans are continually taxed with liking to live in the full light of publicity, but surely no one who has looked into the matter can maintain that there is not a far greater proportional care among Americans than abroad for the genial seclusion that constitutes the restfulness and charm of a home.

The great châteaux behind their jealous walls excluded, nothing is harder to find, for moderate means, than a detached house where the *chez soi* can be enjoyed quite secure from intrusion or public annoyance. Even where the first outlook would seem to be favorable, things are soon discovered which expressly defeat the object. Often it is the way the gardener or custodian is located. I have seen one place, for instance, spoiled by lodging the gardener exactly under the charming terrace, so that not a sight or sound of his family life could be escaped; and naturally they could not live without moving and breathing. Again, just as the peasant population concentrate in villages that imitate the street of a solid town, and do not live on isolated farms, so there is a much too sociable bunching together of houses even in properties where a great extent of ground is offered. The garden, if of any size at all, is considered as a thing apart, and the right to cultivate it is tenaciously held to, or else it is yielded only at a large increase on the original rent. What is usually granted is only the right of promenade, and of course the right of promenade may have to be shared with many others. Alas! even our Villa des Amandiers, as I shall call it, had one or more of these defects; and

though we did not find out the really serious one till near the end, it was even then much too soon.

Little Quickness had deposited our furniture at the small station, under the slope. No carrier (no cabs, either) was to be looked for at so primitive a spot. At a limestone quarry I found some teamsters, and induced them to take their large drays away from that work and transport the goods up the hill for us. One must climb in that country; the Riviera is the sunny south slope of Europe, and on that slope but few level sites for houses are found. The typical plan of the rise is a series of terraces like a vast flight of steps, each level supported by a retaining-wall. The labor and money put into retaining-walls alone have been prodigious; had the expense not been distributed over centuries, could they ever have been built at all?

A narrow, cool street, with a strip of neatly kept brick pavement in the centre, the Rue Droite, received us as we entered the town. The people in the little shops, who could almost have touched us as we went along, regarded us with an indifferent curiosity. At the crossing, by the market stairs was standing a little group, as it was always standing there, which might have been a chorus assembled to discuss the fortunes of some *confrère*, in a piece at the theatre. There was always a mariner or two in it, for Villefranche is a most marine town. As it enjoys the unusual distinction of receiving scarcely anything but the aristocracy of the sailor's profession, the man-of-war's men, and these can be kept under strict martial orders, there are no discords, no squalor, no noisy establishments, even at the water's edge. Down there, a dusky street, called the Rue Obscur, runs completely across the town beneath

the houses, and you see men leading donkeys into it, to put them up in mausoleum-like stables.

There is no "architecture," as such; that is to say, nothing magnificent, scarcely any carving, no luxury of decoration. It is not the custom of the country. One might quote Chardin again: "Where nature is easy, art is little known." But there are plenty of ancient dates; escutcheons, nearly lost under lime-wash; remarkable straining-arches; moulded door-heads; quaint corbeling and chamfering of house-corners; and, above all, the fantasies growing out of every variety of level.

Above, we found a red-gray Vauban citadel, with moat and drawbridge, and palm-trees growing out of some free space in the interior; and above the whole, on a majestic hill, the ancient fort of Mont Alban, a landmark to all the country of Nice from far and near. When, in 1560, Emmanuel Philibert was building these gray old monuments, it seems he was within an ace of being snatched away by Barbary pirates. These forts could be knocked to pieces with a single shot from one of the guns of the *Formidable* or the *Duguesclin*, or other of the dozen full-armored ships that come and lie here, dark and leviathan-like, in cruising back and forth from Toulon. So they serve no more useful purpose at present than the storage of clothing and the like, except as they embellish the landscape to the eye of the painter. That they certainly do, and it is more than will ever be said of the sullen, mound-like, half-hidden modern forts that crown every high mountain peak around, to watch the Italian frontier. The Mont Alban fort was directly over our heads, from our villa, like a dream-castle, which we used to see through the upward vistas of the olive orchards.

The villa was ten minutes or more from the town. We went up by a charming *sentier* in an olive orchard, a short cut that was always useful to us, leaving the great gate to some more leisurely time. An olive orchard is not unlike an apple orchard. On the one hand, it is not to be compared to the apple orchard in foliage or fruit; but, on the other, it is perennially green, and it allows you to conjure up your classic traditions: you are at liberty at any time to imagine you are in a sacred wood with Apollo and the nymphs.

I went on in advance, and threw open every door and window. Adriano, the Italian peasant who farmed the place on shares, gave me a most obliging hand. Here, the sweet music of Mignon's song, "*Connais-tu le pays?*" should have softly breathed; and, had there been any one of accurate memory, he should have recited the invocation of Melnotte, Prince of Como, to his palace, —lifting to eternal summer its marble walls, while every breeze was heavy with the scent of orange groves.

CHAPTER XIX

A YEAR IN A MEDITERRANEAN VILLA

IMAGINE it done. The rest come on. They arrive.

Well, then here is the Villa des Amandiers! I wish I could convey the vivid feeling attending that transfer from the gloom and chill of Paris, from vast, clamorous, cramping, high-stair-compelling Paris, to that sweet and perfumed air, the empire of the sun, country life, two-story levels, the expansion of amplest elbow-room, but it would be useless to try.

It was not really "a palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls," but a plain, large, comfortable two-story house, stuccoed and lime-washed. It was fifty feet long and of shallow depth, so that all the important rooms came squarely to the south. On the top was a *loggia*, once open, now glazed in, of which, after fitting it up as a half-studio, we ultimately made a fine winter playroom for the aggressive infant. What a *cabasse*, as his *patois*-speaking attendant called it, there used to be! What a merry shouting used to descend distantly from there, robbed of all its terrors!

Just now it all looked its worst. When we left it, it was much more the ideal of what a villa by the Mediterranean ought to be than at first, for I had not foreseen its capacities in vain. Since our time it has declined anew; and if, by chance, any one should be inspired with sufficient curiosity to go in our wake and

look it up, finding the terrace bare of all its embellishments and the house left to its nakedness, he might think no great enthusiasm justified. It stood in the centre of a large estate, with great variety of scenery, in which we had the right of promenade, and we were to pay six hundred francs a year. This seemed ridiculously inadequate at the time, I should almost have justified the proprietor in charging roundly in addition for his delicious climate. But I heard afterward that an artillery captain, of the garrison, had the house for but five hundred francs.

A long shady walk, some three hundred feet in length, led out from the dooryard terrace, in which we found all sorts of favorable nooks and surprises. Below it was a garden overflowing with oranges and roses. A whole vast domain, cultivated and wild, cliffs, wood, orchard, garden, leading up to a remote iron gate opening into a fragrant pine forest, had fallen to our lot and awaited our explorations.

At six o'clock the tops of our bulky packing-crates appeared, coming up the inclines. It proved to be a night of full moon, almost as bright as day, and, late though we began, everything was finally unpacked without the necessity of so much as lighting a candle.

But a most unromantic circumstance disturbed our first night. Who could have foreseen mosquitoes in the Riviera? Who has ever written about them, what poet, what traveller? The only mosquitoes I know of that have got into poetry are those that recalled Mirèio to life, when she fell, overcome by sunstroke. "*Vite, jolie, lève-toi*," they said. "Quick, pretty one, rise, for the heat of the salt marsh is deadly." But though that was in Provence, not far away, it was at the mouths

of the Rhone, where they might be expected. We were almost eaten alive by mosquitoes, and hence much on foot that night, but there was the redeeming advantage of the mysterious vistas of the orchard and the long walk flooded by the radiance of moonlight, and the somnolent croak of frogs and tree-toads, which always seemed to keep up their regular sing-song till the moon went down.

The truth is that mosquitoes must be counted with from June, or earlier, to December. The very first thing to do, the next morning, was to go to Nice and procure the necessary nettings, and then these pests were reduced to their proper place. As to fleas, in these countries, to some extent you have them always with you, and a certain philosophy must be cultivated from the beginning. We had the train to go to Nice, but it was a long pull up and down the hill, and we generally went by the omnibus, which passed our gate nearly every hour. It took you to Nice, about four miles away, by the lower Corniche road,—a famous drive which affords some of the loveliest and most satisfying views in the world.

I proceeded at once to veil the too glaring brightness of the house and of a small pavilion opposite our windows with quickly growing vines; to set orange-trees, roses, and oleanders in boxes along the front, and pots of flowers on the parapet of the terrace; to abolish the gravel and sow grass-seed, making a refreshing carpet of green; to put a rustic seat in a corner; and to establish a rustic hood over the west doorway, which morning-glories and a climbing rosebush were soon to wreathe. When an awning was stretched over the greater part of the terrace, it became a fine spacious out-

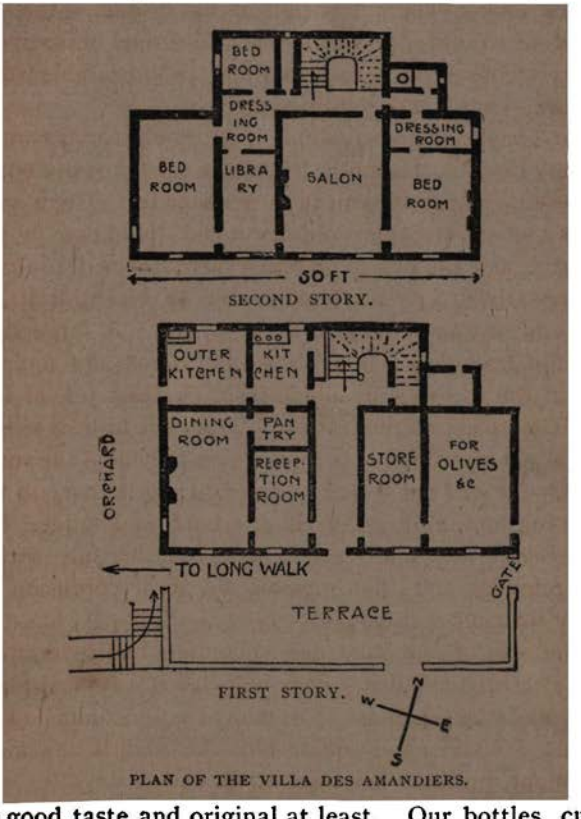
of-door chamber preceding those of the house. The making of the grass-plot was a work of difficulty: the ants carried off the seed by the peck; the sun scorched it; it needed interminable watering; and the native critics looked upon it with smiling disdain,—for, instead of verdure, a stretch of arid gravel before your door is considered a most correct and desirable rural feature,—but it was finally a success.

To honor the great god of day, in whose cult we so largely came to the south, I had also the fancy of adding a sun-dial as an ornament to our façade. There were plenty of them upon old-fashioned buildings in the country, but the art of making them seemed to have disappeared. I could find no one to establish it for me, and so was obliged to do it myself. A large border and frame surrounded the hour lines and figures, and at the top was my motto from Ecclesiastes, at last carried into actual realization, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Perhaps it was not worth all the figuring it cost, all the climbing up and down Adriano's borrowed ladder, but the *gnomon* was finally set so as to tell the time within five minutes, and that was an aid in a confusion of many watches and clocks.

The plan of the Villa des Amandiers had several excellent things about it. I cannot call it a typical plan, for it was a better house than many that cost much more money. A tiresome square box-like plan is now most prevalent, but ours belonged to an earlier day.

We put a comfortable sofa, chairs, and pictures in the wide entrance hall, which became a lounging-place while waiting for dinner, or after it. The dining-room opened to the left through a small ante-chamber; on

the right were storage-rooms, of which more presently. The dining-room was frescoed complete with a view on each wall representing marine landscape of the coast. It was not high art, but it was not badly done; it was



PLAN OF THE VILLA DES AMANDIERS.

in good taste and original at least. Our bottles, cups, and candlesticks on the sideboard and mantel were mixed up in an amusing way with the landscapes against which they stood, as a sort of naturalistic foreground.

The kitchen had a tolerable range,—they usually have only primitive charcoal holes,—and water from a spring, which ran at first, but later didn't and wouldn't, owing to want of the proper repairs. Water was then taken from a pipe on the terrace, rising from an irrigating basin belonging to the system of the Nice Water Company. The works of the company are now extended all along this main part of the Riviera; and, though they still leave much to be desired, they have been a blessing to it second only to the opening of the railway. Water for drinking came from a deep well at a distance; and generally the finishing touch to the banquets faithful Angèle set for us, at the beginning of the long walk, month in and month out, was to bring cool water from it in a dripping green Moorish-looking jug and with this a handful of wild flowers or a particularly choice rose or two which she always had a knack at discovering.

The principal part of the house was upstairs. That was what I always liked about it, both because, if there were any dampness below, as there is apt to be on the best of ground-floors, we were high and dry above it, and the air is always better somewhat above the soil, and the salon windows were at such a height in relation to the trees as to give their ravishing views veiled and softened, but in no way impeded. When at night the house was closed and we had retired thither, it seemed as if we had climbed up our ladder and drawn it up after us, like Robinson Crusoe in his secure bower. We looked across the harbor to the long green back of Cap Ferrat, and thence to the open sea. It would be impossible to be extreme in saying how blue that water was.

Charles V., Francis I., and I don't know what great paladins beside had landed in our harbor. Sometimes

it gave us a patriotic feeling to see the American flag waving pinkishy down there, on one or a quartette of the new white cruisers. They gave entertainments in the winter, and then Villefranche was ajam with all the disposable carriages of Nice; but I think this must have sounded better at a distance than it really was, for there was motion on, and the weather was more often than not rude and cold. Our real *view* was from the loggia at the top of the house; but this was almost too wide and dazzling a panorama, and we used to keep it as our *tour de force.*

As the doors of communication were all opposite one another, quite a stately sort of effect could be got by leaving them open the whole length of the suite. I remember how the sun used to throw the patterns of the window-guards in a line upon the red-tiled floors. The westward view ended in the bedroom window, with the green tracery of the orchard seen through it. The whole house was stone and brick; we could not possibly have burned down. It is a curious thing that there was not a right angle, and perhaps hardly a really "plumb" perpendicular in it. I have noticed the same thing in other houses; I do not quite know how universal it is. It was built by "rule of thumb," but the grossest rule of thumb would hardly make one side of a room a foot longer than the other, throw the front and back out of parallel with each other and with the natural alignment of the building lot, and so on, except on purpose. I have been told that it is considered unlucky to have regular symmetry in those matters.

Now as to the storage space below. These rooms were reserved for the storage of the olive crop, and were entered from an outer door. They were an ele-

ment in the cheapness of the house, and, as our family was small, we could amply spare the space. There is rarely a separate granary for crops, and this dated back to a time when the proprietor, though well to do and living at his ease, liked to have things under his own eye. Furthermore, as the olive crop is good only every two years, and this was the off year, there was very little in it. Adriano's women-folk were all the winter gradually picking up the small olives, as they fell, and when he got a small pile together on the stone floor he used to carry them off up toward Saint André, to a rude mill resembling an American cider-mill, and have them ground into oil.

We arrived there in midsummer, and expected only to settle our traps, and go away to the mountains as soon as the necessity came; but the necessity never came. I can hardly hope to set the mode,—that is rather for those so opulent that no suspicion of economy can enter into their movements; but I maintain sincerely that the Riviera is almost more agreeable in summer than in winter. Instead of an advance to extreme heat from the mildness—or shall I say chilliness?—of winter, a surprising moderation and evenness of temperature are found. There is no heat comparable to that of the suffocating sort at New York and other places where much moisture abounds in the air. Owing to the dryness, there is, in summer as in winter, a remarkable difference between the sun and the shade. The shade of the merest bush by the glaring white hot road will often be a sufficient protection. I never found the air enervating; it was always favorable to physical exertion; and that was a surprise, too, for I had feared to find a sort of tropical languor.

Our tall cliff threw its grateful shadow over us; the sea-breeze fanned us; we carried umbrellas in the sun; and went down and bathed in the harbor. The ground was as dry as a bone; you could throw yourself upon it at ease anywhere. Some new wild flower was always blossoming along the garden-path; roses sprung out of that soil like weeds, and almost every weed was fragrant. Wild thyme, particularly, grew in great profusion, and mingled its balsamic perfume with that of eucalyptus and pine, all brought out at their best by the genial warmth.

The place was an old one; I have found it marked on an Italian ordnance map dating years before Nice was ceded to France. The proprietors lived in Italy, as many owners of property about Nice still do, and left us in the hands of an agent, who served neither his master's interests nor ours. It had been stately, and was now rather neglected; not too much,—just enough to give it another delicate sort of charm. I have rung the changes on that sort of attraction considerably, have sought it in many countries, and do not tire of it. Those who want only the trim and proper will disapprove but others will understand us.

I preferred it that there were only some prehistoric-looking piers left of what had once been a conservatory, and that the grass was growing on the long walk. That long walk was the *clou*, the principal charm of the place. It is a feature the older gardeners so well understood, and which is far too much neglected in our day. Let makers of symbolisms properly explain it. Our long, straight walk led on and on, like a clear and pleasant course marked out in life free from uneasy turnings and doublings,—free from the attempt to make something seem what it is not, and to make the petty great,

by fatiguing hypocrisies, which are so much the aim of the modern landscape gardener. It was almost as green underfoot as overhead, and nothing was more restful. It ended at the cliff, where I set up two large urns on a bit of low wall. In the side of the alley opened vistas of the sea with white sails upon it, like windows set with lapis-lazuli and pearl.

As to a becolumned façade which had been established against the chief water-tank, I must admit that that was really too much out of repair. There was a *roccola*, such as is still used in Italy,—a shallow basin for luring small game-birds down to drink, with shelters for the fowlers to spring their nets and catch them; but this was a thing long of the past, and forbidden by the law.

The property contained other villas. There was a lieutenant of the garrison, with his orderly, in a cottage at the gate; the commandant of the place occupied the principal villa; while opposite us was a pavilion which had been tenanted at times by an officer alone or an artist, and was taken for a couple of months, soon after our arrival, by a nice old abbé, whose cassock and gray head lent themselves well to the picturesqueness of the scene. If we could have just the right sort of neighbors, it was naturally much more interesting than to have none. Always in the hope of seeing some novelty and improvement arrive from that source, we left the opportunity to dispose of it open to our landlord, whose ideas of taste were quite different. We should have hired it ourselves; and yet that was an expense which otherwise there was no need of our incurring. No, it never should have been built there.

We dined upon our terrace month in and month out. I recollect that a lamp used to burn almost as steadily

there, if we were late and had occasion for one, as in a salon. The infant dozed there in a hammock or played in a rustic bed, shut in with his toys, safe from all harm. He joined his chirping to that of the birds in the boughs over his head. He passed almost his whole existence out-of-doors, and gained a prodigious fund of health and strength. His effects, the chairs, rugs, books, anything and everything remained out about as well by night as by day. And the rain? There was none. When there came the first brief shower, a few weeks after our arrival, we sat close to the doorway in the hall, watching it with a pleasure I have never got out of a shower elsewhere. Every drop had a preciousness from its rarity. The thirsty orange-trees in their boxes took the ample drenching with a refreshment no mere watering-pot could ever give them; the rain-odor came up gratefully from the grass-plot and paths; the carelessly dancing blue sea below was beaten down for once to a peaceful gray.

The place was cultivated by Adriano, who had a stone house of his own, making an upper story to the commandant's stable. He had never been to school. He had come from Italy, near the Loano region, only a couple of years before, yet he had learned French very well, though his wife and his mother could not speak a word. For his knack in turning his hand to a little of everything we agreed in thinking him quite as intelligent as the usual Yankee farmer. Our agent—whose opinions, having found him slippery, we did not trust—used to grumble that he was not enterprising, and did not get enough out of the place; but Adriano said that they should have given him a mule and other better facilities to work the ground.

His principal resource was the olives. Then he had *caroubes*, a long, sweet bean, very good food for horses, which is said to have been the original locust of John the Baptist, when he ate "locusts and wild honey." It was more profitable to sell the product of the orange-trees in the flower than the fruit. The orange blossoms go to the perfumeries. I have seen them sell as low as fifty centimes a kilogramme, and they have been as high as two francs and a half. Fancy, ten cents for over two pounds weight of orange blossoms! We paid Adriano two cents a dozen for oranges. They were small, and by no means equal in quality to oranges of California or Florida; but they were, at that price, a welcome and hygienic luxury in which one could afford to revel. Adriano had not gone in much for flowers for market, the great industry of the region, but he used to talk of doing so. Pinks are the most profitable crop, of late years. There are farmers who make their living entirely out of Parma violets. That is a kind of farming worth while. It seems that, in the season, a "violet train" goes to Paris from this region, the benison of their day for the employés in the dry Gare de Lyon. It carries tons of the flowers, which are distributed thence over Paris, and sold for little more than the price here. Adriano may have raised some of the little bouquets you buy for two sous apiece at the Arc de Triomphe.

His mother, particularly erect and well poised, at sixty, from the habit of carrying burdens on her head, a sort of elderly Esmeralda, occupied herself principally in leading about a Cashmere goat and finding choice places for it to pasture. His sister, a girl of fourteen, used to go about with a sickle, cutting wisps of grass

for the same goat,—a sort of gypsy-like Ceres with her gleaming sickle, endowed with the dark Italian comeliness, and an excellent model for an artist. She was half tamed at first to the service of nurse for the important infant, the *pichoun*, or pigeon; but she put him through every species of hair-breadth 'scape, and had to be given up. Later on, however, I know not how, some wonderful change of character came over her. She turned steady and tractable, and we parted from her with real regret. Later still there was some falling-out in her family, and she went away to take service in Italy. I don't know that Adriano was brutal, but he believed in governing his household with true peasant rigor.

Angèle, a native of Monaco, with a family of her own in the village, came up to do the cooking and other work. She was quiet, devoted, simple in character, free from small wiles and impositions,—a person for whom you could not but have respect and sympathy in her hard-working lot. Her only failing was shortness of memory, a very common one in the class of domestics. As she could not read, it was useless to put up before her a written list of the things she had to do. It had to be endured. The wages for a *femme de ménage*, in that part of the world, for the day, or the best part of it, are forty francs per month; thirty francs are paid for a regular *bonne*. The more modest domestic service consists largely of Italians from Piedmont, who work for less than the French or Swiss; but then you have to put up with a dialect which is not improving, except, it may be, to a student of philology. They and the speakers of the Nice patois understand each other very well. There are even Arabic words in all these coast

patois, as there are Arabic types in the population. It is so well known that each spot has its own local variation, that once, when we were on an excursion, somebody asked us what *our* patois was.

The price of provisions scarcely differs from that at Paris. It ought to be much cheaper, owing to nearness to the land of peculiar plenty over the Italian frontier; but the clapping on of heavy duties and the economic war with Italy of these late years have ruined all that advantage. Why not go and establish one's self in Italy then, instead? That is a question to be decided by each person for himself. For our part, the access to the metropolitan advantages of Nice, to some books (it has not very many), theatre, music, the stir of cosmopolite life that winters there,—to be of it, but not in it,—these were considerations that had a large share in our selection.

Our *fournisseurs*, the people who supplied us with the necessaries of life, from the village, made nothing of running up and down the hill for the merest trifle. They were pleasant, respectful, ingratiating, forgetful, jealous of one another about our small custom, yet, with all, indifferent to a very un-American extent about preserving it. There was a great deal more in their small shops than you would think. When there was a catch, we had fresh sardines enough to supply the largest family, for a few sous; but generally the fish market was at Nice. In these days of the phylloxera you do not expect native wines. It was a small cask of Majorca that our wine merchant, in the funny little Place de la Paix, used to bring us up once a month, and pour out into his loaned bottles, after having first carefully washed them. His vaulted chamber was like an ancient

resort for brigands, but there was no touch of the brigand about him; and, if I thought he would ever see this, I should like to congratulate him here on his late election as a member of the steady-going municipal council, a body which governs the community with the order and thrift of so many Connecticut deacons. You see no peasant dress in all this country, no wooden shoes, no fantastic head-gear. The men are all in slop-clothing. They are modern, every-day, self-complacent and independent.

There was more in their houses, too, than one would imagine. Though the entrances in the narrow streets were dark and dismal, when you climbed up within, you were met by a burst of bright blue sea, all the more startling from the contrast, due to the step-ladder character of the town. This did not prevent most of the women going about with their heads tied up for a swollen cheek or other evidence of cold. They ascribed the trouble, as a rule, to a *coup de sang*. If you inquired into it, the standard answer was, "*C'est le sang qui fait ça*" (It's the blood that does that). And the standard remedy, I believe, was to press a five-franc piece against the afflicted part.

Our programme of life was simple enough. The commandant's amiable family in the villa below was a social resource for us. The parents were domestic, devoting themselves greatly to their children. The commandant himself, in his hours of respite, ran and romped with them. He was of a type which must be increasing, now that war has become such a serious and methodical matter, and did not correspond at all to the conventional dashing military tradition. He was a student and scientist, in his way, rather than cavalier; a conservative

and a church-goer, too. He looked after the efficiency of his battalion of chasseurs much as a careful merchant might look after his counting-house.

Next door to us a fine old retired military surgeon was interesting himself greatly in a movement, on the American plan, which seems yet destined to do much good in the country. I name Dr. Jeannel, President of the Society of "The Friends of Trees,"—Les Amis des Arbres. The object of his society is to remedy through the impulse of private initiative the grave evils brought about by the undue cutting down of the forests. I know of no more useful and commendable enterprise. Their first important step was to plant the borders of the bare parade-ground of Villefranche itself, which had made an unsightly spot in the landscape.

The mayor of our commune, rich and leisurely beyond the good fortune of most mayors, I fancy, pleased himself with offering a large hospitality; and the mayoress, his kindly helpmeet, made it a benevolent duty to include the stranger-residents within their jurisdiction, in this way as in others. They entertained not only the notables of general distinction, but the artistic, musical, and literary class. I have never seen a more stately and beautiful room than that in which naval officers now danced, a fine voice from the opera at Nice now discoursed excellent music, or an actor, or perhaps some modest young girl in white, rendered selections of poetry or sparkling French comedy. It was always in the afternoon; and the while, through the large windows, and one end of the room which was entirely of glass, shaded with graceful awnings, appeared enchanting views of orange-and-rose-tree-studded foregrounds

and distant sea, an embowering garden which was without reserve an earthly paradise.

The first chilly weather began with the September equinox. There came a powdering of snow on the hills, and a few flakes fell harmlessly on the roses. In the winter we burned little coal, but we often thought we were as cold as elsewhere. While we were shivering in heavy clothing and going our smartest pace to keep up a circulation, we could half fancy the roses about us were but of paper, the palm branches of tin, the show of eternal summer but a clever theatrical decoration. The actual bad weather was condensed into a few short periods, leaving all the rest free for excursions. An unlooked-for drawback to our content with the villa appeared: the shadow of the cliff, in winter, stole up the long walk, and settled upon us much too soon. The early arrival of twilight made it seem even colder than it was. The sun set like a beacon fire on top of the mountain; but we could walk up to the top of a pass close by and see it shining for a couple of hours longer over Nice. It is a drawback incident to the spurs of the hills that run down to the sea, and is to be looked out for. The sites that wholly escape such an interception of sun are rare, and then they are the more exposed to the wind. It is true that in Paris we had lived without the sun altogether, but here we would not spare one jot of it.

CHAPTER XX

THE GAMBLERS' PARADISE OF MONTE CARLO

ONCE settled, our excursions into the surrounding country began. It was a new delight to find that, back of the margin of modern settlement on the coast, it abounded in mediæval villages, often perched on all but inaccessible crags, as a refuge from Saracen pirates and the other terrors of their day. It seemed as if we had first discovered all this, so little is said of it. Nothing in that way can surpass Eza, above Monte Carlo,—no Rhine castle, no stronghold of Umbrian marches or Spanish foothills; but Château Neuf had the added strangeness of being completely abandoned, a lonesome dead town all yet standing; and there were Antibes, from whose battlements you see the snow mountains, all Switzerland piled on top of the Riviera; and Saint Paul du Var, with its double fortifications; and Saint Jeannet, where the women were said to be all witches. Monte Carlo, of course. You must look your fair share at that source of lurid interest. Everybody who arrives wants to go there as soon as possible, to see if he really could lose his money, or perhaps by extra ingenuity gain a great pile.

A large advertisement painted on the pillar at the corner by the Café de la Victoire, one of the most prominent positions in all Nice, attracts the attention of visitors. It reads, in very conspicuous type: "Notice to

strangers. Do not go to Monte Carlo." It continues, in smaller letters: "In spite of all the chances, you most infallibly lose your money. Monte Carlo does great harm to the commercial classes by ruining families who come to pass the winter on our coast." Then follows in the large type again, and in several languages: "The ruin of families;" and above the whole is a list of "Recent suicides, to wit: Mr. Tr—— Thurgau, Switzerland. Mr. La—— Charles de Churras, Argentine Republic. Mr. Br—— Charles, engineer, Colombia." It betrays a foreign hand, you see, from our point of view. With our fondness for precision we should not expect to produce sufficient effect with this vague Mr. Tr——, Mr. La——, and Mr. Br——; and we should have given the professions of all the others as well as Mr. Br——, engineer. But perhaps they lived on their incomes, and had no professions.

All of the matter in the advertisement is true, even, no doubt, to the suicides. It had been up all one winter, and I did not observe that the names of the suicides changed; but it is believed that there are a great many more than these, and I should think it a mistake not to bulletin the new ones from time to time. The Parisian journal, *La Nation*, estimates lately that there are 200 a year. The placard in question is placed among the theatre posters and such flaming announcements generally as are meant to make sure of the public eye. I don't know by whom it is paid for or in what interest. One comes to suspect everything of being an artful advertisement for Monte Carlo, even when it has the air of being against it. You have no idea of what wheels, and wheels within wheels, there are, to add yet further aliment to the already absorbing interest in

the great gambling establishment, over there in the principality of Monaco. The siren of play sits on her rock, amid the roses and palm trees, above the bluest of blue seas, and sings now high, now low; and even affects at times a gesture of warning back rash intruders, but only to make her charm the stronger. It is a by no means small class to whom a touch of the terrible is a definite attraction. It is even claimed that an English philanthropic society, which wages a campaign against the place, has been innocently egged on by the administration of Monte Carlo, and that the attacks in the French and Italian parliaments have been promoted by the same administration. In what end? you will ask. Why, simply this, according to the supposition, that if any serious trouble were brewing they might be foremost with it and control it. The stock company is munificently profitable as it is, but if public opinion were likely to rise in its might and abolish it, then Prince Roland Bonaparte, Prince Radziwill, Edmund and Camille Blanc, sons of the deceased founder of the establishment, and the other principal stockholders would wish to have their interests taken off their hands with splendid indemnity, by civilized governments, which could hardly afford to abolish brusquely an established convention with the principality of Monaco, but would have to do everything in a seemly and dignified way. Remark the poisoning quality of suspicion. If the story be true, the assault is a shrewd move of policy on the part of the authorities of Monte Carlo; if it be not, it weakens the force of the attacks against the place by making even these appear to be in the interest of private speculation.

The profits of the famous Casino are supposed to be

$6,000,000 annually. Of this income the Prince of Monaco gets $240,000 for his amiability in allowing it to be established upon his territory. The theatre and the orchestra, which discourses delicious music twice a day, in one of the most beautiful theatres in the world, get $60,000. The sum allotted to the press and advertising is $200,000. It is true that there are the natural advantages of the place, the site, the climate, and the romantic charms of half-mediæval Monaco, to aid the attractions of the Casino. Some sceptics even hold that all the carnivals, the lovely battles of flowers and the like, along the Riviera are intended only as feeders to the roulette and trente-et-quarante. The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway has gorgeous colored posters showing the sunny terrace at Monte Carlo, but apart from this it is one of the curious things how little of the advertising fund appears in any tangible shape. Everybody fancies that the press generally is "retained." If so, its mission must be of the easiest, simply to keep still and make no mention of such disagreeable incidents as from time to time arise. Perhaps injustice is done them and they only adopt the prevailing easy-going tone, on the Riviera, toward this peculiar institution; or perhaps again they find it useless to buck against so strongly intrenched an institution, which still has its charter for twenty years ahead, and which by catering to one of the deepest-rooted impulses of human nature brings visitors and money to the region whose prosperity they all desire.

Certain it is that you rarely see anything in them unless some artful paragraph devoted to an extraordinary run of luck on the part of some titled visitor or daring popular favorite whose example, even in losses, many

would consider an honor to follow. Thus I read one day: "The Duke of Dino is still playing, encouraged by his successes; for he has won back, it is declared, all his heavy losses of the early half of the winter. *Per contra* Lord Clifton is supposed to have left $25,000 on the green cloth—permanently or not remains to be seen." A certain "Sam Lewis," of London, was declared a while ago to have gone away winner of something like £80,000. Sam was given the air of grumbling a little at the croupiers for niggardly practices which prevented his getting away with a good deal more, but my idea is that Sam, if it was so, was well pleased and will come back another season and have the newspapers say he has won again—after pluckily supporting large preliminary losses. Then we have Lord Rosslyn, who won $40,000 on a single deal at trente-et-quarante, and Mr. Wynn, who broke the bank at roulette, by putting the highest stakes allowed on a number and all around it and seeing that number come up twice in succession. When you consider that it is something about as rare as being struck by lightning to have the number one has staked on come up at all, to have it come up twice in succession may be called luck indeed. At any rate here are figures to encourage persons not to be too circumscribed in their play, and this is the trend of the stories the journals spread, to earn their alleged stipend when they do not earn it by saying nothing at all.

Even when there are printed attacks, there is to me generally something hollow and insincere about them. They are either so violent and full of coarse personal invective, or otherwise framed with so little judgment, as to lie open to the charge of being blackmailing attempts by writers insufficiently subsidized or again of

beating the big drum for the benefit of the foe they pretend to assail. There was a peculiarly ferocious one in the winter, in *La Nation*, continuing day after day for a month, but I think the columns of scurrilous abuse lavished upon Prince Roland and Prince Radziwill who married the late M. Blanc's daughters; Edmond and Camille Blanc, their brothers, and the blonde duchess of Richelieu, just married to Prince Albert, ruler of Monaco,—I think this rowdy abuse, though, for what I know, every word of it may be true, rather calculated to excite sympathy for its objects, and to send yet more people over to see the great show, whose misdeeds are announced with such a tremendous banging of cymbals and tom-tom. Monte Carlo is a prodigious and a growing evil, but I have not yet happened to see one serious attack upon it.

If there be two hundred suicides a year, you do not observe them; in a good many visits I have never seen anything disagreeable. They are said, in fact, to be very discreetly managed, the bodies being got out of the way with extreme expedition, as by a kind of drill, and hardly shown even to their families. I do not say how many of the total list of suicides I believe in, but I believe in a good many, from the deep, fierce current of desperate earnestness you come upon in getting the least bit below the surface. I believe the roster of suicides is increased by the individuals who go there to try their fortunes as a last resource, finding that a proper and dramatic way to make away with themselves. However, they do not appear. I trust their ghosts duly haunt the princes and princesses at the head of the establishment, in the chosen salons of fashion where they spend their money far away from the

sources of its liberal supply, but on the surface nothing is more decorous, bright, and captivating.

Everybody goes there; Monte Carlo is the joke, the source of jolly railleries and witticisms; the ever-ready subject of conversations, the ever-available objective point of little excursions. If you have a long face you are supposed to have lost there; if you start away hurriedly from a party of friends you are supposed to be going there. Cannes is said to be too slow, Monte Carlo too fast; Nice between them, is a happy medium; Mentone is slower yet than Cannes, and San Remo a sort of little Italian Nice. All these places about Monte Carlo are so near to it that to go there is but a matter of an hour or half an hour by rail, and the railway management furnishes a liberal supply of trains. There are people who will not live at Monte Carlo on account of the moral atmosphere of the place or because they do not like the public effect of having their letters addressed there, but many such people will go there from the neighboring resorts nearly every day of their stay and make it the central object of their coming to the Riviera.

When I say everybody goes, I mean not quite everybody. I have known of a young English girl, who, finding herself there at the end of a mountain excursion, with a couple of hours on her hands, would not set foot for an instant in the baleful Casino, and never had done so. She was not to be tempted either by reading-room, concert hall, or restaurant, but preferred to pass the interval till train-time waiting tamely in the station, a gentle but unmistakable reproach to her less conscientious party. In general there is a happy-go-lucky, indifferent tone toward it. The people that frequent it are chiefly transients, who would not want to be held

responsible for it, who would not support anything of the kind at home, and yet will go, for once, to see the greatest and only show of its kind, and will play, heavily too, for the purpose of experiencing a new sensation. Here is a laughing American couple, on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, announcing to a group of friends, sunning themselves comfortably there, their approaching departure. They have got off for a six months' holiday, and have Europe partly before and partly behind them.

"We leave to-morrow. We drive to San Remo and there take the train to Genoa," says the wife, "but first I've ten dollars more I want to lose at Monte Carlo."

She lost ten the day before. That's the way they put it; they want and expect to lose, but in reality not one, especially after a first taste, but ardently hopes to win. Let us follow them over to the place. They catch a luxurious train, especially put on for the service, which gets them there for the opening of the Casino at eleven o'clock. But they have time to breakfast first. They proceed to do so either at the restaurant of the beautiful new Hotel Metropole, on the terrace at the left of the Casino esplanade, or at the Café de Paris on the right. As it is only a travel experience and again "only for once," they must follow the mode. A single small dish of asparagus twenty-five francs. The asparagus, for that matter, is traditional. I picked up Mallock's "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" the other day to renew my acquaintance with it. You recollect that the scene opens at Monte Carlo. "And mind," says the Duchess to the waiter as she orders dinner for a party at one of these expensive restaurants, "we are not going to pay twenty-six francs for a single

dish of asparagus, either." I quote chiefly from memory; but, in the mean time, asparagus seems to have come down only a franc.

There is nothing at Monte Carlo but the little cluster of hotels about the plateau of the Casino and a few villas on a road above, all very white, fresh, and new. It is all in a nutshell. You may walk around the fountain, glance across a lovely slope of greensward, with flowers, like a kind of idealized roulette table, and up from it to the lonely Roman watch-tower cresting the cliffs, and then you are driven into the Casino as it were in self-defence. It is a sort of magnified Brooklyn ferry-house architecture, very trim and neat, but of a cold and hollow sort of gayety, a gayety as mocking as the smile of the croupiers, who have got your money away and would not give it back to you again, no, not if you were to blow your head off, before their eyes, a hundred times. As it is after breakfast and near the concert hour, lots of people are going in. Our friends go and get a card of admission good for the day. The secretaries take your name, address, profession, and nationality. In that way, if desirable, they can look you up, by a sort of commercial agency or secret service espionage they are said to have, and determine if it is worth while to spread special wiles and temptations for the considerable capital you may possess.

Our friends enter the gaming-rooms. A hushed silence and good order prevail; it is a dignified and serious rite that is in progress there; no loud talking, no gay laughter are heard; a liveried attendant comes and warns any thoughtless monsieur to remove his hat from his head, if indeed he has not already left it in the dressing-room, as is the custom, to have his hands free

for the play. Something peculiar in the illumination or some sickly property of reflection in the green cloth of the tables casts a sort of pallor over the faces. They do not look their best here, or if they do, then heaven save the mark! Good looks is not the strong point of people who frequent gambling-houses. They are generally aged and wrinkled; such low-browed, flashy types of men, aiming hard at respectability! and such women! especially, such women! Not only no line is drawn for the feminine frequenters of the place, but the swarm of cocottes here seems largely those who have outlived almost all personal charm elsewhere, and retain only the grasping avarice that comes the worst of all, with age. Upon such a background any really pleasing figure stands out to comparative advantage.

The crowd is thick around the tables; it is hard even to get near enough to lose your money. A very large addition has been put on within a few years and more tables, but all continue as thronged as ever. Our friends walk through the rooms at first; in the earlier ones it is all roulette, in the one at the end of the suite the costlier game of trente-et-quarante. "There is the table where we lost yesterday," they say; "we must keep clear of that." They find a slight opening, one standing behind the other, and pushing past people's sharp elbows, they begin. A wheel with numbers is spinning round in the centre of the table, and on the cloth are marked numbers corresponding to those in the wheel. This is the main part of the game, which is simple and easily understood. A five-franc piece is the lowest stake you can put down.

"You do the playing," says the husband; "this is for your amusement." "I am going to try for once, on a

single number, a number *en plein*," says the young wife. She puts down her five-franc piece, choosing for a number say the figure of her age or the day of the month, and the money is swept away as a matter of course. Then she plays at the foot of the columns, where the chances are a good deal better. She triples her stake at once, and, leaving it down, it triples again. The little handful of pieces they have gained caused quite a flurry of excitement in the couple. "Good luck!" says the husband; "now go on and make your fortune," and he walks away to look at the other tables.

But she dribbles away the gains in various ventures, and apparently with them, too, ruefully enough, the last one of the "ten dollars more" she had said she wanted to lose. The husband comes back. "You shouldn't have wished me good luck," she says. "It is well known that that brings bad luck."

"Where have you learned that already?" he asks, smiling in a superior way, and prepares to play on his own account. "I've been studying out the game," he says. "You haven't played with sufficient system."

He watches till some of the simpler chances, as red or black, has not come up for three or four times. "Now," he says, "the probabilities are excellent that it will come up." He plays on it and loses. Next time the probabilities are even better yet and he plays and loses again. Again a third time, only taking care to increase his stake each time so that a final lucky stroke will show a profit with all previous losses included. Unwittingly he had invented the "Progression," which is one of the staple "systems" in use by the gamblers. But red or black, for instance, will often go on a dozen times without changing; our player becomes frightened

after a third or a fourth unsuccessful turn and draws out, pocketing a smart loss. The very next time, perhaps, he has the mocking experience of seeing the chance turn up that would have won. The pair walk away to the trente-et-quarante tables.

The lowest stake here is a louis, $4, and the chances are said to be more favorable to players. By way of testing all the possibilities there are in the place our traveller throws down a louis and loses it: another, and loses it; and then he stops satisfied.

This is a most typical case of every-day occurrence. The pair have paid their initiation fee to the famous spot; they have given themselves a good deal to talk about to each other, and something to tell about when they get home. They might easily have lost the entire fund devoted to their travels, and have had to appeal to a consul to find some way of getting them back to their own country. I dread more for those who go away with small winnings; there is no such thing as a lucky gambler; for as the *un*lucky gambler always returns, to become lucky, the lucky gambler returns to be more lucky. Play does not ruin everybody any more than drink; it is only the weak minority that it poisons utterly. I hear a poor defence of Monte Carlo attempted sometimes, on the ground that, as play is a rooted propensity of human nature, it is better to let people play in public than drive them away to secret holes and corners. This forgets that not one person in twenty would ever set foot in such a place were it not made so very easy and enticing for them. In the case in question no great harm was done, but I have personally known of tragedies, though they did not go to the extent of suicide.

The more I saw of the place, the worse and worse I thought of it. For the unstraightlaced majority, Monte Carlo is jolly, carnivalesque, and spicily amusing; but there is not the least doubt also that Monte Carlo is insidious, poisoning, damnable.

CHAPTER XXI

A RURAL PASSION-PLAY AT CABBÉ-ROQUEBRUNE

CABBÉ-ROQUEBRUNE is a cluster of mediæval houses, presided over by the ruined castle of the Lascaris. It makes a spot of human interest in that lovely prospect, swimming in light and colors, that the indolent look up to from the terraces of Monte Carlo or the promenades of Mentone, and the enterprising attain to.

It has every appearance of having slipped part way down the mountain, and the inhabitants say that it was marvellously stopped in its course by a sprig of *genêt*, a rough mountain shrub which was plentiful enough in the pastures till they all came to be filled up with olive and lemon plantations. It is difficult to be in the Riviera on the 5th of August, but I am sure many of the enterprising and amateurs of quaint and artistic effects would be glad to have been there on that day to see at Roquebrune the celebration of one of the most characteristic and original French village *fêtes*. I do not know why a spot that is very far from aspiring to any ambitious altitude should have chosen La Madonna de la Neve, the Madonna of the Snow, for its patron saint, but such is the case, and on a hot summer day the name has a sort of pleasant sherbet effect that soothes the imagination.

The really original feature and central event of this *fête* of several days' duration is a miracle play, a proces-

sion of the Passion, which has come down from the most remote antiquity. It is one of the very few survivals apart from Ober-Ammergau—the only one, so far as I know—that brings down this mediæval usage into the broad daylight of our own times. Let me say at once that it is a far ruder, more primitive affair than the polished performance at Ober-Ammergau. It has naïve, simple, even amusing features, almost like the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe* as given by Shakespeare's rustics in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I found myself, after the first moment, considering not at all whether it was religious or irreligious, but only studying it as an ancient custom exceptionally preserved.

There can be no doubt whatever that the village is the scene of a land-slide, though it did not come down with it. The houses are encrusted in the *débris*, often indistinguishably; great rock masses occupy, as a speculator would look at it, many of the most valuable building lots. In the little widening of the main street, which forms a small *plaza*, the postmaster has for next-door neighbor an immense boulder of conglomerate, a lumpish tower of strength, with grasses waving on the top. A low parapet wall joins this to the school-house. A corner of the dancing tent for the *fête* was backed against the school. Across the way a prosperous *buvette* and the establishment of the leading *coiffeur* were hollowed out in the solid rock; a three-story habitation was formed by filling in a deep cleft, and another, partly on the side, partly on the back of a round boulder, followed its curve. The rude old gray castle has the most enormous of all the boulders for a pedestal, and is like a turret on an elephant's back. Climbing the

steep little streets, which dive through, under, and around and otherwise circumvent the smoothed rocks, I saw an occasional female figure, anxiously dressing long in advance of the procession, glance out to inquire the meaning of my footfall in silent courts or lanes. The gay bunting and the booths of itinerant merchants gave all this gray ground the touches of color it needed to form a picture of the pleasantest tone. The authorities had withdrawn, as they are wont to do on the occasion of such *fêtes*, their prohibition against gambling, and nearly every diversion offered the public took some picturesque form of roulette. Village Hampdens were ruining themselves at these tables with the air of *grands seigneurs* at Monte Carlo, and it seemed as if all the money in the place must soon pass into the hands of the strolling dealers.

The crowd became very dense, a gay, orderly crowd, with the Prefect and another high dignitary or two from Nice among them half-incog. The young girls were particularly trim and well dressed in their light summer costumes of simple stuff. I was taken in to see the properties of the coming procession and introduced to the leading personages. There was a great deal of pasteboard about the former; the helmets were not meant for close inspection; the spears were very decidedly wood. A few of the older dresses, frayed with age, were of rich material. Though I had heard much of this *fête* in advance, I now got my first idea what it was like. There was to be a living representation, in the streets, of a number of the stations of the cross. The number has varied at different times with the total of performers. This time there were to be six, or, strictly speaking, only four. The sacred central figure

would be presented, not in one only, but in four different groups simultaneously; hence four different Christs were necessary. These parts were distributed to one Jean Baptiste Imbert, for Christ in the Garden, Etienne Gonzales, for Christ at the Pillar, Joachim Moro, for Christ before Pilate, and Antoine Perna, for Christ on Calvary. Though I had heard much to the contrary, none of these men had made any change in his personal peculiarities, to conform to the tradition of the Saviour's appearance. They were old and young, some very bald, and all wore their moustaches, one having them of quite a military sort. This was perhaps but the same sort of honest simplicity that kept the earlier masters from bothering their heads with learned archæology and let them paint sacred subjects after the fashions of their own time.

The population of Roquebrune, a thousand souls in all, consists principally of small cultivators, with a sprinkling of employés who go down to work every day at Mentone, and others who sweep, light the gas, and take care of the garden paths at the Casino of Monte Carlo. From this modest constituency all the personages were drawn. The principal parts descend in families, and considerable honor is attached to them. The father names his son or nephew and gives him all the instruction necessary; it is not very profound, as I shall show. In case of default, or scandals in the life of the incumbent, the church committee names the successor. As to the female characters, I was surprised to learn that they were reduced to as small a proportion as possible, and by no means play the important *rôle* they really did in the sacred story. They do not inherit, and the few that are necessary are chosen from year to year.

The three Marys were simply three women in black so heavily veiled as to be completely hidden from recognition. There were a few very young school-girl angels; and Veronica was the only female personage frankly displayed to view. The celebration was under the charge of the curé, but its immediate director was Joseph Revelli, a prosperous cultivator. One of my informants told me that there had been talk of suppressing it, as contrary to the law against religious processions; but the Republic is lenient in this remote corner of the land, and my informant did not believe it would be done, because it brings such an influx of visitors and such a profitable stir in affairs.

The hour fixed for the procession was four o'clock. It sallied from the church, moved along the principal street, into the country, paused a while at a small chapel there, and returned over the same route. As I looked out of the window where I had taken post, I was first sensible, after a confraternity of Children of Mary had passed, of a Christ in pink and blue draperies, a youngish man with black hair "banged" low over his forehead. A boy angel, marching in advance, offered him a chalice. He took it, dropped on his knees, and raised his eyes reverently to heaven. Judas ran forward from a crowd of followers, kissed him, and pointed him out to the soldiers. Judas, that there might be no mistaking his character, carried a large purse and actively jingled the pieces it contained.

St. Peter interposed with a sword, to prevent the arrest, but was put aside; a brutal assailant rattled a piece of heavy chain about the sacred victim's head; others threatened with uplifted hands; a cohort of guards pointed their spears forward in a right line; and the

group moved on. This action was repeated every fifty or one hundred feet as they marched.

A second group was headed by the centurion on horseback. The Christ was now the "man of sorrows;" he was clothed in scarlet raiment and crowned with thorns, and he was battered and bloody. Around him were borne a miniature wooden pillar, perhaps three feet high, and the implements of his scourging. Ananias and Caiaphas walked close behind; then Herod, shaded under an Oriental umbrella; and Pilate continually washing his hands with water, which attendants affected to pour out for him from an ordinary pitcher into an antique-looking bronze basin.

The third group comprised a Christ who was a decrepit, tottering old man—for naturally, if the part descends in families, there must be some improbabilities on the score of age. He was surrounded by the implements of the crucifixion, the ladder being in miniature. A formidable, somewhat apocryphal, character, the *Mano de Ferro*, or Iron Hand—chosen for his great size and ability to assume airs of ferocity—followed him close, threatening him with his fist, and, indeed, with both fists, to which an exceptional size was given by well-padded fencing-gloves.

Finally, in the fourth group, Christ, bearing his cross, fell down from time to time. Veronica, a modest young girl, all in blue, with fresh, pretty color, and a wreath of roses on her hat, knelt beside him and made a semblance of taking the imprint of his sacred features—which was already painted upon the cloth she carried. There was a rattling of large dice and active gesticulation by four soldiers who followed, and we saw that they were casting lots for the poor victim's seamless garment.

The crucifixion itself was shown only by a group who carried a large crucifix; and lastly a life-sized *pietà*, or figure of the dead Saviour, was carried on a bier, while the Marys, heavily veiled in black, walked beside it. The procession was closed in by chanting priests. Though the background was everywhere ancient enough, the effect was the pleasantest and most in keeping as the strange *cortége* wound among the fields—for the site itself was another Mount of Olives. And the wide sea view below—if the Mediterranean be blue in winter, think what an intensity of blue it may attain under the shimmering heats of August—how delicious it was!

At the chapel there was a brief disbanding. I could not help remarking how Herod sat on the parapet wall and pushed his tinsel crown comfortably to the back of his head, how the centurion kept the small boys away from his horse, and St. Peter joked familiarly with one of the Scribes bearing a great book. The three Marys now lifted their veils and discovered pleasing young faces. The procession is said to have been founded in pursuance of a vow at the time of some devastating epidemic. I consulted the ancients of the people to learn just when this was. They replied only with that silent whistling and waving of the hand, as if they would shake all the fingers off, which probably denote prodigious antiquity. This was not an accurate way of fixing a date, but the educated personages of the locality were no more satisfactory. The schoolmaster, the doctor, the curé were all new in the place, and there was nothing in the archives of the church about it. I think it had never occurred to them to be interested in such matters of exact detail; they were satisfied to know that the procession existed, and that it brought in

every year so great a number of strangers, to their decided pecuniary benefit.

The line of march was taken up anew. It was even in part over an old Roman road, the Aurelian Way, repaired for modern uses. The angel presented his chalice, Judas rattled his money, the Christ fell upon his knees, the pretty Veronica presented her towel, Iron Hand threatened with his fist, all in good faith, I am sure, and all doing their best to arouse the religious fervor of the audience. By dint of repetition and fatigue the action became mechanical, and reminded you of elaborate clocks with performing figures, like the famous one at Strasburg. At the end they disappeared into the parish church, and it was not less curious than any of the rest to see that congeries of spears, helmets, and extraordinary persons, all massed in the dusky interior, attending a vesper service.

CHAPTER XXII

OUR ELIGIBLE NEIGHBORS, THE QUEEN AND THE EMPEROR

THE august Queen of England came that year to Grasse, for the spring vacation she is accustomed to take at the southward.

The small city of Grasse, back of Cannes, and not many miles from us, seems especially adapted to the reception of royalties or "principal persons." Not that it had ever received many of great note before; on the contrary, it was quite bowed down under the honor that fell upon it. But I speak from the point of view of the spectator. The town, half-way up the side of a steep mountain, has an altitude of somewhat less than 2,000 feet. It is fastened to its mountain like a peach or pear tree to a garden wall, to get the full benefit of the sun. The railway station is in the valley. The road climbs by numerous zig-zags, so that, on wheels, a good half-hour is consumed in the ascent, while on foot, taking the short cuts frequented by the natives, it is a matter of but a few minutes. Thus you had only to stand by the parapet wall and watch the royal cortége approach, and then without haste—even though it came at a smart trot—climb to a higher level, and meet it anew. Consequently, I saw the Queen oftener and closer on the first afternoon of her arrival than many others could have done during the several weeks of her stay.

The population of Grasse, twelve thousand in all, spread out along the terraces, some higher, some lower; there was no crowding nor discomfort. Here the uniformed school-boys from the lyceums, in a long line, there a delegation from the perfumery factories, and there the strangers, chiefly English, come up for the day from Cannes and Nice. They showed to good advantage, the well-dressed English against the background of the plain, rustic Grasse people. The picturesque in costume has disappeared even more completely from the Riviera than from the rest of France. The pretty white caps of the women, that refresh the eye in the north, are not seen here. A maid entering service will hardly wear one, but will forego an advantageous place instead.

The queen lodged at the Grand Hotel, the only comfortable one in Grasse, retaining the whole of it, which left the town very short of accommodation. The proprietor with an Indian servant rode in the first carriage, considerably in advance of the others, a pudgy, fresh, little man, a Swiss, resplendent in white gloves. His beaming face expressed the general contentment of the inhabitants, who murmured approval. Grasse could hardly believe it to be true. Next came the Queen herself.

Human nature is inclined to be derisive of established greatness, a little contemptuous of prodigious reputations.

Having got already much entertainment from the half-mediæval town, its peculiar industry and charming points of view, I should not have greatly minded not seeing the queen herself. But, suddenly, there she was, close by—not a dozen feet away. A peculiar feeling, I know

not what, a little electric thrill made up of surprise and liking, passed through me.

"A very nice old lady! a charming old lady!" one involuntarily exclaimed.

She wore mourning. Her silvery hair was smoothed in plain bands on her temples, she was short and not majestic as the queen of so great a kingdom should be. Stout, too, her figure having gone the way of all flesh: at seventy-two, I suppose, it is not fair to expect much of a figure, even a queen's. She had, moreover, double chins; yet the high aquiline nose, high, without being unfeminine, gave the face a patrician distinction; while the calm level gaze of the eyes spoke of the fifty-four long years of sway during which she had said, without dispute, to this man, "Go," and he goeth; and to the other, "Come," and he cometh. No conspicuous amiability, but a nice, grave dignity, intelligence, an expression to invite confidence; and no apparent weakening yet by age —a face matching the events of her excellent reign. I found the same surprised, agreeable impression shared by other Americans.

A squad of mounted gendarmes escorted the royal carriage,—the fine men, in cocked hats and laced coats, who figure in Punch-and-Judy and give a touch of last century color wherever they go. Could anybody be supposed not to know the real state of the case, he might think these a collection of gallant sovereigns, and the quiet ladies in the carriages following them only a part in their household. By the queen sat her youngest daughter, Beatrice—how time flies!—thirty-four already. She was not a beauty but had distinction and a ladylike air. It would seem easy enough to have a ladylike air when one descends from the very night

of time, and the proudest line of sovereigns; but royalties have not always even that. This princess married the Prince of Battenberg, probably for his taking personal qualities. They are said to be fascinating men, those of his house, the sons of only a small German potentate, by a morganatic marriage.

On the box, beside old Stairs, the coachman, sat Grant, the veteran Highland gillie, a very Scotch cap above his broad, rustic face. In carriages following came Sir Henry Ponsonby, governor of the queen's household, the lucky prince of Battenberg, then a few gentlemen in waiting, some sober-looking elderly maids, and a couple more of the Indian servants, in Oriental dress, to gape at, who almost drew away the attention of the populace from the notables. The simplicity of the whole thing, the plain modern dress, the scanty number, brought the party down very near the level of common life. Americans never get over a little surprise that Providence has not entered into the conspiracy to keep up artificial distinctions, but had the royalties alighted and mingled with the crowd I think it would have been difficult to pick them out from the rest.

Never before such doings in Grasse! The municipality had voted money—and it is not in the habit of doing it—and masts suspended strings of banners across the streets. Two triumphal arches, wound with mimosa and laurel, and ensigns, British and French, were set up, one at the station at the foot of the climb, the other close by the Grand Hotel, the end of it. They had tidied the streets and put the roads in excellent condition. The Old Town has peculiar advantages for gathering offensive sights and smells, but it was not likely the queen would ever get there; it was too steep,

narrow, and crooked for her age and station. Connoisseurs like the Princess Louise, an artist of talent, might, however, find bits for brush and pencil. The houses were smartened with lime-wash, in the newer part of town; the lamp-posts bronzed and gilded, and to see the thick coat of new green paint on the public benches you would never want to sit down on one of them. The Queen, leaving the rigors of the North behind her, reached the South under almost its best aspect. Monsieur Henry, the Prefet of the Alpes Maritimes, the British Consul and the Military Governor very fine in the cocked hats and embroidered coats they don for such occasions, greeted her. The principal welcome, as at Cannes, was in the form of the presentation of beautiful flowers. "The language of flowers" in this case, had a very definite meaning.

The Queen-empress travelled as the "Countess of Balmoral," though one could hardly see the use of an incognito that concealed nothing. It was Haroun al Raschid going about in proper person, quite shorn of any opportunity to make discoveries or redress grievances.

Her Majesty went by, to the hollow clattering of hoofs and the flash of sabres, and I had my little thrill. Quintessences are potent, and here, in this one plain body, was condensed the highest expression of what men most envy—power, riches, lofty station, and long descent; here was the principal monarch of the earth passing in most quiet form; here, to the American eye, the greatest piece of bric-a-brac existing. To the Twenty-third Alpine Chasseurs was confided the guard of honor. They are a corps specially drilled for the defence of the mountains. They are taught to climb

with alpenstocks, fight behind every intervening rock, convey light batteries and their baggage-mules with them into apparently inaccessible places. There is a corresponding corps on the Italian side, but in case of war the French would have some advantage. Italy here lies to the north, and the snow naturally melts as much earlier on the southern slopes in the spring-time, as it falls upon them later in the autumn.

The Boulevard du Fragonard turns round the pretty public garden, where a white bust of the gay painter nestles amid palms by a fountain. You recollect the Goncourts have devoted a careful study to this painter, who was born at Grasse. It bespeaks something tolerant of pleasure in the town to have given its principal boulevard the name of one of its sons, who always overstepped the proprieties about as much as he dared. His bright and merry designs remained on the hither side, sometimes, to be sure, for Fragonard did religious pictures also. There is one at the cathedral; and I went to see what the designer of "The Happy Accidents of the Swing" would make of religious art, but the curtain was down over it for an indefinite period. There are said to be in the shabby little Hotel Malvilan, facing the public garden, eight fine Fragonards, painted for the hotel of la Belle Dubarry, near Marly. I was assured by an enthusiast they were the only things in Grasse worth seeing. But if they are the only thing worth seeing, they were perhaps the one thing in Grasse most difficult to see. The custodian, though they are in the guide-book, had his good days and his grumpy days, and whether the visitor could succeed in making acquaintance of these masterpieces was always an obscure problem.

The Avenue Thiers merges in the road to Nice. The Avenue Thiers is a fine, long terrace, free from houses on one side and commanding a noble view of the valley down to Cannes, with the blue sea beyond. The Queen could almost hold communication with her fleet, cruising in those waters. Following the avenue an eighth of a mile outside the town, you come to the Grand Hotel, and a few villas, the chief one that of the Baroness Rothschild.

The Grand Hotel, hardly so grand as its name might imply, is a new, comfortable edifice of cream-colored stone, four stories high on one side and three on the other, owing to the hill, and capable of containing about eighty people. As to the furniture, it was of the average hotel kind that one knows without description. The Queen had brought her own mahogany bed and peculiar writing-table for state correspondence, and her bedroom had been newly frescoed, sea-green with bamboo-pattern border. But as to the rest, it was reassuring to ordinary mortals to see that the household of a sovereign could put up with such ordinary tables and chairs, and well-worn Brussels carpets. The names of the principal functionaries were fixed in prominent lettering on their doors. Those old soldiers, Sir Henry Ponsonby and Major Bigge, had a small sitting-room and bed-room apiece such as might be given to any casual commercial traveller.

The preparations were in active progress just before the Queen's arrival, the opening-day, and perhaps they thought she would appreciate better what was done for her if she saw some of it going on. I watched an artist for the *Illustrated London News* sketching the triumphal arch. He was making his sketch faster than

the arch advanced. Then he went and sketched the carriages in the stables. A landau, a victoria, and a donkey-phaeton, in plain blue cloth, with the quietest of crests on the panels, and a lot of brass-mounted harness, with bells for the horses, to give pedestrians a fair chance to escape being run over. I note the plainness without saying I approve of it; it would be more amusing to see glass coaches like Cinderella's. The horses were all of dappled gray—the Queen drives with no others—of no particular breed, but picked up, as I heard the head groom say—for even the head groom of a queen does not fail to drop his h's—"picked up of 'oss dealers just w'erever it 'appins."

The stable roofs were disguised as broad terraces, which blend with olive orchards climbing the mountain, to meet pine groves on its crest. I was politely invited to take post on these terraces, for the final view, by a pleasant old gentleman, like a figure in a comedy, who had sold the ground for the hotel and had more to sell —at two francs the square metre—on the hill of the Plateau of Napoleon.

The Queen assisted at a Battle of Flowers they gave her, from her post above the hotel entrance-door, and was well in view from the benevolent old Frenchman's terraces, but after that she was not very much seen by the general public at Grasse. People managed to meet her, of course, on the long drives she was fond of taking, but when at home she maintained a close seclusion. No doubt this opportunity for quiet had been one of her motives in coming.

Her favorite mode of getting about was the donkey-phaeton. The paths of the hotel garden and the larger, finer garden of the Baroness Rothschild close by had

all been adapted to the wheels of the donkey-phaeton. So the Queen was able to jog comfortably up hill and down dale, over a considerable space of ground, getting plenty of fresh air without ever going outside of her private enclosures. The hotel-garden descended gentle slopes covered with delicious green grass—one of the greatest of rarities—dotted with clumps of semi-tropical plants, a piece of rock-work, a fringe of eucalyptus, and a round bed of pansies of the bluest blue, which you might almost have mistaken for a basin of water. In the grounds, was a gymnasium. I know not whether the royal suite kicked up their heels there in plain sight of royalty, if she pleased to look down from the sunny south windows of her rooms. Rose-bushes were trained in the high wire netting of the tennis-court, so as to make a complete flowery trellis.

Westward you look up to three cypresses on the lofty Plateau of Napoleon. Napoleon made a brief halt here, in that marvellous adventure of his of the escape from Elba and the re-establishment of the Empire. It was at the end of his first march, by night, from the sea at Golfe Juan. At Grasse he found a printing office, and printed the proclamations already prepared:

"Soldiers! we were not beaten; we were betrayed."

How stirring, how martial it forever remains! It indicted Marmont and Augereau, who had surrendered to the allies. It had no great concern about sticking to the facts, but it was most excellently adapted to its purpose. The troops breakfasted, but not till they were well out of the town and high above it, to forestall danger from enemies who might overwhelm them on the pass. This could easily have been done, one would say, at a certain loopholed fort, half convent and ruined

chapel, directly across the road. It is still a most charming point of view, as you go on to the top and to the village of Saint Vallier.

The principal object in the town, from the Hotel, was the clump of towers of the cathedral, a small one to which Vauban set the heavy hand of the military engineer. The town a trifle recalls Toledo—very, very gray, with the same little terraces here and there for breathing-space. Next in prominence were the many-chimneyed distilleries of essences and perfumery, out of which the town makes its living. Joanne's guide put the number at fifty, but I should not say there were so many. All the principal ones occupy old convents, which don't look in the least like old convents. It was proposed by enthusiasts that the chimneys should be forced to consume their own smoke during the Queen's visit, but this was not done. There was not enough of it to be offensive, and indeed a taste of smoke in the air, for the use of a ruler whose capital was London, might render the place all the more homelike.

They are attractive industries, but the actual process is not so winning as you might think. No great praise for good looks is to be lavished upon la Jolie Parfumeuse at Grasse. You go, for instance, into the factory of Notre Dame des Fleurs. A heavy, square-built girl is puddling violets around a tank of hot fat, with a stick. Others of like sort or old women are crushing jonquils into cakes of cold lard. Grease in some form is the agent for extracting the perfumes, which are then tried out of the fat by spirits of wine. Violets and other flowers come in daily by the ton for these operations, and also a great quantity of fruit, for preserving dry in sugar. The busy season begins in May, when roses

are most in bloom, and for eight or nine months there must be active demand for all the labor in town. The men get fifty cents a day, the women twenty-five. The gardens of supply are, unfortunately, not so frequent at Grasse itself as in the country. You get only a certain idea of them in coming up from Cannes, in the terraced fields planted with low rose-bushes, much like vineyards elsewhere.

The Queen's donkey-phaeton, pulled by an unusually large, powerful, bay donkey, had no driver's seat. A young Highlander, Clark, led the animal by the head, while a trusty older one held by a wooden bar behind, to push, if need be, or lend a hand in any other way required. The Queen went out thus every morning, Princess Beatrice walking familiarly beside her. In the afternoon she took long drives behind her grays, with ladies-in-waiting; a programme not greatly differing from that at Balmoral.

She was not so far separated from her interests of state. Lord Salisbury, her Prime Minister, was at Beaulieu, where the villa he was building—an ugly one—had long been the talk of the country. The Duke of Rutland, Minister in Attendance, was established in the cheap, little, hastily finished Villa Scagliotti, just below the hotel-grounds. The Duke of Cambridge, Generalissimo of the Armies, used to come up often from Cannes.

There was one woman in Grasse almost more interesting than the Queen herself, the Baroness Alice de Rothschild, the power behind the throne, the author of the greatness that had so surprisingly descended upon the place. She was English, in spite of her name, an unmarried, somewhat elderly lady, of fine presence, strongly individual character, good taste, energetic

habits, and, by what was said of her in the place, a charitable disposition, which makes her presence there a decided boon. She spoke of her abode not as a villa at all but a cottage. It was a long, two or three-story house, irregular-roofed, tinted warm rose-color, close on the street, but with its principal charm the sunny garden side above a delightful prospect of valley. Though the house is not, in fact, large, it gets a certain fine air of spaciousness by an excellent arrangement of chambers, which denotes the habit of familiarity with grandeur. The Princess Louise stayed with her while her august mother was at the Grand Hotel. It appeared that this Grand Hotel was owned by a stock company of the citizens, and had not till now been especially profitable. Now that Grasse had become a "resort" its fortune was made. Instead of charging the Queen 3,500 francs a day for lodging, as they were said to do, they might well have afforded to take her free, as a pure advertisement. Plenty of enterprising persons would be glad to carry royalty anywhere without expense, if royalty were open to that sort of propositions.

The history of the whole affair was said to be this: The Baroness Rothschild, suffering from a touch of rheumatic fever, tried Grasse at a venture. It was such a success that she got the Princess Louise, the Queen's second daughter, there, and the Princess, recommended it to the Queen. There can be a decided touch of mountain sharpness about it, as I have experienced, but its air is better for certain constitutions than the too saline air along the coast. It is a sort of southern Balmoral, and it is peaceful and quiet. The local journals spoke of the Baroness as "our benefactor, our dear chatelaine," though her modesty disclaimed any merit.

As the principal resident, she might be figured to take the place of those Counts of Grasse, now locally extinct, identified with our own War of Independence. The Count de Grasse, "Lieutenant-General of the King's naval armies," who figured at Newport and in the capture of Yorktown, establishes a bond between America and the remote nook in the hills of Provence. If the Baroness de Rothschild would have no part in the credit of it, she used her executive talent to advantage in the reception of the illustrious guests. All had her personal supervision. Yonder she goes—a brisk figure, in a gray skirt, buff gauntlets, and straw hat with white gauze about it, directing a dozen people at once and putting the finishing touches to the garden. Not that the garden needed finishing touches—a garden of rare plants upon an expanse of green grass, without any garish magnificence. Regulated by quiet taste, it won instead of overpowering. An extensive grotto under the villa was fitted up with matting, carpets, easy-chairs, a writing-table and pots of roses, for the Queen.

There she reposed herself if the sun chanced to be too hot, those early spring days, or there she jogged about the paths in her pony chair. The Princess Louise sketched. General Ponsonby, with his fine, gray, pointed beard, and the other high functionaries and exalted visitors unbent in familiar conversation. A charming, family sort of life went on; they could so nearly make us forget they were Royalties, that perhaps they sometimes forgot it themselves.

There was at Cannes, at the same time, the Emperor of Brazil, overthrown by the bloodless revolution and

driven into exile. It was said to be the reactionary tendencies of his daughter, the Countess d'Eu, next successor to the throne, that had caused the revolution. She was with him now, she and her husband and three pretty boys, and all of them sometimes drove to visit the Queen of England at Grasse.

I had the honor and pleasure of being presented, in familiar audience, to the Emperor and talking with him at length about Reciprocity, just at the moment a much-mooted policy as between our country and Brazil, and upon many other less weighty topics.

The Emperor, like the Queen, lived for the time-being in an hotel, with the difference that he had not the whole of it but only a floor. It is a manner of life not infrequent among royalties and ex-royalties, on the Riviera, and these great personages are also considered to feel disposed to unbend much more easily there than when at home. This hapless family you remember had been embarked on a steamer in their port of Rio Janeiro, and sent away to Europe. The Empress Theresa died soon after their arrival at Lisbon. To whatever disease it may have been ascribed, certainly the shame and grief of the dethronement, the sting of ingratitude, the heart-break of exile had much to do with it, as they had also with the demise of the excellent and amiable Dom Pedro, a little later. I was the recipient of some of his latest and perhaps most frankly expressed opinions, and this circumstance has ever since heightened the interest of the meeting and perhaps gives it a certain retrospective value.

The hedges at Cannes, that early March day, were powdered white, by the dust of the roads, as if they were trying to rival the snow on the hedges in the north

country behind our friendly screen of mountains, where all the inclemencies of winter were still raging. But it goes without saying that there were charming palms and flowers and oranges on the steep incline of the Hotel Beau Séjour. From the top of the incline you looked over a quiet part of dull, modern Cannes and off to those volcanic-seeming mountains, so prominent in all the landscape, the Esterels.

I found myself received by Count Aljessur, chamberlain of the imperial household, a small, elderly very pleasant and agreeable man, with something Arab in his name and a ribbon in his buttonhole. There were no retainers to usher you in, no display of the Emperor's green and gold—no ostentation at all. Yet—simple as the Emperor's personal tastes always were—the court of Brazil once followed the minute ceremonial of the proud house of Braganza, and was not less splendid than the stateliest in Europe. We went first to a small, plain billiard-room, where I judged the Emperor had been playing, for we saw him retiring slowly along the hall.

Immediately after, I was ushered into his presence, in a private parlor without characteristic traits or personal belongings. It would have been extremely difficult to conceive of the tall, slightly bent old man, with snowy hair and beard, who came forward to meet me, as wearing a crown and robes of office. There was no ceremonial reception; he gave me his hand in a very friendly way, sat down upon a sofa, and made me sit near him.

He was then sixty-six years of age. His once strong constitution was undermined by illness and disappointment. His countenance was extremely wrinkled, but

his blue eyes still looked out brightly from under shaggy brows; his talk was quick and decided, and he retained much interest in all matters of the intelligence. His English was very good, but he had more facility in French, and preferred that language.

"Well, how are your American poets?" he began briskly. "I once knew your Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, and that man from California—Bret Harte, and that other one—the Quaker—Whittier."

He declared bluntly that he did not believe in the proposed reciprocity, and, if he had still been at the head of affairs, he would not have permitted it. It appeared to be a better thing for the United States than for his own people. He had a very sincere regard for the United States apart from their narrow protective policy—as he looked at it. He himself was a protectionist to a certain extent, but only to the extent of protecting the industries indigenous to a country.

He turned to books again, and made courteous inquiry as to what sort of literary work I myself did. I replied as modestly as possibly that I had attempted the rather romantic novel with realistic characters.

"Oh, I don't like that at all, the realistic novel; I'm dead against that," he interrupted, with a gesture of humorous protest that at once drew confidence.

He mentioned some of the Brazilian writers and wrote down a list for me with his own hand. "Guarany," "Guacho," "Pata de Gazella," and others, by Jozé de Alencar, once a cabinet minister of his empire, were among the number. "Those are very good," he said. "I advise you to get them and to make them known."

De Alencar, I judge, treats chiefly of Indian life and

customs in an idealizing way, like a sort of Fenimore Cooper of Brazil.

The current events of the Revolution and the vital issues in Brazil I approached with diffidence, dreading to arouse painful memories that might render the subject almost a forbidden ground. But there proved to have been no need at all for misgiving. The illustrious exile discoursed on what had taken place freely, dispassionately, without trace of resentment in his tone. He talked of the new institutions like a friendly student of them, only removed by distance from sufficiently accurate information. He said he had studied the new constitution article by article. The abolition of slavery, thus completing the gradual emancipation he had inaugurated twenty years ago, he had welcomed most gladly.

"I was lying ill at Milan at the time," said he, "almost at death's door. That news was the starting-point of my recovery, and I believe it cured me."

Owing to absence of any such prejudice against them as prevails in the United States he said the blacks would never be a menace to the social order in Brazil. In course of time they would become merged in the general population. Nor did he fear any permanent disastrous consequences from the numerous current projects of wild-cat speculation. The natural resources of the country he said were too great and were as yet almost untouched. When I mentioned the charges of corruption and selfish ambition brought against his successor, President da Fonseca, he came out in magnanimous defence of the principal agent in his overthrow—somewhat, however, at the expense of da Fonseca's character for general intelligence. He declared

the new President to be an honest man, against whom he should find it exceedingly difficult to believe any charges of mercenary corruption; and as to his seizing the power and making himself dictator, he did not think him capable of so much contrivance. He was a mere military man, he said, a *brave sabreur*, who had done some good service in the war with Paraguay, but he had no large ideas or far-reaching designs either for good or bad.

Dom Pedro reserved another surprise for me in saying that he had always been a republican at heart. "I myself would have given the people a republic," he declared, "as soon as I felt that they were ready for it. You must remember that with us the needed preparation was slow, the problem an unusually difficult one. We had to count not with the steadiness and trained experience of Anglo-Saxons, but with the excitable imagination and imperfect development of our very mixed population."

The exiled monarch's talk came easily; it needed no labored art to draw it out. His very fulness of expression made the absence from it of any words of bitterness the more remarkable. In him, even an exaggerated resentment toward his enemies might have seemed, at the moment, natural and excusable, but there was none whatever. This large, tolerant spirit and continued interest in the welfare of his realm, at the expense of all personal considerations, seemed, under the circumstances, with his age and infirmities, both noble and touching.

If there is one thing better than the best of republics, it is a wise and unselfish monarch. Could that kind alone be counted upon—which unfortunately they cannot,

and there's the rub — despotism ought to flourish untroubled forever. I endeavored to find suitable phrase to say to my kindly host that his beneficent reign would yet be known in Brazil as an age of gold, which would be looked back to with gratitude and regret. The republic had to come, no doubt: it was in the air perhaps and could not be delayed; but even a republican may properly feel that way I fancy, about an authority which governed temperately, with conscience and in favor of every worthy object.

He deprecated this, but conceded: "I have done what I could. I can truthfully say that I aimed to persuade rather than command and that I never arbitrarily forced my will upon the country. Do you know," he added confidentially, "that when I first came to the throne, as a mere boy, I even gave way to my advisers in something where I felt I was right? I was diffident about my age and did this purposely, to show my people that I was not going to be unreasonable and headstrong."

It was very sweet to hear from the fine old man, very pleasant to have such words from the lips of such a model ruler and august exile.

"For one thing I was brought up simply, much like any ordinary boy," he continued, "and that no doubt had a good effect upon me. At school, for instance, we had no scions of a haughty feudal aristocracy about us. In Brazil titles of nobility were only a form of decoration, a brief reward of merit, as it were. They did not descend in families. The child of a count or baron might come to be a humble laborer perhaps, like the man you see there on the lawn."

We looked out of the window, where the gardener was spading around a bush, and two spare elderly English

girls, in the little sailor-hats they affected like a uniform, were sallying down to sketch the old part of Cannes. It has outlived all its usefulness other than to be sketched.

"The Riviera is good for me, as an invalid," went on the sociable Emperor, "but I rust out here; it is too dull. I have too much of the American temperament about me, 'go-head!' 'go-head!'" smiling humorously. "I used to quote much your Longfellow's motto, 'Excelsior!' and I can't get over it."

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW IT WAS IN THE ISLAND OF CORSICA

WHAT pleasure, indeed, when the shadow cast by our tall cliff began to recede again. Spring came in a cool, deliberate way. The lovely almond blossoms, pink and white, never hurried forward by undue heat, remain upon the trees months at a time. It is not warm enough to put on summer clothing till near the end of May.

Still the shadow of the cliff had been upon us, and we had said in the winter-time that we would change our residence on account of it. But if we were to change our residence at all, why not pursue our peculiar plan of travel and move on into still another country? So we reasoned and decided. We balanced between England and Italy.

But first there was an excursion nearer home, an enticement either to be succumbed to or to be cleared off the account. The island of Corsica had long been alluring us across the water. So near it as we were, it would have been impossible to neglect the cradle of the Napoleonic legend. It is said that you can even see Corsica from Nice. I have seen people who say they have seen it, and I am inclined to believe them, but we ourselves never could succeed in doing so, though we got up early in the morning, which is said to be the favorite time for the high, snowy peak of Monte d'Oro to show itself. People go more or less to Ajaccio as a

winter-resort; and one thing was certain, that the island, if not desirable as a home, must prove interesting in other ways.

So I watched a long time for a favorable opportunity to cross. But the small steamer sailed only twice a week, and on those two sailing days the weather was always possessed to blow great guns. Once, in disgust, I went on by rail to Piombino on the Italian coast, which is separated by but a short distance from the island of Elba. I now proposed to combine with it a visit to Elba, Napoleon's other island resting-place, before the Hundred Days and the disaster of Waterloo, which landed him at the third of his islands, St. Helena. I trusted somewhat blindly to find means of crossing from Elba to Corsica. But that day at Piombino there was such a gale as almost tore up the large trees by the roots; the rain came down in deluges; there was no boat across the strait in such weather and no knowing to what indefinite period it might be postponed. Again the attempt was delayed and merged in another expedition.

I envied the yachting people less than ever; and indeed many of them simply lay their craft up in port all winter long and spend their time comfortably at the hotels. I now understood, too, why few people go to Corsica. Out of all the hundreds of thousands that come to the Riviera it is a rarity when you hear of some one who does it. It is not so much dread of the fancied dangers and inconveniences of the country, which still weighs for something, as it is dread of the capricious Mediterranean. The poetic blue Mediterranean can be dismally cold and dismal in the winter time and wofully blustering and trying to the passenger on a steamer of small tonnage. The line that carried the Corsican mail

had lately gone into bankruptcy. There was much talk of this on the steamer on which I sailed. It was owned by Morelli, a senator representing Corsica, and the rigors of the French bankruptcy law are such that he was to lose all political rights and be expelled from the senate. The French bankrupt cannot vote, much less hold any office.

For I did find a fairly promising opportunity at last and embraced it. The *Bel Ami*, the little pleasure sloop of Guy de Maupassant, was lying in the port of Nice, as we sailed out.

"*Tiens!*" I said, "it was one of his reprehensible books that first made Corsica really existent for me, in the modern way."

It was done, I believe, by some descriptive passage in "*Une Vie.*"

You sail either for Ajaccio, near the southern end of the island, or for Bastia or L'Ile Rousse, near the northern end. We steamed out at four P.M. and arrived at Bastia the next morning.

You are scarcely expected to admire Bastia. It is not a winter colony, a resort for strangers, like Ajaccio. Still, backed up by its high mountains, the view of the town and of the landscapes about is very pleasing. You come to think more of it than at first after you have seen Ajaccio. Both towns are about the same size, having, say, twenty thousand inhabitants. One of the strange things you note is the way the houses run up six, eight, and even ten stories high. This is stranger yet when you see it in the villages, all over Corsica. It is not a prepossessing novelty; it gives a tenement-house and factory-town look and is very conducive to squalor. It is, no doubt, a heritage of the

Genoese domination; the Corsicans threw off the yoke, but remain bound to this day by the fashions of their former rulers. Inquiring as to the use of these sky-scraping buildings, the reply was simply, "It is the custom. Building stone is very cheap here, you know; it costs almost nothing."

I made my first excursion into the country to Cardo, the little village where Colomba and Ors' Anton took final leave of the friendly bandits and their comic dog "Brusco," and tried to induce them to abandon the country and lead an honest life. For of course Mérimée's beautiful story, "Colomba" is among the influences that draw one to Corsica. I am not sure but one of my leading motives was to have, like that charming model, Lydia Nevil of St. James Place, London, the pleasure of dating my letters from Ajaccio.

Cardo is high on the hills, very like, say, such a typical Riviera village as Falicon, above Nice. A few houses in front are neatly lime-washed, as if expressly for effect from below, while all the rest are brown, gray, or black with age, mere stone-heaps, as rude as the habitations of the early cliff-dwellers.

It was hardly less deserted and silent than the famous *maquis*, the brushwood thickets, a part of which I traversed in mounting by the short cut. It looks down upon the vacant port of Bastia, but not upon the thick of the town, which clusters around one of those warm-colored old Vauban citadels that ornament most of the Mediterranean ports. The slopes were principally grown with almond and olive trees and patches of grain. Country houses or cottages, as everywhere in the island, are few. The Corsicans are famous office-holders; at Nice, for instance, they abound in the Custom House,

the railway, and among the prison guards. There is something in the Corsican's character which leads him to desire to "boss" his fellow-men, if only as a concierge. These functionaries in course of time secure pensions and return to the island to live upon them, but even they do not aspire to a house and garden: some curious instinct of sociability makes them herd with the rest in the unpleasant tenement-houses.

In the vacant port, I found that my cherished plan of crossing from Bastia to Elba direct was impossible. I knew that there were no steamers. But there had used to be some boats freighting iron ore across from Porto Ferrajo to be smelted here. As the distance is but short, these, by way of adventure, might have served for once. I looked up the smelting-works, and found that they had ceased to be operated.

One afternoon it rained furiously; veritable floods of water disputed the right of way in the streets with the passengers. I took refuge in self-defence in the small city library and there employed my leisure in hunting up the narrative of our ingenuous old friend, James Boswell, his journey in the island of Corsica in the year 1765. There were several editions of the work, both French and English. It had but a single defect; it was decidedly too short. Chronic seeker after notoriety and the acquaintance of great men as he was, Boswell chose Corsica partly because it was a field then scarce ever visited and partly to hunt up the patriot hero, Paoli, in the midst of his wars. He brought out a letter to Paoli from so distinguished a source as Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Later, I followed, in several respects the same course as the young Boswell. I was less comfortable, when

I had to take the heavy lumbering *diligence*, for recalling that he had made a considerable part of the journey on foot. He tells us that he was light-hearted and gay, that he knocked down chestnuts from the trees as he went along, drank from the clear running brooks, and tried to realize anew the simple life of primeval men. At the Franciscan convent of Corte—it is now replaced by a brand new one—Paoli had an apartment. Boswell jokingly called the well-to-do friars there to their faces, "*Nihil habentes et omnia possidentes.*" We do not care to repress a smile when we find him saying later, "I quoted to Paoli, on this occasion, some of the remarks of my sagacious friend, Samuel Johnson." Quoting Samuel Johnson to an insurgent chief in the wilds of Corsica, in the year 1765—that seems about as far as incongruity can go. But, later yet, he ingratiated himself with all the camp as well, put on the native dress and sang those rude patriots the sterling old English ballad, "Hearts of Oak."

There is a section of narrow-gauge railway built out of Bastia, and another out of Ajaccio. They had not especially got into the guide-books as yet. On the long gap from Corte southward, necessary to complete the through line, work was actively progressing. Then there are two important branch lines, one down the flat, malarious eastern coast, and one to Calvi, a prodigious old fortress on a rock in a fertile country, beaten upon almost continually by violent winds. The eastern plain is all being well sown with eucalyptus and with vines and fruit-trees and planted to profitable crops. We made a sharp bend to the west, up the small valley of the Golo. You have an excellent view of the two decisive battle-fields of Borgo and Ponte Novo—but

twelve miles apart—where Corsican independence, as against the French, was first brilliantly successful, and then completely wiped out. It is hard to see how fevers can follow up all the turns of such a fine, fresh, dashing torrent as the Golo, as they are said to do, but the evidence is scarce open to dispute. "If it can be so here," one asks, "then why not in all other mountain districts as well?"

I got off at the village of Ponte Leccia, to make a pilgrimage to Paoli's birth-place of Morosaglia; and so on over the high pass of the Col de Prato, to the springs of Orezza. There are Corsicans who put Paoli almost above Napoleon. It is extraordinary what an interest he excited in his time, when you consider the small scale of his operations. Rousseau, Alfieri, Frederick the Great, and Joseph of Austria were all his friends and admirers, not for political reasons, as Pitt might have been, who aided him against the French, but sincerely. He had much to do with forming the character of young Napoleon, nor would it be difficult, perhaps, to find the influence of this early champion of independence even in our own Washington. This district was the chosen fastness of Corsican insurrection. Its lonesome convents, hidden in the bosom of the chestnut forests, sheltered Paoli and his council of government. The convent at Morosaglia was built by rule of thumb; it is as rude and massive as if dug out of a rock, its only ornament a baroque belfry, typical of its class. You may recall that in 1889 some little stir was made over bringing back the remains of Paoli from London. He died there in 1807, and had a tablet in Westminster Abbey. I had a letter to Canon Saliceti, who was the chief manager of this important affair. He is an amia-

ble enthusiast on his subject, and a descendant of that Saliceti, representative of the people, who arrested Napoleon at Nice, on the eve of his first campaign in Italy. The committee were flatteringly received by the notabilities of England and dined, among others, by the ex-Empress Eugénie; they took the body with pomp through the streets of London, and afterward made a triumphal procession with it through the island.

The monument is not a statue, but the ancestral house in which Paoli was born. It had pretty much fallen to decay. It belonged to a Corsican of high position, Franceschini Pietri, the chamberlain of the Empress Eugénie, and he presented it for the purpose. It is very plain, and, in the restoration, has probably, like Napoleon's house at Ajaccio, been made even better than it was in the time of its owner. He is buried in the chapel. Beside him is a bust, which, like his fine bronze statue at Corte and other portraits, is a pleasant surprise. I was rather prepared for a mountain warrior in goat-skins; on the contrary, here is a gentleman in court ruffles and queue, with a touch of genial humor on his handsome face; you think at the same time of Washington and Garrick. I looked into a poor school at Morosaglia, and, later, into a college at Corte, supported in part by small funds he left them, but both without further interest than that.

You go down at a hand-gallop, on the other side of the pass, into the Castagniccia, the chestnut country *par excellence*. I took pains to taste some of the flour made from the chestnuts, the bread of the poorer people, and found it slightly sweet and very good. The villages peep through the tender, sunny green of the almost unbroken chestnut foliage, and delicate ferns car-

pet all the ground. I dined in company with the Mayor at Piedecroce, and after dinner we went out to look down upon the signal fires which the villagers lit up one after the other in honor of the fête of St. Pierre. The mayor said that as many as two thousand people came to drink the water of Orezza in July and August. It is a very agreeable, sparkling water. There is an extensive bottling establishment in the bottom of the valley. People don't go down there except to drink, but stay at one of the three villages high above. The Baths of Lucca are slightly recalled, but the accommodations are much more primitive and not greatly cheaper than at Lucca.

A Corsican officer at Nice, who gave me a letter, wanted to wager that I would find nowhere in the world a slovenlier city than Corte. I had thought this perhaps was merely his own lack of experience in travel; but he was right. The old capital of Corte is a picturesque crag reeking with filth, which trickles down even into the modern portion, in which some fair improvements have been made. The diligence ride to Vizzavona, to resume the train, is a long five hours' pull, by roads, steep but always good. The people in the villages are small and spare, the women about as often blondish as brunette. The costume cannot be called picturesque; the men wear, almost like a uniform, poor suits of brown corduroy and nondescript cloth caps. You would often confound them with grimy English factory hands. Their corduroy suits are afterward cut down and, in baggy fashion, clothe the children too.

We pass exactly alongside the highest mountains, snow-capped and very Swiss, where Russian Grand-duke George had lately been hunting the wild boar and the

moufflon. On the seat beside me sat a little schoolmistress, who told me a late good bandit story, experienced in her own school-room. Informants on this subject generally begin by declaring that it is all stuff and nonsense, "*des fumisteries,*" in fact, and end by quite naturally relating things that show it to be of frequent occurrence. The vendetta and popular leniency toward assassination are undoubtedly about as common as ever. But it must be borne in mind that the bandit in Corsica is one who is under the ban of the law, and not necessarily, if at all, a robber. I was assured by many that you could go safely from one end of Corsica to the other, at any hour of the day or night, and I am much inclined to believe it. The bandit, you are comfortably assured, should you fall in with him, would befriend rather than injure you, unless you should chance to tell the gendarmes of him.

The famous Bellacoscia outlaws were still at Bocognano, as they have been for forty years, in spite of a new determined attempt of the *Prefet* to break them up. They had a hamlet, flocks, herds, and crops of their own. The *Prefet* had sold off their cattle. At Ajaccio, through fear or sympathy, nobody would buy them, and they were sent to Marseilles. An acquaintance of theirs at Bocognano told me that those men were good to the needy. A poor man could go to them at almost any time and get fifty or sixty francs, or an order on a merchant in Ajaccio for a sack of flour, to be repaid. I don't know whether these orders are honored on the principle of Castriconi, in "Colomba," who wrote certain requests to people—oh, quite without threats; that was not his style—or whether they are a legitimate commercial transaction. One of my drivers, by the

way, claimed to have once driven "Colomba"—the old lady, of Sartene, who passed for the original of that character—in his own stage. He says she was a little old woman, so short that her feet would not touch the floor, so she sat down comfortably upon it; she was illiterate but very intelligent, and had made several journeys to Paris in the course of carrying out her schemes of vengeance.

The pretty valley going down to Ajaccio seemed tame after the Castagniccia. It is cultivated only in spots; the original *maquis* covers most of it. One of the local journals of Ajaccio was complaining indignantly at the ex-Empress Eugénie because she had just bought an estate at Cap Martin, near Monte Carlo, instead of on the Casone there. The Casone is an area, out at the end of the suburban street, the Cours Grandval, where hotels and boulevards have been slightly begun by large companies and abandoned. "Yes, those Bonapartes," said the journal in question, "though they were born at Ajaccio, when they were in power they did nothing for us, and now they still squander their millions elsewhere."

To make this all the more interesting, it should be mentioned that the Casone was presented to the town, by Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch. The grotto of Napoleon's boyhood is out there. It consists of some large smooth boulders, disgustingly daubed over with names, many in red and blue paint, in a way I have never seen approached in iconoclastic America. There is not the slightest attempt made to protect it.

Ajaccio is not embowered in oranges and roses like the Riviera towns, though, on the other hand, its oranges are of much better quality. It is very little embellished as yet; the strangers who come to pass the

winter have not made much impression. The bay, the sea, are charming, and so is the Rue du Marché with the marble statue of the First Consul in a ring of palm trees in the centre; but elsewhere there is much that is unkempt. The climate is capable of producing everything, but, as it is, or used to be, in some parts of Southern California, it has not yet done so. All this time the temperature was delightful; it was summer, but it was not hot; as you walked the wide, dirty promenade of the Place Diamant, under the somewhat scrubby sycamore trees, the sun was warm, but the breeze, coming in from the sea in front, was exactly what you would like it to be.

I was at Napoleon's house about the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The lowest of the three stories is the show apartment, with very dilapidated furniture; the upper two had been occupied by the Princess Marianne, an obscure relative by marriage, who had lately died there. As her effects were being sold off, I was able to secure a small souvenir of the famous homestead, which would not have been so easy on ordinary occasions. The house is still very plain, though it was improved both by Joseph and by Napoleon, after his return from Egypt. It is a part of a block, a high mass of stone and mortar, in a dingy side-street, with no garden, no privacy, no elbow-room. It could never have been possible to keep away from intrusive neighbors, any more than it was in the bullet-riddled Gaffori house at Corte, that other residence of Charles Bonaparte. When all the Bonaparte boys and girls were huddled in here, in their time, it must have been pretty close quarters.

The Bonaparte tradition does not gain sentimentally

here among its earliest memorials. Even the monuments built with everything in their favor are lacking in something. The principal one is by Viollet-le-Duc, on the edge of the Place Diamant, by the sea, and represents the bronze Emperor on horseback, a handsomer sort of Marcus Aurelius, with his four brothers, four kings, marching away at the corners. Their line of direction is said to be straight for St. Helena, and all their backs are turned upon the Place. In spite of Viollet-le-Duc, it seems amateurishly classical, thin, and unreal. But after awhile there begins to be something fantastically striking about all those bronze brothers riding and striding away toward St. Helena, paying no heed to any sublunary things and ignorant of all that lies between. You almost feel as if they were walking in their sleep and ought to be waked up.

CHAPTER XXIV

A NEW PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY, AND TO LONDON, WINDSOR, AND OXFORD

CORSICA in turn was crossed off the list. Corsica would not do. What next? Should it be Italy or England? But Italy would keep, there was no danger that its turn would not come. The presence of some friends in England at the time, together with various half-sentimental, half-business, considerations we indulged in as to the advantage of acquainting ourselves early in the game with the central home of our language and race, inclined the balance to England, at least to the extent of a journey of exploration.

We set out in the latter part of April. The infant prodigy was left in the efficient charge of the kindly Commandant's family, who agreed to send us daily bulletins about his health. These bulletins, of course, sometimes purported to be written by the dear little chap in person. They arrested our attention in our distant journeyings, and tended to abridge them. All other families no doubt have had the same experience, but as it was all in French and so very foreign in every way, it seemed to be endowed with an especial quaintness and charm. To us, Paris, the great capital, often so gay to others, was grimly natural. It took no more pains this time than before to throw any pleasant illusion about us, but was again dark and rainy to the top of

its bent. We looked out a trifle at the Latin Quarter through the closed windows of a cab, then gave up sight-seeing. The weather was everywhere unpromising. S—— remained behind for a visit, and I, for the greater expedition in the quest, crossed the Channel alone.

Canterbury, Oxford, Windsor, that is to say, a cathedral town, a university town, and the most taking of the London suburbs, at the same time a court town, such was my programme, by way of testing the typical English forms of attraction.

Canterbury, twenty-two thousand people. The rooks were cawing in the cathedral close, as they should be in all well-regulated cathedral closes. It is understood that I do not aim to compete in description with the hand-books of many sorts. There were tourists strolling in the interior, but I had nothing in common with them. It was singular but my quest gave me a sort of permanence, even though it should end in nothing. Some ecclesiastics, servants of the noble gray temple, wondered, no doubt, why I stared so hard at the brass door-plates and neat doorways of their houses, around the close. No, nothing there; all given up to prebends and canons. Few bills were out, in the town. A new large house with bath-room at £70? Too new and too dear!

Then to a house agent. He was a prim, staid man, much interested as to my being a responsible person, but having but a meagre list indeed. I recalled a half-forgotten truth so laboriously learned, that it is a work of time and difficulty to discover a suitable habitation in a small, unfrequented town.

That I wanted something old and to a certain extent romantic, goes without saying, something itself a part

of the traditions for which it was worth while to seek such a place. The only thing that faintly promised to come within my conditions was a house on a small street called Best Lane, near the little old church of All Saints, and a short way off "the Igh," or High Street. But when I came to see it, its front was more dingy with soot than age, and it resembled an ugly schoolhouse. It was not yet "done up" within, the repairs awaiting the coming of a tenant; and it was showing its displeasure, after the way of abandoned houses, by dropping its plaster and its wall-paper in shreds on the floor. It was three stories high, large enough and to spare, and quite without "conveniences." It cost £35 a year and the taxes, generally calculated at one-fifth more, amounting to £42 in all, or $210. Its back yard had a little wooden pavilion, which an amateur photographer had used for a work-room, and which partly overhung a brook, or river, the Stour. So far so good; the stream looked too clear and swift to breed any fevers. The cathedral towers were in sight, and there was a touch of quaintness about the rest of the houses in Best Lane. Notably, you could go through a doorway, just below, into a diminutive quadrangle called Best Lane Square, also on the Stour, where half a dozen neat, low, brick dwellings, with lace half-curtains and flower-pots on their window-ledges, gave a pleasant picture of English lower middle-class life.

In brief, Canterbury might do at a pinch,—a very great pinch. Canterbury was noted down. I began to know about what to expect, and to penetrate the obscurity of relative English prices.

I traversed London, this time without stop, going on

to Oxford, sixty-three miles away. We know what Hawthorne has said of Oxford: "It is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it." So it seems almost like wickedness to approach it from the practical side; but should I once begin to talk sentimentally of its green meadows and green grass plots in its quadrangles; of its lovely mellow atmosphere, its rich, gray, sculptured, ivy-clad antiquity, all-pervading, pensive, and haunting, I should never have done, and this valuable treatise on domestic economy must come to a standstill. No, let the problem of a habitation be settled first and then I might be enthusiastic to my heart's content.

It was out of term-time, and, so, quieter than usual. The agent to whom I addressed myself had, strangely enough, lived in America and brought back American ideas. He took me a long stroll, down St. Aldate's Street, past Pembroke and magnificent old Christ Church, and across Folly Bridge, to the Abingdon Road, where he was building some houses of his own. They were houses on the American plan, a block of them, small, neat three-story brick dwellings, with all the conveniences, at £42 a year, inclusive of taxes. They were near the boating facilities, if one liked to indulge in them, Folly Bridge being the centre of activity on the classic Isis. A stretch of marshy meadowland extended in front, which I much fear was completely under water in the winter. There are times when, with the abundance of floods, Oxford is little more than an island in the far-spreading Thames.

But, every question of comfort or price apart, had I come to Oxford to live in a modern American abode? No, what was wanted was a section of a ruined abbey, a moated grange or manor of moderate size, or a her-

mitage, redeemed for modern uses. My agent was puzzled at the taste, for even an American family, who had lately come there, one member with a purpose of study, had said to him, "We want no more old rookeries." And when an American family talks thus, it means a good deal.

He was at a loss, too. What I wanted was not easy to find. Out on the Iffley Road, across the other bridge, the beautiful stone Magdalen Bridge, over the Cherwell, was a shabby little stuccoed house, one of a row, for £48; and then another which was said to be to let, but was not to let at all. I heard that all was modern, in the fashionable northward quarter, near University Park, the direction in which the city is chiefly expanding. The painstaking agent promised to make me up a list. I returned for it at the appointed time, but, if he had any choice things such as I wished, he did not let me know it. There was a large, old, damp, musty house, on New Inn Hall Street, opposite the "Union." It spread widely on the street, had a separate servants' entrance and some wainscoted rooms, but was excessively public in its situation, and was £120 a year. What could not one get in the Riviera for $600 a year!

Then, abandoning agents, I began to look with zeal in the streets about the colleges. I secretly hoped to find something habitable on the High Street, opposite that exquisite porch of St. Mary the Virgin, with its twisted pillars and its statues, or by the grass-plot in Oriel Street, or at that focus of great charm, in Merton Street, where Corpus Christi College and Oriel and the fine gate of Christ Church quadrangle come together. You observe what ambitious ideas. *Bref!*

nothing, nothing! The streets about the colleges are all occupied by either shops or students' lodgings.

It was on this quest that I had occasion to look into some of these lodgings. You see the students' caps, foils, and characteristic knickknacks hung up in some very gloomy, damp, unhealthy interiors. In the worst, the landlord had the assurance to suggest: "The rooms are very h-airy, sir." Men can live anywhere, perhaps, especially those of this fine young breed, so hardened by all athletic sports; but I wished there, as I have wished in university towns nearer home, that the august authorities might abate a part of their learning, throw their erudite science into more practical form, and condescend to the plain duty of making the hygienic welfare of the students their first and most pressing consideration.

I seemed fairly driven at length to the confessedly new quarter, and, taking the tram, from Carfax up St. Giles Street and the Banbury Road, a longish ride, I arrived near University Park. Though driven there, as I say, it did not prove a regrettable fate after all. Comfortable modernness, softened by gardens, by the forever old and forever new caress of nature, has nothing disagreeable in it. The new Margaret Hall, for women, is in that part of the town. The late Prince Leopold, when he was in residence, lived out that way. It is a long way from market—the Prince of course had cared nothing for that—but, on the other hand, you have the tramway, at but penny fares.

To live out there, with venerable Oxford to descend to every day—that seemed a tenable idea, at last, and a good one.

"East Broxley House," so let me call the house,

Norham Road! The other half was "West Broxley," in a stately fashion they have of giving names to dwellings not at all important. A pretty, double brick house, standing free, in considerable foliage, with three stories and mansard, a covered porch, a bay-window to the drawing-room, and all in excellent order, for £54. I saw the other half, charmingly furnished, and thus saw what could be made of it. For such a house in, say, New Haven, Conn., probably $500 or $600 would be demanded—*with* a bath-room, however, which this did not have.

Oxford, forty-five thousand people. Outside of the colleges a small shop-keeping community. The town governed with a Puritanical strictness; no *cafés chantants*, none of the conventional animation of Continental life. It might be rather dull for strangers, in a social way; but that would not dismay us. The legion of generous youth pouring through its streets must give it at least a pleasant surface gayety. Winter, bare and chilly! if you get a cold there, it hangs on as if it would never abandon its grip.

A maid-servant would cost from £12 to £20 a year. Would she wear pretty pink ribbons in her cap, like the one at the Mitre? I fear not. They call the maids-of-all-work "generals." To get a good "general" in England, now, is not as easy as it once was; maids want to be employed by threes together, to cover all divisions of labor. Provisions would cost what I came to call the usual price; there seems to be some law by which beef is about a shilling a pound, and eggs are from a shilling to a shilling and a half a dozen everywhere.

Next, to get our traps over by sea from the Riviera

to London, and by rail from London to Oxford, we must count on an expense, say, of one hundred dollars, and have to count also upon their going back again some day. And then all our railroad fares—for the distance is long—hum! hum! Still, Oxford would do. I distinctly set down that Oxford would do, on that last afternoon when I stood alone in the dim noble quadrangle of Christ Church College. Its bell, famous "Great Tom," pealed out measured chimes with a sort of heart-break in the sweet notes, while the rain fell gently on the rich green grass. Rain was falling too on Merton Fields and rain on Addison's Walk, soaking those lush green meadows and half veiling the deer in the pensive vistas. They pay a price for that delightful verdure, in the ceaseless fall of rain. My thoughts could not but wander back to the orange and rose trees of Villefranche, to the shadow turning round the rod on our sun-dial, to the table set out upon the terrace, and to all the summer days coming back. Still, there was not the slightest doubt that Oxford would do.

The court town and London suburb was Windsor, fifteen thousand people. As a court town I seemed to prefer Versailles, even though its court was gone for a hundred years past. The royal standard on the keep and a few scattering sentries in scarlet did not save the castle from the prison-like austerity its vast masses of gray granite suggest. A renewed acquaintance with the Vandykes, in the somewhat florid state apartments, a jaunt to Eton College, and part way to Virginia Water by the Long Walk constituted my incidental sight-seeing. The town, apart from the castle, is respectable, ephemeral-looking, and without interest. The obliging house-and-estate agent who sent me down to Osborne

Terrace, Osborne Road, is perhaps still looking for me to come back. I had to return the key to an honest man, a butcher or baker, in Frances Road; they left me quite alone in the house. On the way thither you would often be reminded of Orange, New Jersey, or similar quiet, proper American towns. Then there were whole tracts covered with petty brick cottages of a humble order. Not a few of these had ambitious names, such as "Primrose Cottage," "Britannia Villas," and the like, though so poor, shabby, and wretchedly damp that it would be gross flattery to call them even genteel.

Osborne Terrace, £60 a year, was a three-story, "high-stoop," brick, eighteen-foot dwelling, with be-columned portico; iron balcony before the drawing-room window; a patch of yard, with an evergreen, in front, and a long strip at the rear, divided from the neighbors by hedges. It would be a very good house for the money in an American town. The only peculiarity I recollect about it within was that it was all divided into good large rooms, and none of the boxes we call hall-bedrooms. The outlook at both ends of the street was pleasant. To the east, you saw the trees of the Long Walk, where anybody might go and stroll. Those trees were practically leafless still, royal though they were, and, in the matter of long walks, well! a long walk of our own, far to the southward, would insist on seeming superior to all others.

Why speak of London? I looked about there a little, but not with much heart. I was told we could go and live respectably somewhere for a rent of £60. Supposing it had been under the murky glooms of Bedford Park, or some other monotonous flat half-suburb? Would an occasional run in Kew Gardens, when the

heavens did not pour, have been compensation enough? Or suppose we had gone to Hampstead Heath, where I hear there is quite a literary and artistic colony. All the same, we should have been fatiguing miles and miles from everything. The English like to lecture us upon our haste and worry in living; but it seems to me there can be no other spot in the world where such fatigue, such endless travel by rail or cab, are a necessary preliminary to every detail of life, every petty visit, every attempt at profit or pleasure, as in London. Life is almost defeated by its own unwieldiness.

That there is a certain pleasant bustle about it all is undeniable, but would it be a sufficient offset to the rest to learn to swing a knowing umbrella at the "Saville Club," the "Hogarth," the "Cri," the "Seven Bells;" to know how to take the proper 'bus to Hyde Park Corner; to be cheek by jowl with great names, the publishing interest, the new American leaven—with pictures, books, the measures of the day? Would the infant at Villefranche welcome the exchange? Well, hardly.

I see that George Gissing, in that book which embodies so many woful experiences with a vivid appearance of truth, his "New Grub Street," thinks literary men ought not to live in London at all.

"Not after they know it," you hasten to rectify.

I stand corrected; and I shall aspire to know it, then, some time, to the most favorable advantage.

But meantime, nothing seemed to shine in murky London, except an occasional door-knocker. Was one to be content with the gleam of a brass door-knocker when he had been used to the full sun of the Mediterranean? And so it was settled that, if we moved at all, we should move to Italy.

CHAPTER XXV

SPYING OUT THE LAND IN ITALY—FROM PISA, LUCCA AND THE BATHS OF LUCCA TO ROME

I THINK I shall some time write an article on "Travellers' Drivers." On comparing the accounts of journeys, these gentry are found to occupy a remarkable place in the foreground. They agree in general raciness of character, a tendency to quaint sayings, untrustworthy information, and tricky bargaining. But has attention enough ever been given to the extent to which they redeem their faults and make return for value received by filling up the traveller's pages?

Within a fortnight after the return from the English journey, as heretofore described, I set off anew, for Italy, on yet another house-hunting trip. I too had a driver—but I shall postpone an account of him till the article in question, only mentioning here that he told me that, in the place to which we were first bound, houses were not only cheap, but positively given away.

I had left Pisa behind, its famous monuments showing in the distance like some great travelling show turned to stone; and I had left behind the clean little ducal city of Lucca. At Lucca, the Sunday bells chimed in the early morning. You look down from the green ramparts into the gardens of many pretty villas, with marble lions on their gateposts. In one, a troop of Bernini statues, the kind that are all so intensely on

the move, seemed rehearsing among themselves for private theatricals. Yet I had not asked the price of any dwelling in Lucca, and had not even looked at any in Pisa. The country was flat, and the impression of the sixty-three days winter's rain, statistics give it, as against only thirty-six to Nice, was perhaps unduly strong, at this opening stage. There was no resolution arrived at to leave the Villa des Amandiers; in many respects we could hardly hope to find its equal. Still, it is scarce in human nature to rest content with any situation, no matter how pleasant, if a chance remains of bettering it. It seemed, too, in an educational sense, almost a matter of clear duty, to spend the next year in Italy. At any rate, I had set off to spy out the land. The drive was a rather hard one, of sixteen miles up to the Baths of Lucca, in the mountain. The Baths of Lucca is a nice little summer resort, rather fallen from once greater popularity, and we thought it might possibly do for winter also. Its decline in popularity could scarcely harm it in our eyes and for our purposes, but rather the contrary.

The place proved to be a mere secluded vale by a tumbling stream, which would now recall the Catskills and now, with its smooth, civilized walk between two principal villages, Pau or Dinan. There was a deep, lush greenness about it, too, an English look here and there—the doing of former English proprietors who had left behind them some hedges and spaces of green lawn —that most refreshing of rarities in these southerly latitudes. The landlady of the inn told us she had lately had her house quite full only of English and American women, with not a man among them.

A small principal street with shops; a few gray tow-

ers; a crowd of peasants at the bridge, all men; a neat bath establishment; a casino, with a cheerful frieze of musical instruments sculptured all round it; small hotels, and apartments to let, such was the Baths of Lucca. In *spite* of my driver's information, the prices really were cheap. You could have a furnished house, a quiet, restful place, with a grass plot before it, in the centre of things, for 800 francs the season, and not much more, I judged, for the whole of the year. That was the very best there was. The neatest, most taking, on the whole, was an apartment, for 400 francs, in the house of Signora E—— O——. It had four good bedrooms, a salon, and quite a vast dining-room, all very nicely furnished. From the back, you looked out upon a strip of garden, and high up to the third village of the group, cresting the slope of the hill. It was hot that day with a humid, oppressive heat, though but the 11th of May. It would no doubt be cold enough in winter, by way of recompense; but life then, at the far end of so long a drive, could not fail to be almost too hermit-like.

I kept on southward, to Rome, by way of Civita Vecchia. The most surprising feature, after an absence of sixteen years, was the prosperous appearance of those once half-waste and fever-stricken districts, the Maremme and the Campagna. Excellent new buildings and fences, haymakers at work, grain-fields and vineyards, fine cattle and sheep, gave tangible sign of the rise of new Italy, the extent to which the old order was changing. The fresh young kingdom, having made an Italy, had next to make Italians; and it is making them to good advantage, even in the plain about the gates of Rome which immemorial tradition

had taught us to shrink from as poisonous. In crossing the Campagna by the branch railroads to Frascati and Albano, or flying out to charming Tivoli by the steam tramway, continually laden with merry excursionists, you find it full of fragrant hay, and of flocks and herds and their able-bodied keepers. The people, both men and women, look well and content, the children as chubby and thriving, as could be expected even in districts of far better repute.

I did not neglect to seek our quarters too in the suburban villages on the foothills of the Alban and Sabine mountains, within a radius of twenty-five miles of Rome; in Frascati, more spruce and modern, Albano, older and dingier, and Tivoli, apparently protected forever against the commonplace by its site on the grand cliffs, and its temple of the Sibyl looking down upon the foaming milk-like cataracts. And yet what think you was the latest at Tivoli? The cataracts had been made to turn the wheels furnishing power for the motors that were to give Rome a blaze of electric light worthy of the splendid court of the Quirinal.

Villas and apartments were few and far between. As a rule they were furnished, so that it began to look as if the ownership of furniture of one's own might not be such an advantage, after all. Without regard, too, to relative climates and comforts, and judging only by the standard I had left behind me, they were dear. The 350,000 inhabitants of Rome reserve these suburban villages chiefly to themselves and their summer outings, and competition keeps up the prices. A rude, unfurnished villa, near the bridge, at Ariccia, the property of some Roman prince, would have been, if I had taken it, 1,500 francs.

What most nearly tempted me was a large old house at Castel Gandolfo, with a garden at the rear looking across the wide Campagna to misty Rome. It was pleasantly furnished, it is true, but, in front, all the population of the main street crowded up against its doorsteps; and when the local omnibus was off duty, it also seemed to be laid up there. Would it have been put down to a low-priced figure, on that account? Perhaps, but I doubt it. And even if it had been, who can say whether it would have been worth it at any figure? Some put their ideal of comfort in one thing, and some in another; for myself, an important part of it is "elbow-room," the right to be decently let alone. It is not to disrelish one's fellow-creatures to feel in this way, heaven forbid! On the contrary, does not one issue forth with sympathies all the fresher and readier to enter helpfully into their concerns, if he does not collide too closely with them and have their small miseries under his eye at every instant? The country all about was full of charm. There were smooth roads and pleasant footpaths shaded by ancient trees, the old papal palace on top of the ridge, the Campagna on one side and Lake Albano on the other; and a little further on, beyond Ariccia, the smaller Lake of Nemi, as virginal and lonely as if in some primeval forest of America. Yes, other things being propitious, I should have chosen Castel Gandolfo above all.

The new districts of Rome, the great modern upheaval of which we hear so much about, are not immediately obvious to the new-comer upon his arrival, except that of course he sees at once the new quarter of the Quirinal, the latest grand hotel, the fine bustling new thoroughfare of the Via Nazionale, for all these

are on his way in descending from the station. What a delicious glimpse of emerald green garden through the archway of the royal palace! What splendid colossal cuirassiers on guard! It is such a pity that anything unpleasant should have grown out of the coming of the court to Rome, for the royalties are, as royalties go, so good a pair, Queen Margherita is so especially sweet and charming a woman, and Italian unity a cause to be so worthily and genuinely enthusiastic about. By reason of the stimulus imparted by the arrival of the court, there had been a tremendous overbuilding and over-speculation in land. Political movements, the war of tariffs with France, brought on the collapse. In the year 1889 alone, there was a falling-off in exports to the amount of $30,000,000; and $30,000,000 would pay for a good deal of building, either in Italy or elsewhere. Mr. Crawford has well used this dramatic latter-day material in his novel of "Don Orsino."

A certain Prince Borghese, whose ancestor had enriched himself by an earlier building of Rome, was now bankrupted by the same cause. There were said to be whole settlements of new buildings, out at the Porta Pia and the Porta Salara, standing doorless, windowless, and roofless, falling to pieces even before they were finished. One does not wish to profit by the misfortunes of his neighbors, but, since this situation existed, by no fault of ours, I had an idea that we might be driven to install ourselves, at a mere nominal rent, in some grand new suite of apartments, and that we should try to make with a good grace the sacrifice of taste necessary for that purpose.

There was little change in the better portion of old Rome—the portion that tradition has long assigned as

the Strangers' Quarter. Ten chances to one, your friends who go abroad write their letters from the Corso, or the Via del Babuino, or the Piazza di Spagna, or from one or two of the streets up at the top of its vast staircase, on the Pincian. These last were much the best of all, but the apartments were chiefly furnished, for the use of temporary sojourners, and were well charged for, even at American standards. Quarters for permanent occupation were scarce to be had. If you will look at the map, you will see, too, that, in the precinct below, you could not get much sun for any price, for the principal streets run in such a way that it cannot enter the windows. On the Pincian it was different. I should not have minded at all living at number blank Via Sistina or number blank San Trinità de' Monti. The sun, a wide view down the Spanish Steps, a sculptured house, with flowers on its *loggia*, in front, and in five minutes' walk, or so, you could reach the fountain of the Villa Medici, and look off from under the live oaks at the famous sunset view of St. Peter's, or watch the defile of carriages in the park. But one of these apartments was 400 francs a month, and the other 180; and this, you see, was not within our conditions. I was turned back, here, with great reluctance, and only by default of the proper sort of bills "To Let."

The search in Rome was long, not only because, as elsewhere, house-hunting would naturally lapse into sight-seeing, but still more from the quite surprising lack of accommodations. I began to traverse the city vigorously in all directions, leaving the question of salubrity to be settled after a choice, in other respects attractive, had been made. But I found that foreigners

long resident in Rome, acquaintance to whom I brought letters, scouted the idea of any settled portion of Rome being unhealthy. There was one who told me he had repeatedly driven across the Campagna, as late as eleven o'clock at night, while spending his summers at Albano, and had never come to any harm. If everybody could only settle the problem of living in Rome as he had! An American of intelligence, literary culture, and wealth, he had taken an ancient palace by Bramante, and become almost more Roman than the Romans themselves. I do not know that I envied him his severe entrance court, with a few dull shrubs on the staircase,—no glowing oranges, no rosy oleanders, prodigal of fragrance, here!—nor even his spacious chambers, bright with color and attractive with good taste; but when we came to his library, I distinctly did, and do, envy him. What a room, *mes amis*, what a room! Many a public library of much pretence could be contained within it. Books from the floor to the lofty ceiling; a music-gallery at one end, a platform at the other. It might once have been a state banqueting-hall, and yet, vast as it was, it was so skilfully arranged as to have plenty of comfort and even cosiness. If one could not walk up and down there and compose immortal works of genius, it surely would be simply his own fault.

Palaces of lesser size were not to be had, or at least accommodations in them suited to a small family. I had prepared myself to put up with a certain amount of gloom in consideration of historic grandeur, but even this sacrifice was not permitted. The apartments were all very large and expensive, and, furthermore, would be let only for a term of years. I was directed to the

Palazzo Altemps, one of the gray old sort, with heavily barred windows, ancient statuary, and staircase disappearing under a cavernous arch, with a "Hark! from the tombs" effect. There was nothing, the *portière*, or janitor, had nothing, nor did he even know of anything elsewhere. (This was one of the unpromising features, the way people, friends and all, rarely knew of anything.) But stay! yes, he did, and he would have piloted me into a respectable dark alley, where, he said, there was a flat of six rooms, on an inner court. At Bernini's Palazzo Odescalchi, a colossal doorkeeper, in blue livery, conducted me to a business office, on the lower floor, where a bustling young administrator told me he had nothing but an apartment on the second story for 5,000 francs, or $1,000 a year. The only thing I recollect in the department of palaces was a dark appendage of the Palazzo Borghese, in a back street near the river. At first sight of its entrance, with two big brass knockers and without a *concierge*, you would have said, "Here is a quiet, small, studio sort of building which may be made to serve;" but it developed, as you went on and upward, into fourteen chambers and two terraces. It remained nearly as dark within as without, and it had not a single fireplace, which might be taken either as an indication that the winters were very mild, or that the usual inmates did not mind cold.

In the Forum of Trajan they were making over a modern building, and eight rooms on the third floor were 900 francs. The afternoon shadows of the broken columns of the Forum were falling westward to the left hand, which showed that the house faced due north. The square, moreover, seemed too stirring, scrambling, and noisy; it did not pay the least attention to the ruins

in its midst. How many streets I traversed looking longingly at the southern exposures! In vain: others had been there before me. You know that in Italy, if the sun does not come into your house, the doctor must. But it is hardly reasonable to expect that the inhabitants should have kept their best locations free for the convenience of a desultory traveller. Do we not all know of persons at home, who have waited even for years for some desirable house, and who, when they have secured it, hold on to it thereafter with a ceaseless jealousy of vigilance?

In the wide piazza of St. Peter's, north again! If you had felt like clambering up to the fifth story of a good large house, stuccoed and yellow-washed, you could have had six rooms for a monthly rental of 90 francs. This was proportionately dearer than at Paris. The staircase was marble, wide, bright, and easy, but not very clean, and a janitor worked at shoemaking in a varnished pine box at the foot. It is true that the rear windows must have got some southern sunshine, as the front faced north, but these were in only the minor chambers, and opened above a large court where much washing hung out. They had also a glimpse of green Mount Janiculus. Fancy having a view of Mount Janiculus from one of your windows, and the soft, beautiful grandeur of St. Peter's from another! I need not dwell upon this. I might make a similar exclamation almost everywhere, for each separate quarter had its monument of world-wide fame which irresistibly became a centre for the quest. Not to yield to any mere prejudice, I even tried the vicinity of the Colosseum. The Colosseum closed in one end of the street, and an omnibus passed the door for St. John Lateran. Though

the houses were new and good, their interior finish was rude and harsh and the rooms were few in number. They were such as might be adapted to superior working-men or minor clerks.

Then, at last, I sought the freshly built parts of Rome in which people were said to have ruined themselves. I went from the Dan of Porta Pia to the Beersheba of Prati di Castello, from the Land's End of St. John Lateran to the John O'Groat's of the Villa Ludovisi. I say nothing against the twelve-room apartment in the pink and yellow six-story house, on the Via Principe Amadeo, except that it was twice too big for us, and that it was 3,000 francs. The royal House of Savoy has been honored by giving the name of each of its members to a wide, trim, vacant, characterless street, here on the resuscitated Esquiline. I ruled out entirely the abandoned, roofless, and doorless dwellings—which, after all, were very few. However cheap they might be in themselves, they surely were not practicable for just such a family as ours.

"Why do you not go to the Villa Ludovisi?" was a question that had been often asked me, and to the Villa Ludovisi I went, as I have said. It is in the north part of the town, back of Hawthorne's famous church, the Cappuccini. It was once the garden of Sallust, and then a seventeenth-century villa, with a famous collection of pictures and statues. The region was all a dusty chaos of preparations. The clink of the mason's hammer and the pitfall of mortar-beds were on every hand. It was all as ugly as possible, and it was not even cheap! In the first place, there were scarce any bills out; and in the next place, if you found, say, a *mezzanino*—the French *entresol*, or half-story—in some huge, windy,

granite tenement house, it was straightway 170 francs a month. The Prati di Castello was worse yet, for there they asked just as much, for the same number of rooms—eight—in the same kind of a house, but on the top story instead. Surely demand had again overtaken supply, or else the prices had been so forced up in Rome that people could not afford to come down again, even when they were ruined.

You cross to that side of the Tiber by crude iron truss bridges that make a grievous contrast to the rich old bridge of St. Angelo, covered with its statues. The banks of the Tiber look as if a new sack by Alaric or the Constable of Bourbon were going on, and the reconstruction is worse than the demolition. It would be childish to object to much-needed reforms which let in light and air, sanitation and convenience; but what is truly regrettable is that these should be presided over by some influence wholly at war with the great and beautiful traditions of the past. Whence comes this latter-day design, this poor, thin, cold, ephemeral architecture, with scarce a string course, and without a deep shadow or a sky-line? It produces rows of monotonous, factory-like, stuccoed buildings, riddled with small windows, and cold, bare streets and squares without a single ray of interest. Wherever the style first comes from, it is curious to note the wide extension it gets, for this is the same sort of thing you see at present in Madrid and such large provincial cities of France as Lyons and Marseilles. One is half driven to the conclusion that the Latin temperament is in full reaction against its past, and that it has been old and artistic so long that it now takes a perverse pleasure in being new and ugly. Rome might be justly compared to a pretty

woman ignorant of her own principal point of charm, and trying hard to suppress it. Rome, being above all other things ancient, seems to pride herself above all other things on being modern.

No, we did not see on Palatinus the white porch of our home, and we did not speak, on terms that were to become those of daily companionship, to the noble river that rolls by the walls of Rome. We had been prepared to stand a considerable advance in price, to allow ourselves the luxury of living in Rome. I think we might have taken a small apartment on the fine Via Nazionale that had been a bachelor senator's, if we could have fitted it. I was told, however, that even the society, the foreign society in Rome was no longer what it used to be, in the days of tradition. People do not find Rome "the city of the soul" to the same extent as formerly; they come and stay a short time as sight-seers, and move on to live somewhere else.

The place I liked best of all, which was also the nearest within our means, was one in front of the glorious Campidoglio. It looked out on the two great staircases —the one at the left leading to the old brick church of Aracœli; the central one to the colossal Dioscuri mastering their horses, thoughtful Marcus Aurelius on his charger, and Michael Angelo's Capitol, that treasure-house of ancient sculpture. I had had a large photograph of that scene on my walls nearly all my life, and I should have been glad to make a living reality of it. On that oldest hill of Rome, with all the rest, you found bright painters' bits, as the officers of the Guardia Civile lounging in the angles of Aracœli, and, going on a step, you contrasted the old red brick of the church against the chief district of the classic ruins below, and

the prospect of the distant blue Alban Mountains. The place seemed to combine everything. It even made the first provision that had offered for the infant son, in the little street that zigzagged up hill and became a pretty park, near to all that is still left of the Tarpeian Rock. There was no bill out on that apartment, but I had got in the way, by that time, of applying even at places where there were no bills out.

But what think you now? the apartment could not be seen, I could judge of it only by hearsay, and it would not be vacant before October, and perhaps not even then.

CHAPTER XXVI

FOR AND AGAINST FLORENCE, SIENA, PERUGIA, AND VENICE

I HAD at no time thought of going any farther south than Rome. Inclement north winds pursue you in winter even to Capri and Palermo. If you took up your abode in the fascinating island of Capri, you might find yourself cut off from the mainland by raging gales for a week at a time. You have to go down as far as Catania, on the slopes of Etna, to be really comfortable in winter, and that was much too far. By that time, you are well on your way to Malta and Egypt, and, if climate be the chief object, you might as well continue yet further.

So I turned northward again. I shall only say of Siena, where there is usually some English colony, that the people I had chanced to know who had tried it spoke in an aggrieved way of its penetrating cold and dampness. That this cannot logically be given as a sufficient objection will be seen later on, but for the moment it was sufficient. Perugia I crossed off at once. If we were to be led to pedestrianize to the other Umbrian towns round about,—of which there is so taking a view from the chief piazza—we could never endure, on each occasion, to have to descend and ascend again, by the glaring road, that interminable hill. Of the town, too, and the sitting statue of Pope Julius, it is rather the beau-

tiful genius of Hawthorne that has made them, than they themselves. There was a quaint incident in progress at the time, making what was possibly an unusual stir of life. The *carabinieri* had killed the dog of an innocent fellow, in the belief that the animal was mad, and the owner, having no journal at his command, was distributing printed handbills all over town to vindicate the memory of his dog and bring opprobrium upon the ruthless slayers.

Florence is another of those places which are supposed to have been ruined by the royal court. A period of over-inflation was caused by the coming of the court, which collapsed on its departure to Rome. Such is the story, and you are constantly hearing that you can have lodgings there for a song; you would almost think it was a sort of Tadmor of the wilderness. But observe that the court departed for Rome some twenty years ago, and there has been plenty of time since for things to equalize themselves. Florence is certainly cheaper than Rome, but the cheapness is relative, after all. The population do not flock in mass to put their dwellings at your disposition, as the unsophisticated may suppose, and to beg you to take them at any price. If I should detail all my experiences there, it would make a long catalogue, but I saw no real *bargains* such as I have had occasion to mention in several of the French towns. And yet how more than ever relative it is, when you think of all the different tastes and requirements! I am aware that it is quite inexcusable to put our own so much in the foreground. It is one problem if you want to have the Uffizi, the Duomo, and the Academy, that contains Michael Angelo's David, within easy reach, and quite another thing if you have seen the great gal-

leries about enough, and are almost to be satisfied with climate alone.

English influence is apparent in Florence. It is recalled to you by the three churches, and by the racing-shells you see dart out occasionally from the arches of the Ponte Vecchio. There is a bright spruceness about the approaches to some of the apartments. More care seems given to "modern conveniences" than in Rome; fixed bath-tubs are not wholly unknown, and kitchens are often at the top of the house, to let off the smoke and odors inoffensively. The *villino* at Florence supplies to a small extent the call for detached houses. On the Viale, the boulevard around the town, and various other broad avenues it crosses, are places so devoted to *villinos*, in their shady dooryards, that you might half fancy yourself in New Haven or Cleveland. The *villinos* are occasionally arranged for two families, and the proprietor often desired to remain below and keep the garden to himself. One of them would not receive a child on any terms, not even the most winning, tranquil, and exceptional one on the face of the earth. It was our very first hint of such limitations. Would it ever be credited when I should report it back at the Villa des Amandiers? would there be Junonian wrath, maternal scorn and resentment? I should rather think so.

American influence, of course, is counted in with the English, in Florence, though here too the permanent colony does not seem to be what it has been in other days. To sum up, a fairish apartment would cost from 1,200 to 1,800 francs a year, a figure for which you could make yourself very much more comfortable in or about Nice. At those prices, you could either be lo-

cated remote from the centre, in the Via Montebello, near the public gardens, or in a part of a *villino* by the Mugnone, a little tributary of the Arno, or, centrally, on a fourth story in the handsome Via Cavour. A first story in the same Via Cavour was 2,800 francs. It is true that it had an escutcheon over the doorway, and sixteen rooms, of which two were kitchens. It was hard to see why there should be two kitchens, especially in these days when Mr. Edward Atkinson, with his Aladdin oven, promises to spare us the need even of one, but so it was.

Turning to the country, I did not find it so pleasing in vegetation, and, what was stranger yet, I did not find it a whit more Italian than what I had left behind me. How often is one driven to think that it is the Riviera which is the true Italy! That warm, sunny zone corresponds more nearly than any other to the enthusiastic descriptions of travellers and poets, and has fixed our conceptions of what Italy should be. The view of Nice from the Col de Villefranche seemed to me finer than that of Florence from Fiesole. The climb to Fiesole is much like that from Nice to Cimiez, only longer, steeper, dustier, and the roadway is far more shut in between indefensibly high walls. When Boccaccio and his friends were weaving their tales, at the Earl of Crawford's villa, on this road, they could not have wanted to go into Florence very often, even apart from the great plague, unless they had excellent horses. When the lofty village is reached, it is a steep climb again to the point of view, at the Franciscan monastery.

Surely the stars in their courses were fighting to retain us at the Villa des Amandiers. It is replied to those who lament the difficulty of getting literary fame,

that, if it were not difficult, it would not be fame. So, I suppose, if it were not so difficult to find in the storied lands of Europe, or anywhere else, an inexpensive home with sufficient charm to almost defy wealth and luxury, it could not be half so much appreciated when found. It would be a defeat of the "Haves" by the "Have-nots," a reversal of the laws of political economy which prevail on one side of the ocean as well as on the other. It has been abundantly seen, by this time, that the object was to be attained only by long and arduous labor, aided too by very good luck.

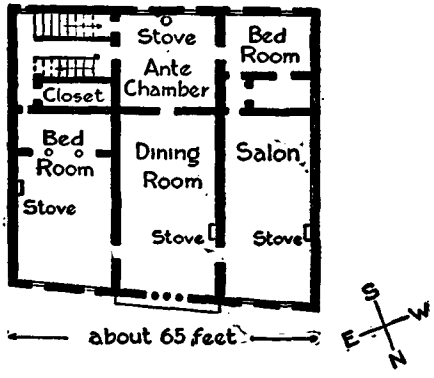
There was an instructive difference in the causes, though the result—the shortage of desirable dwellings—was everywhere pretty much the same. My next important attempt was at Venice. I venture to say, you would, on general principles, have wagered on there being better chances in Venice than anywhere else—in old Venice, mouldering on its miles of labyrinthine canals, the city that had once had 200,000 people, and then dwindled to 96,000. But go house-hunting there, and you will find, with unwelcome surprise, that it has perhaps fewest openings of all. Apart from the liberal provision of dear furnished lodgings for the strangers who come to pass a month or two in the spring and autumn, there is very little to choose from. Nor is this any mere fiction of interested house-agents. Venice has got back now a population of about 140,000, and, allowing for the buildings that have disappeared in the mean time, is none too large for her inhabitants. Her day of prosperity has returned. Her position as a chief port of the new kingdom of Italy, the revival of a natural commercial advantage, and other favoring conditions have made her a great shipping mart, a manu-

facturing town, and a popular bathing-resort. It has a decidedly American ring when people cite to you the manufacturing concerns that have lately moved here, and the number of hands each employs.

The Grand Canal begins to take on a very commercial look; large signs are out upon the palaces in a way that recalls the march of trade up Fifth Avenue, New York. A few Englishmen and Americans who purchased homes on this thoroughfare, years ago, unwittingly joined a shrewd business speculation to their choice of residence. Among such residents are the Brownings; the Rezzonico palace will be forever identified with their name. No royalty whatever has nobler accommodations than Browning's son, the artist, in this palace, which is possibly kept up now with greater perfection than in its own historic day. A vast ball-room and interminable suites of reception-rooms, hung in figured silks, strike you with astonishment. Again, as before in the library I have mentioned at Rome, one wonders at the niggling taste of the American rich, at home, who will not do this grand and simple sort of thing, but lavish millions on houses like Chinese puzzle-boxes, covered with a chaos of chimney-stacks and dovecotes. Smooth beauty within contrasts with a fortress-like ruggedness without; for the palace is of an almost cyclopean Renaissance, and not the gay, rosy Byzantine-Gothic which Ruskin and the painters have almost made our ideal of Venice. Huge embossed heads stare from the massive quoins, and the walls are so thick that a comfortable bed could easily be made up on the window-sills.

I will describe two of the typical abodes I looked at in Venice, one large and one small. Everybody, at

first, wishes to be on the Grand Canal; then, after a sufficient experience of it, is willing to try some of the sheltered *campi* or quays of the interior. The first, then, was an apartment in a large sober palace on the Grand Canal. Need I say, again, that it looked northward? It had belonged to an American consul-general, who, having given up his post elsewhere, proposed to settle in Venice, as the place that pleased him best in all the world. He had tired of it and left his apartment for rent, and it was recommended to me by a competent judge, as the most reasonable thing he knew of in all



AN APARTMENT IN VENICE.

Venice. That the tendency of rents was upward will be seen from the fact that the present price was but 1,600 francs, but it was specified in the lease that a renewal would be granted only at the rate of 1,700.

The apartment was the one immediately above the *piano nobile*, or principal story, and scarcely less large and lofty than that. The *piano nobile* itself is hardly ever let, but is kept for the proprietor. As there is also a high ground floor, devoted to water-entrance, storage

of the surplus furniture of gondolas and the like, and to sleeping-chambers for the gondoliers, you have already a length of bare stone staircase to climb equal to a third or fourth story in Paris. A large antechamber, with a carved and gilded wooden altar from some old church, against one wall, opened into a great dining-room, and this in turn, on either hand, into a salon and principal bedroom. I paced the distance, and none of the three chambers varied far from thirty-six feet by twenty-one. The length of the bedroom was broken by an archway, giving a pleasant alcove. I at once opened the casement windows, which fitted ogival arches without. They were so high above the floor that a platform had been built to reach to them. A balcony all along the front was found to be too narrow to enter comfortably, and was intended chiefly for external ornament.

"O, *la bella situazione!*" commendingly exclaimed the elderly factotum who came with me, to do the honors, and it was perfectly easy to agree with him. "*Cospetto!*" he added at his leisure, which is like, "Good gracious! I should say so."

I have sometimes, since then, tried to fancy our being there, shut in for want of solid land to walk on, and looking out at the rich, red, Byzantine palace and charming little house—with a bit of garden before it—across the way, and at the tramway steamers darting swiftly to the station of San Toma; or again, in winter at the rain pelting incessantly into the leaden canal, or the snowflakes falling upon it, or the bitter winds harrying it. I turned back to see what was in the rooms. All the floors were of the usual polished Roman cement, the doors were of some rather elegant hard wood, while the walls and ceiling had lost whatever distinction they

once had, and were covered with a cheap paper of ordinary design. Three monumental stoves (for burning wood) in tiles or tinted plaster, partly took away the bareness of the rooms; and the dining-room was furthermore helped out by two great canvases, some twelve feet square, showing, all in tones of faded green, two ancient Palladian villas with their gardens. At the first blush, the problem of furnishing such a huge place seemed terrifying; but, on reflection, I am convinced that it need not have been. Hangings would have done everything for the vacant walls, and in our day charming hangings are no longer dear. On the whole, our effects would have gone very well in there, and we should at least have been something of a protest against the Anglo-Saxon vice of over-furnishing and dreadful stuffiness.

The problems of heating and lighting were more formidable. Our lamps could have penetrated that ample gloom but little. You could hardly dine a friend under such circumstances; and the evenings at home promised to be dull, when we were not listening to the music in the piazza or taking ices at Florian's. And all that is in default just at the time of year when you would need it the most. Going back to Venice, later, in midwinter, to verify these impressions, I found snow mountains high all over the piazza of St. Mark's, as in an American blizzard; the shopping thoroughfare of the Merceria was ankle-deep in slush; and our consul told me that he had never known any other climate where the damp cold penetrated so thoroughly to his marrow as here.

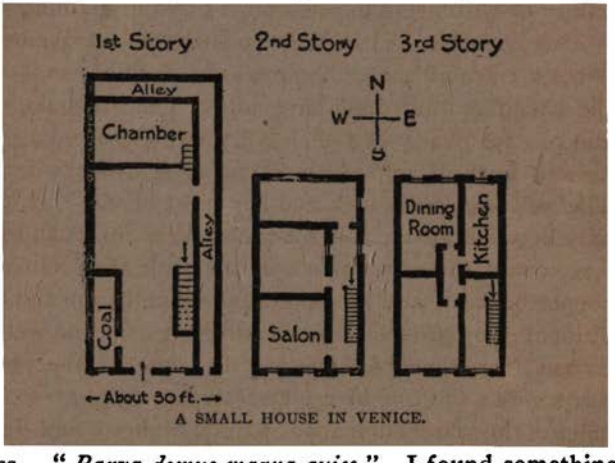
The southern sun came into the kitchen and some other minor rooms, at the rear, from a court. You

will see no kitchen on the plan I have made. The kitchen was down a half-story, with a whole series of small rooms for which we should have had no use at all. It had only two charcoal holes for cooking, and the water must be pumped up daily from below. These half-stories are managed in the height of the larger ones; for, naturally, there is no need of all the rooms being as lofty as those in which you receive the Queen of Cyprus or the ambassadors of the Ottoman Porte. Another half-story, up, was a great, brick-floored attic which would have made a magnificent play-room for children. Higher still, on the top of the roof, is often a wooden lookout, from which you can command all the red-tiled roofs of the city, and the snowy Venetian Alps. It is an excellent idea, for the preservation of privacy, in Venice, that they give each apartment its separate street entrance. The palace is entered on all sides, from all sorts of dark little streets. The drawback is that all but the principal tenant are cut off from arrival by the grand water-portal, which is something in which one would naturally take a good deal of pride.

I have not room for the subject of the landlords I met. One was a Parisian *grande dame*, with an exceedingly shrewd business talent, another was a Venetian widow, who held that she did not know how to bargain, and I rather think it was so. Another was a stately ecclesiastic in silk stockings, who offered me his apartment, of twenty vast rooms, in absolutely neat, perfect condition, and absolutely vacant of everything, for 2,500 francs; but it must be taken for six years at least, and he would much prefer nine. There is a curious habit, as in Spain, of estimating rent by the day, no matter how long the period is for which you are to pay

it. I repeatedly heard rents divided up into ten francs, two francs and a half, and the like, per day. The Jewish element is strong among the landlords; it is said that one-third of the property in Venice is owned by the Jews.

It would be much easier, I am sure, to imagine a palace in Venice than a small private house. I had not forgotten my wish for a house apart, even in the queen city of the Adriatic, and I pursued it persistently—the more so as the apartments proved so large and cheer-



A SMALL HOUSE IN VENICE.

less. "*Parva domus magna quies.*" I found something at last on the Calle della Donna Onesta that I hoped might be made to do. North again? no, south this time. It was curiously backed up against another house at the rear, after a mediæval fashion, so that the rear windows of two of its three chief stories were blocked. You would hardly expect the luxury of a dooryard in Venice, and there was none, but there was an alley at the right, which gave side windows. The rent was very

low, but forty francs a month, which would allow us such a margin for improvements that we might make ourselves very comfortable. It was a good, wide, Dutch-looking house, of red brick, with stone string courses, a door in the middle, entered from the level, and green shutters on all the windows. A hundred yards or less separated it from the Grand Canal, and there was a rather pretty glimpse of it from the corner. It would have made a satisfactory water-color, to send home, and who of us is free from some small prompting of the vanity of wishing to impress others by our actions?

This house had absolutely no modern improvements —not a trace of one. There was no fireplace in it, but the cheap rental would have allowed us to make one and pay for plenty of fuel. All water was from a public well in the Campo San Toma, a few blocks away. The well was under lock and key most of the day, and only between seven and nine A.M., and three and five P.M., could the servants go there, with their clinking copper buckets, and gossip around it, and form the traditional *genre* groups. We should have used the well of course, from time to time, for the sake of the picturesqueness; but one of my first steps was to go to the office of the water company, at the Traghetto San Benedetto, and see what the good *aquadotto* water, from the Brenta, would be put in for. I found the expense was not great. Nor would the expense have been great for the gas, as its pipes almost passed the door. There is a pleasant incongruity in talk of putting in gas and water, in Venice, but as romantic things may become almost commonplace by too long familiarity, so even the commonplace things of life abroad take on a certain romance.

I would have embellished the ground floor, all one large, bare, dampish room, where we never would have had to stay, with warm pink color, and some bold, cheap hangings. Its pavement was broken red marble. After having first been something better, it had been a baker's shop, I think, for I discovered an oven at the back. I would have put a brass knocker on the green entrance-door, something artistic, from over among the makers of gondola-fittings, on the other side, and it would have been becoming and Venetian to have some lemon yellow in the window curtains, by the green shutters. A good platform staircase led up to the various stories, and the corridor was of a pleasant, country-like width. As the kitchen was in the top of the house, we should have made our dining-room next it. There were no existing traditions as to arrangement, and we could have divided up the rooms to suit ourselves. We should have had a boat of our own, and kept the oars and awning in the vacant entrance story. We should sometimes have rowed to the Rialto, which was but a short distance away, and brought back our own marketing. There was always a great display of provisions at the Rialto, and I was told, by an informant of experience, that nowhere else in the world could one live so cheaply as in Venice. The wondrous Archives and the Academy of Fine Arts were but a few steps distant; and we had only to go to the ferry, close by, to be set down in ten minutes by the tram-boats, at the piazza of St. Mark's. All the rich opportunities of Venice, in pictures, libraries, "subjects," and the cosmopolitan people who came there, were near at hand. And in our own house, too, "away from the pulling and the hauling," we should have enjoyed in an especial manner the great water city

where not even the rattle of a single cab ever breaks the silence.

Well, we did not do it. Would not the baby, D——, have fallen into the canal before our door? Were the bad smells, from the tide in the canals and all the things floating in them, really as harmless as their apologists maintained? Would the enervating lassitude of the long period of summer heat yield to habit, or, if not, what considerable part of our income should we spend elsewhere in avoiding it? And *should* we escape "the pulling and the hauling," after all? The last I saw of our fancied home, I looked back upon a convention of bareheaded mothers in Israel and urchins, from the dense neighborhood of the School of San Rocco gathered before it, and those Roccoco urchins were wrangling in its very doorway, over some fish they had just hooked up out of our tributary canal.

CHAPTER XXVII

SIX MONTHS IN A PALAZZINA AT VERONA

ALL was duly noted down for final reference—and the question settled itself within half a day after leaving Venice.

Verona was *en route*, and Verona was a charming provincial city where I had once passed some time. This visit was meant to be one of reminiscence and sentiment, yet there used to be a house there where I fancied I should like to live, and I went to see it. There is now a brisk stir of modern life in the city of Romeo and Juliet. The approach to the house, on the hill of San Lorenzo, under the white Austrian forts, had been cut across meantime by a new railway to Lake Garda, and besides, there was no sign now—any more than before—that the house was to let. But there was another, so quaint and original, so charmingly situated, and, with all the rest, so fascinatingly cheap, that it seemed hardly possible to hesitate. It was the Palazzina Giusti, on an upper terrace of the large garden of the same name, which travellers visit, as one of the spectacles of the interesting town. You have only to look in Baedeker to learn something of the garden. A mention of it has even crept into that rhetorical tale, Guy Livingstone.

"The cypresses in the trim old garden," says the book, "soaring skyward till the eyes that follow grow

dizzy,—the trees that were green and luxuriant years before the world was redeemed."

There is a stump of one of these cypresses that dates back fourteen hundred years, and there are a great number of four or five hundred years old. The Palazzina dominated a stretch of ancient parterres and statuary, and the stairway climbed to it through an alley of the venerable cypresses and disappeared in the mouth of an enormous head, cut out of the solid rock. On the other side, its exit and practical gate for every-day use was on a street that had once been a pilgrimage way to some holy church, while beyond, close by, passed the old brick city wall, with a basis from the time of the Romans, and scars upon its battlements from all the conflicts of the Middle Ages. Verona was our walled town *par excellence*, which went far to still the craving for that peculiar sort of gratification. The ruddy notch-battlemented walls, with a quiet green promenade inside, ran up hill and down dale in the most taking way, and, quite superannuated though they now are, sentry-posts of *bersaglieri* still mount guard by the towers.

The pavilion seemed even more attractive to me than the main palace of the Counts Giusti, below. "Palazzina" again would sound well at a distance. I asked the amiable gardener below if it were habitable.

Yes, he said, lifting one arm toward it with a comprehensive gesture we were to see him much employ, later, as he directed inquiring friends where to find us, the widow of a German officer and two daughters had occupied it lately, and had only left it because the healthy situation had given them such appetites, Signore, such an over-florid robustness that they were actually obliged to go away in self-defence.

This unique credential was hardly necessary, at least the house was habitable.

Returning to our home at Villefranche-sur-Mer, by way of Turin and then a pass over the little-travelled Alpes Maritimes, it was a whiff of the breath of orange blossoms, coming up the valley, six or eight miles above Ventimiglia, that first gave the new conclusion pause. It was the land of Mignon's song once more, and its potent charm promised to be but the stronger for the brief season of absence.

The Villa des Amandiers was at its best. The shadow of the cliff no longer fell upon the long walk, except in a measure most agreeable for shade. The wild flowers that had sprung there in the winter had now given place to a new series, to iris, narcissus, poppy, primrose, and crocus. Each kind lasts a long time, for there is no sudden forcing out in that climate, by fierce heat, and as sudden drying up. Our farmer was grafting orange buds on a wild stock. Sometimes, to issue forth in the fresh morning, and see the opening blossoms, seemed worth far more than all the antiquities of Rome. Cherry-time was at hand. We had bought a horse, to jog about the pleasant country, and had meant to explore, that summer, the small Alpine resorts to which many of the well-to-do of Nice retire, as San Dalmazzo, Saint-Martin-Lantosque, and Berthemont. The winter hardships were all over, and the long, pleasant season for dining on our terrace was before us. Why move at all? We summed up Rome, Venice, Florence and the rest, and decided that they were places to go to only as travellers and we were within easy striking distance of them all.

We decided to remain, only saying that we must seek

another location for winter, where we could have the sun to his very latest ray, which is by no means easy to find. But hardly was this decision entirely settled when the opposite one was precipitated by an untoward circumstance.

The rift in our lute, the drawback and latent threat in our situation, all along, had been the little abode that stood vacant on our terrace, opposite our door. It was never meant to be occupied except by inmates of the large villa, or by some one agreeable to them. I had ornamented it as part of our general *motif*. It had had such tenants, I have said, as an artist known to fame, a picturesque old abbé, and a young officer of *chasseurs*, and we were hoping for other such. But, without warning or redress, the agent suddenly popped into a numerous peasant-like family, to pass the summer. It was not the fault of these worthy neighbors if they conducted all their domestic operations on the terrace: they could hardly do otherwise; there was no room for them inside. They used to invite the hostlers and caretakers of the Commandant, who had by this time gone away with his troop to the mountains, to festivities and merriment which would surely have been innocent enough could they only have been indulged in half a mile away. We could not enter into a competition with them in trampling down the grass, for it was ours; nor in clamor, nor in casting out vegetable-parings, which would very likely have been taken only as a sign of pleasant sociability. There was nothing for it but to beat a retreat.

First, I had to get a certificate of change of residence from the mayor of our commune, setting forth that I would take with me to Verona my household effects, as

per a detailed list annexed, that they might not have to pay duty. This was next legalized by the name and seal of the Italian consul-general at Nice.

We got up at daybreak, one morning, the villa was dismantled, and everything was on board the train by eleven o'clock, and our car sealed up with a lead seal. It cost about twenty-five dollars for the things, on the "car-load" plan, and the transportation took nine days, which we passed in a little journey. Thus ended the pleasant chapter of life at the Villa des Amandiers.

Arrived in Verona, I presented myself, with a proper sponsor, at the stately city hall, opposite the Roman amphitheatre, the grand guardhouse of old Venetian rule, and the battlemented gate of the Visconti. I furnished the mayor's assistant with numerous particulars about myself and family, which were duly recorded, and we were granted permission to make our domicile in Verona. I then proceeded with my papers to the custom-house, which was in a suppressed convent, next the old brick-and-marble church of San Fermo. I translated into Italian in full the list of my effects, swore, signed, countersigned, duplicated and reduplicated documents, then hurried away for more of the same thing at the branch custom-house in the railway station, and was finally able to take my goods away from the latter, just at the closing hour of three.

One of the amusing features of the hegira was the transformation our name underwent in the various documents, of which I have kept a collection. A common form of it was "Bisoph," to which I was already well used. But generally a family name was not deemed necessary, or else it was indistinguishably mixed up with the others. Thus I was often "Signor William

Henry," or simply "William," or, again, "Villiam Enrico." One's ancestors enter into the transaction, and, having had to give my father's name and my mother's, I found the former curiously attached to mine in the extreme form of evolution, Signor "Bishop d'Elias." Surely a very pretty distance that from the original—with an idea in it for such as are anxious to secure high-sounding pedigrees, which would have the sanction of official documents.

I suppose there was hardly ever a greater tugging, straining, and swearing, since the hauling of war material to the battlements for those tyrant princes the Sca-

THE PALAZZINA GIUSTI.

ligers or Theodoric the Great, than in getting our two bulky drayloads of effects up the steep incline and along the secluded grass-grown lane to our gateway. The ancient fortifications closed in one side, and garden walls, almost as lofty, the other. At one place, there even had to be a partial unloading; an old arch, sprung across the way at an awkward angle, seemed to bar it entirely, and its abutments were passed only by a hair's-breadth.

It was the 24th of July, and though I had been inclined to think this new post of ours, on its bold foot-

hill, with grand snow mountains in sight over toward Lake Garda and in all the views northward, could not be warmer than what we had left behind, how hot, how very hot it was, with a heat of a totally different quality! We were deposited, with all our belongings, upon our large brick terrace, and left to the task of settling the house! Our welcome privacy here was purchased somewhat at the expense of the refreshing currents of air we needed. A very high rear wall was a veritable reverberatory of heat. An awning was soon stretched over the terrace, but it was a large space to cover, and the awning was always being thrown out of gear, or split and carried away by thunderstorms.

But the delightful prospect should be and almost was compensation enough. All Verona, every ruddy tower and church spire, was constantly under our eyes, to be studied and made familiar at our leisure; all the windings of the Adige; all the pretty villages; and, beyond them, Mantua and other cities of the plain that, later, were to be a theatre for our wanderings. And beneath our parapet, as if the principal pasture for our eyes, the labyrinths, statues, and parterres of the Giusti garden which had brought us there, were not quite enough, a part of the immediate foreground was a convent garden, to which the nuns, in a pretty costume of blue and gray, used to come for recreation, and to till the ground, and where they used to chatter and make merry like a flock of sparrows.

The lower floor of the Palazzina was comprised all in one fine, large room, which was used both as salon and dining-room—when we did not dine upon our terrace, which I must concede was here but seldom. The story above contained a large hall and four rooms, of

one of which we made a cosey sitting-room and study. It had a curious, ancient, goblin-like little iron stove; but in winter, this proving insufficient, the proprietor replaced it with a prodigious stove of brick and mortar, which took six men to bring it up from the palace below. It was a good deal like moving a chimney. A mason spent half a day in plastering up its crevices. We had a similar one in the salon, and both of them burned wood, at two francs the hundred-weight.

The kitchen, a small building by itself, was across the terrace. It had a very wide Dutch window that would have greatly pleased a painter, and into the metal grating that protected it all Verona was wrought like a pattern of tapestry. The cooking was done here by means of crane and tripods, over fagots, on a broad hearth, of precisely the kind at which we see Cinderella in the picture. Contrary to expectations, housekeeper S—— found much good in these primitive appliances, and said that the wood made a readier and hotter fire than coal.

The servant question naturally pressed for immediate solution. A stately sort of woman, in Spanish mantilla, who had been employed by the Franceschine nuns below, came to seek the place. She was totally incapable of comprehending that we could not wait for her for ten days. What was to become of us in the mean time was no affair of hers; the important thing was that she wanted the place and would take it in ten days. A certain "Giacinta" was then secured to come in by the day for the cooking and heavy work. She was a stout, smiling, willing girl, faithful according to her lights, but easy-going and shiftless to a degree. She had most extraordinary equanimity of temper; with her every-

thing was always well. The amount of wages seemed to give her no concern; no rivalry upset her; no extra demands, no tugging of heavy supplies up from the market, ever appeared to her inconvenient or inopportune. Next, we got for nurse-maid a thin, blonde, German-looking girl, from the province of Mantua, rather cross-grained and moody, but more efficient than the other. Upon her trunk when she came was neatly lettered, by some accomplished friend, "*La Gentilissima Signorina* Melania So-and-so." Melania's pay was ten francs a month with board, and Giacinta's was twenty, without. These were the ruling prices; nothing exceptional about them except, strange as it may seem, they were liberal. We knew of some well-to-do families where there was more work, heavy washing and the like, and the pay was less. The ladies of Verona like to complain of their servants, as ladies do the world over, and it appears that paragons are not produced even on this primitive rate of wages. The custom is, if either party be dissatisfied, to give eight days' notice, or this may be commuted, on the employer's side, by eight days' pay.

Keeping house again in a new language was a considerable part of the opening trials; and, as usual, it was not even a language we had to deal with, but a dialect, and two dialects, one for each province represented. We were sometimes brought from the market sausage for salad, and cheese for ice. Once Melania, having had a violent quarrel in the kitchen, came to us to hand in her resignation. We were serenely unconscious of what she said, and she, nonplussed by seeing day after day go by without our knowing that she was going to leave, seemed to feel driven, in despair, to remain.

We were rather far from the most advantageous marketing; that is, from the central market in the Piazza delle Erbe, where the quaint mediæval surroundings seemed all arranged for picturesque effect rather than business. But nothing in Verona was dear as compared to late experiences. From a few items judge all—*ex pede Herculem.* Eggs were but fifteen sous (cents) a dozen, milk was four sous a litre, and the best *filet* of beef three francs a kilo—two and one-fifth pounds—as against five francs in France. The meat, which had been a constant problem in France, was here always tender and good. How forbear grateful recollection of the thick, juicy mutton-chops, at less than half the price at Nice, even if they could ever have been had at Nice at all? This, again, may be only matter of individual experience, but I have never seen elsewhere such delicious mutton. The sheep too were a delight to the eye, feeding in pastoral groups on the wide stretch of greensward, that continues the glacis of the fortifications around the city. A "fixed-price" system was applied more or less, even in the market; so that on a pile of fine tomatoes you would see a placard with the words "two sous a kilo," the same on the potatoes and other things; and the fixed price is a great stimulus to confidence.

I have not yet stated the rent of the Palazzina—thirty francs a month. What with the expense of moving and the rest, it could not be counted at that for the first year, but, after a first year, it practically amounted to the abolition of rent. With a house and two servants complete for sixty francs a month, the problem of living was about solved. Was not this last word of cheapness a more æsthetic and rational plan than even

Thoreau's? And what surroundings! You could go down to Verona and get books. Besides the excellent public library, there was another at a pleasant literary club, founded as early as 1808. One was isolated from nothing important, either ancient or modern, in this fine city, of between sixty and seventy thousand people. In the first realization of this, when our preliminary difficulties were somewhat settled it seemed warrantable to exclaim: "O, let us stay here forever! Let us master Italian till we speak it as well as they! We will go back to America for an occasional visit, but let us roam no more; let this be our permanent home!" A grand apartment, with frescoes in the style of the old masters, could be had, down in a wing of the Giusti palace, if one preferred, for about 1,200 francs a year. For what would be a very modest scale of expense in America, one could here keep horses and live like a sort of Sardanapalus. It was the sound commercial plan of making the most of one's means, by reducing his divisor if he cannot increase his dividend. Nothing is more philosophical than to bring down the cost of the necessities of life as low as possible, to have the more for its superfluities, out of which our principal pleasures are derived.

It is true that the full enjoyment of the Giusti garden was not included in our price named; on the contrary, for that we were asked a sum equal to twice and a half our house-rent. We arranged a sort of *modus vivendi* with a great reduction upon this demand; but the question was never entirely settled, and would have been open to negotiation, had we stayed. Our doors gave eastward upon a fine portico with light stone columns and grotesque heads in the keystones of the arches, which

laughed down upon us. They had seen worse trials than ours, I dare say, in their three hundred years of gayety. They had seen, among others, that young nobleman who fled from the machinations of Eugène Beauharnais, when Napoleon's viceroy in Italy, and concealed himself in the cavernous cisterns under our terrace, where his food was let down to him by friends, through the ancient well-curb.

The portico gave upon the upper walk of the garden, planted mainly in the natural style, in contrast with the geometry of Le Nôtre below. What charming promenades we had amid the graceful laurels, acacias, and *sempre-verde* of many patterns, in this our principal retreat! How merrily the baby D—— used to run round the catalpa tree just before the door, to warm his blood, on the frosty autumn mornings! How warily would he shun the edge of the precipice guarded by a hedge of May roses! And how truly, then lisping his first accents of speech, in a foreign tongue, he summed up the winsome prospect in his constant "*Guarda che bella!*" —see, how lovely!

I cannot say just how old the Palazzina was, but I had one of those marriage-books such as are still printed in Italy, which commemorated the marriage of a Count Giusti, in the year 1620, and this gave a little account of it. It was in the form of a dialogue between a stranger, *Forestiero*, and a citizen, *Cittadino*, who had undertaken to show the former the property of a cavalier "esteemed the glory of the nobility and the pattern of every grace and virtue." After having visited the palace and main part of the gardens, they arrive at the upper level.

"*Forestiero.* Is it not drawing near time to return?

"*Cittadino.* First let us look at the delights of the palazzina. . . . Here flourishes a second garden. . . . Yonder figs are of such look and flavor that one would take them rather for ambrosia of the gods than mortal fruits. Here are the fragrant salvia, the cooling mint, the valued rosemary, as well also as the *cinara*, either neglected by the ancients or unknown to them. . . . And now let us enjoy the grand prospect from the palazzina itself.

"*Forestiero.* Fine chambers these, truly; wondrously provided with every ornament and comfort. But what well is this I see on the inner terrace? How can water ever be raised to such a height?

"*Cittadino.* This entire terrace is vaulted beneath, so as to hold a great supply of rain-water, which is distributed at will to the fountains below. So fair and dainty are they, that they disdain to receive water from any other source than, in this way, from heaven direct.

"*Forestiero.* This height is certainly nothing less than Mount Pindar. Here laurel abounds on every side, and the Muses sport with Apollo. The flowers parallel the stars of heaven, except that they have the great advantage of being of a thousand colors, while the stars are but of one. . . . Oh, happy he, who, far from care, may breathe this excellent air, and, 'neath this time-honored shade, go quietly weaving his verse, in which apt rhymes and noble thought must sure be worthy of the scene around!"

Why then did we not stay? Why are we not still at the Palazzina Giusti? I fear I can give but insufficient reasons. The novelty of such an experience somewhat wears off in time; there are moods in which you would

scarce look more at the rich Byzantine-Gothic churches of San Zeno or Santa Anastasia than some backwoods meeting-house. We were high and secure above all the outer world, but the deserted streets by which we ascended ran in part through a poor quarter and were often neglected and malodorous. The municipality would send and clean them at times, but did not seem able to keep it up. If one should persist in an old-fashioned New England squeamishness, of course he could not travel in Europe at all, but, even so, he must draw the line somewhere.

Then, I shall have to speak of climate again,—endless gossip *de la pluie et du beau temps*, perhaps you will say. At first it was hot, hot, suffocating, unendurable. We were even alarmed at the uncompromising fierceness of the heat, and went away and passed most of the month of August at Bosco Chiesanuova. It was a mountain village devoid of most all conveniences, but amusing in a certain way, and beginning to be a summer-resort for a few residents of Verona who felt the need of any such thing.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WOULD YOU SUMMER AT BOSCO CHIESANUOVA?

BUT let me dwell a moment upon this same Bosco Chiesanuova.

It was an amusing little place in spite of itself. The inns defied all ideas of modern comfort, furnished a *cuisine* consisting entirely of veal in various forms, and this served in a half-bedlamite way; and yet entertained some distinguished guests. One lady, wife of a leading Italian general, went away with her husband presently to pay a visit to the royal family at Monza, and yet while here showed no evidence of discontent with the primitive accommodations. All was taken with a happy-go-lucky ease or dignified apathy, as if it were either of no consequence or of no use to complain. She had a palace down at Verona, with armed guards pacing before it, but here the shabby little *albergo* seemed to do just as well. There was a duchess, who occupied for the summer a large, barn-like stone house, into which she had not put a single ornament, not a single bright touch of drapery. She had some rooms to rent in another house, and we were recommended to look at them, if not satisfied with our own, but these were positively squalid and repulsive. If such be the character of Italian duchesses, improvement in certain directions is much to be desired.

On the same duchess's terrace, however, was given

one evening a very pretty fête. Garlands of greenery with lanterns on light poles were hung in a complete circle around a magnificent old tree. A long table beneath glittered with all sorts of knick-knacks, prepared for a *tombola* by young women of the house and a gay group of girls over from the hotels. You drew numbers and got absurd prizes, and the young women laughed, romped, and danced, always under the eye of their chaperons, in the merriest fashion.

They used to dance, too, in a vacant dining-room of the hotel and play another sort of *tombola*, and also *Mercante al Feria*, which is our game of Auction Pitch. It was half like being in America again.

We were at Tinazzi's inn. Tinazzi was a character; and if he were the only one in the place, I would describe him in full, but perhaps it would be unfair discrimination. He put us in, at first, a bill of the kind that takes your breath away, but, when we protested, at once wheeled round to the other side. Calling up Mrs. Tinazzi, who had undoubtedly made it out under his own direction—

"These are *altri prezzi*—other prices—" he cried; "it's all *sbagliato*—all mixed up. These are other prices; do you understand? What do you mean by it?"

He even turned upon me an indignant glance. "Great heavens!" it seemed to say, "you don't suppose I ever meant you to pay any such prices as these, do you?" One would have thought some interloper had got in and mysteriously made the bill unknown to him. Tinazzi repudiated it utterly, and I did not have to pay more than a third of the amount originally demanded.

The bells used to ring with an infernal din, half an hour at a stretch and many times a day. There seemed

to be always a *fête* or a church service. The natives delighted in it about as savages would delight in the beating of their tom-toms. It could be heard for miles away in the secluded valleys, and it was probably a satisfaction to them that the neighbors knew something was going on there.

It had just one redeeming feature, but a great one. A lovely young countess used to come to some of the services, a slight distraction for her in the absence of others. She passed by with an undulating, goddess-like tread, "bodiced like a lily," tasteful and fresh in her attire as a flower after rain. Sometimes she would walk with her father, again with a group of younger men, some clad in remarkable plaids, and one in Tyrolean feathers and leggings, but all a thousand miles from herself in distinction. You could hardly help weaving romances about her. What would be the fate of this beautiful girl? Should she marry into even royal station, it would seem no more than her right, and she could find but few rivals there.

Such a waist! such a figure! such coloring! and such gracious manners! It was the kind of figure to wear a jersey; do I make my meaning clear? and yet in every line and movement slenderness, suppleness, grace, youth, innocence itself. That combination of physical roundness with the other distinctive charms of early youth is rarer among American and English than Continental women, and it is so rare everywhere that when a type of perfection is found, is it not fair to make a note of it?

She was not, it proved, a mere product of village opportunities, a rustic prodigy who had outstripped her homely sisters. Rome and Turin had given her her

education, and court life would be her sphere of activity, if indeed she had not already begun it. Her family were there because it was their ancestral home and hunting-ground. Not that any castle or manor house of theirs remained; all had been swept away in the wars, nobody knows when, and the delicious pine groves and Alpine pastures were as innocent of anything of that kind as if it had been the Rocky Mountains. They were building a fine new one, with plenty of armorial shields upon it. They had been reduced to poverty during the Austrian domination. One of them, to gain his bread, had even held office under the hated oppressor, at Venice. But his son, the father of this blooming young Hebe, would have no share in such a mean-spirited subserviency. In the wisdom of his youth and ardent patriotism, he ran away from home, and took service in the revolutionary movements under the King of Sardinia. His uncalculating devotion was well rewarded, for, finally besides military promotion, he won the hand of a rich and handsome widow.

Would you know how she became a rich woman? It was an almost miraculous accident; there are lucky people in the world after all. It has an American touch, too. Her husband had manufactured cotton, and just before the outbreak of our Civil War, one of his clerks, by an error in an English letter, ordered him 10,000 bales of cotton, instead of 1,000. There was an enormous rise in price at once, and a fortune was made.

The Count—I would like to mention his name, but I don't see how I can after describing his daughter, almost indefensibly, I fear,—went into literature and

wrote plays, which abound in sprightliness and humor. Some of them still hold the boards.

But he went also into politics, and became a deputy, of the conservative party. His literary style is so good that it is said he is chosen in parliament to prepare the addresses to the throne which it is desired to have particularly smooth. He represents his native mountain district, loads his constituents with favors, and has come back to make his summer home among them. His brother-in-law had also come, another titled rich man and member of parliament, and was building too. These were the nucleus that was drawing some attention to a hitherto obscure little village and may in time result in making this refuge from the blazing heats of Lombardy well-known.

Possibly the most charming glimpse of the divinity of the place was that we had on the morning of our final departure. Our cool, delightful drive down the pass, among the chestnut groves, had begun. We met her walking on the road, a *comme il faut* carriage following close behind her. She wore a warm-colored gown which flamed in union with her rich flush of color. A beauty, yes, a veritable goddess-like person, without the slightest doubt about it. She bowed very gently and sweetly, like the young chatelaine of the district who extended her graciousness even to strangers. That flower-like vision alone, in the greenery of the mountains, was enough to glorify them in memory.

At Verona, later, she played in theatricals, with a spirit and talent equal to her beauty, in a piece of her father's composing, in which he also took part. Do you not like to hear about natural, unoperatic Italians for once? for they so rarely get into books.

For what is best in Italian feminine character, Queen Margherita of Savoy is a potent influence, and probably counted for something in the girl described above. It was possibly a reflection of her gracious royal smile we saw among the green hills of the Venetian Alps. It is not necessary to have passed the splendid, mammoth cuirassiers who guard the door of the Quirinal at Rome and penetrated to the court ceremonies to undergo this influence. No lesson is so efficient as that set forth by a distinguished pattern, and fashion, regal prestige, patriotism, and hearty personal esteem and liking all combine to make Italian women imitate their queen. She is a woman who can talk to scientists, men of letters, musicians, painters, and all sorts of foreigners, in their own language; she sympathizes with all worthy objects in her kingdom; and she bears herself with an amiable dignity as free from affectation as weakness. If one were going to be a sovereign it would seem as if this were exactly the ideal way to act. Yet I still hear the clamor of a discussion that once broke out between our "Giacinta" and "Melania."

"She is not beautiful, not even good looking," maintained the former. "When you come to beauty it isn't there; you have got to go somewhere else and look for it."

"I say she is," cried Melania; "she is an angel beyond compare."

"No," persisted Giacinta, waving a negative forefinger in the air, with a derisive smile.

"Then I say you are not a good and proper Italian," cried Melania, in a rage.

We sometimes suspected Giacinta of talking only to enrage this companion, but then, too, we thought she

had heard some socialistic opinions from working-men, members of her family, and really harbored the view—I give it as a sign of the times—that kings and queens are a useless lot whose days are nearly numbered.

CHAPTER XXIX

SOME ITALIAN HOUSEKEEPERS, AND CONCLUSION AT NICE

THE other young girls, the gay dancing ones, at the hotel, complained that, on returning to Verona, their jolly times would all be over, and a dull, serious life was before them. The sort of thing they had done was winked at in the country, but, once back in town, a mild walking up and down in couples at the military music, in the Piazza, constituted about their only gayety. In the city of Juliet and of merry Capulet—who used to cry "What ho, more lights! bid the musicians play!" —though it is a city of 70,000 people, with a large, brilliantly uniformed garrison, nobody entertains. The natural result is a good deal of conventional dulness and want of vivacity among the women. Nearly the same description applies to all but the very largest Italian cities.

The women are more easily adaptable to new conditions than those of Spain, but they have a large degree of the same sort of rigidity to overcome. The Italian woman is domestic, humdrum, contented with a little —perhaps contented with almost too little. I have already shown that I do not include everybody, I speak of the mass, the great rank and file. Of course, a dashing, ultra-fashionable few have acquired the fast cosmopolitan tone, and no man can ever be quite as cosmopolitan as that sort of a woman. There are Italian

women who adopt Anglomaniac vagaries, who sail in their own yachts, or their friends', who smoke, flirt outrageously, play deeply at Monte Carlo, and pass their lives going on from one to another of the regular European pleasure resorts. A few such individuals really represent no nationality at all; take away the difference in language and you could not tell the Italian from the Frenchman, Russian, Englishman or American.

You generally expect Italian women to be brunettes, but what a variety of types you really see! even what a lot of red heads you run across. I don't think I ever saw a more pronounced pair than the brother and sister, or young clerk and his sweetheart, who climbed with me one hot summer day to the top of Milan cathedral. The sister, or sweetheart, wore a mantilla, Spanish fashion, over her red hair, which gleamed in a charming, burnished way through its black meshes. Shakespeare understood this and was true to the local types, even in his day. You will find in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," that he makes Julia say of Sylvia, of Milan:

"Her hair is auburn; mine is perfect yellow."

Your modern playwright, nine chances out of ten, makes all his Italian heroines as dark as night.

The lace mantilla, so especially pretty on blonde and auburn heads, is, as in Spanish countries, fast being relegated to the poorer and working classes.

Italian housekeeping is apt to be simple; a Spartan frugality is often found where something like luxury would have been expected. It argues something lenient and large-minded in the character of the men who put up with it, or perhaps it is a general native temperance and economy. Owing to this cause and lack of the

habit of entertaining at home, the women have a great deal of time on their hands, which they are fond of employing in dress. They dress very well. Nothing of the classic feeling of the Romans, their ancestors, has descended upon them in this respect: they aim to conform, at the café or on the promenade, as closely as possible to the latest fashion plates.

The scenes at the cafés are very bright and pretty. It would be hard to see anything brighter, for instance, than the groups of pretty women and their acquaintance taking ices, under the electric lights, at the Café Nazionale, on the Corso at Rome, or Florian's, in the Piazza San Marco, at Venice, or even in the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele at Verona. But don't be deceived; there is a good deal of hollowness about it; it's something of a mockery. Always the same monotonous chit-chat, the same post and position kept all the evening, and in the groups always the same few persons, mainly members of the family. I doubt not many a heavy sigh is heaved by feminine bosoms, longing for something more engrossing, some influx of the fresh and stimulating outside world.

When mellow autumn came on, which was just as lovely as in America, we walked our garden paths with unmixed pleasure, and promised ourselves ample atonement for the past. In the property of the Franceschine, every little fruit-tree seemed of pure gold, the thin vines on the trellises were all of gold, and it is astonishing what subjects for a painter they were, those nuns, in their white caps and grayish blue gowns, rambling about amid the yellow tracery. At that season, too, we did our chief excursioning. Another reason why the first year could not have been very cheap is that

we were forever going off on expeditions. To Venice, of course; then to Mantua, the city of "the lean apothecary;" Palladio's Vicenza, where also, I should think, one might live charmingly, on the lines here indicated; the brilliant old battlefields of Rivoli and Arcole, and the sad modern one of Custoza; and Lake Garda, with its taste of an Austrian town, over the border, at Riva. It is no very long railway ride southward to Parma or northward to Innspruck and into Germany, all of which should be counted to the advantage of Verona.

Our fires were lighted in October, and were burning plenty of wood by the end of the month. Mists now constantly began to rise from the plain and veil the distance; an occasional London fog even hid the garden, and we could not see five feet from our windows. On Thanksgiving Day there was a light fall of snow, and the next day an old-fashioned snowstorm. If in the evening we ventured down to the theatre or the cafés, on our return homeward, the wind was bitterly piercing. The Bersaglieri at the tower by our gate regularly challenged us.

"Who goes there?" the sentry would cry.

"*Amici!*"—Friends! we would reply, in the style of the penny-dreadful novel.

It was not reasonable in them to think we could capture their town, with its garrison of six thousand men, so they must have done this chiefly to relieve the monotony of guard mounting.

Once, when alone, I replied to the hail simply "*Amico*" —Friend, but that would not do at all. "*Amici!*" was the password and "*Amici*" they would have, and I found that it did not do to imperil personal safety for the sake of grammatical correctness.

The middle of December a hard winter set in,—a winter of the Russian or Canadian sort, such, we were told, as had not happened before for forty years. Our water-pipes froze up, and remained frozen. The snow put caps and mantles like ermine on the old statuary; it lay deep on the steps of the Roman arena, on the roofs and barges along the river, and in continuous ridges by the horse-car tracks, the whole giving the town a crude, shrunken appearance. The Palazzina Giusti, which had first been untenable on account of the heat, now became untenable on account of the cold. When we left it, that terrace which had once been almost an inferno was hidden under Siberian heaps of snow, broken only by the paths shovelled for the removal of our furniture.

The fact is that the longing for Nice had much to do with this impatience of hardships, which otherwise should have had nothing very formidable about them for Americans. We returned to Nice proper. As all the earlier journeys had pointed toward that goal so all the later ones seemed to point back to it. It was just the eve of Christmas when we reached it, and a day of warm sunshine and unclouded blue in sky and sea. The contentment and comfort it was, after all the recent inclemencies, to go about without a greatcoat, and dry-shod, and to breathe again the fragrance of the oranges and roses filling the gardens, I shall never forget. Indeed, I count that pleasurable violent contrast, that miracle, as one of the most memorable things in my lifetime. Whenever I think of it, it is with a gratitude that overcomes the memory of a host of inconveniences.

I shall not go into detail here about Nice proper.

We have lived in various ways—first, in pretty apartments with charming views of the sea which we endeavored to make take the place of a garden, and finally in a rather stately old house which, with some increase in expense, combines something of the city and country both. In our time, we have thrice seen rents generally advanced, while recent tariff legislation, and notably the economic duel with Italy, have raised the cost of provisions, so that some of the figures I have given for the Riviera are already passing into history.

The chief defect in our experiment has already been hinted at. Your cheap habitation, no matter how excellent, artistic, and original in itself, must always throw you into pretty close relations with persons quite able to pay the same low rents, who will have very different ways of living, and these will be very likely to bring your own to naught. The trial is well worth making, all the same, but nobody can expect to fly in the face of political economy, and wholly escape, sometimes, the consciousness that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Nice has become considerably nearer the outer world than it was a little time since. A good line of steamers has been put on, to Genoa, and now to run over from New York to the Riviera direct is quite a simple matter. We hardly know whether this should be taken as an added inducement to go, or only to remain with the yet greater comfort of mind, since it has become so easy to go if one like to.

THE END.

INDEX

ADAM, MADAME JULIETTE, 38, 42–43
Affreville, 117
Ajaccio, 279, 281, 287, 284, 289–91
Alassio, 215
Albano, 305
  Lake, 306
Alban Mts., the, 305
Alecsandri, 100
Algeria, 109–19
  climate of, 117–18
  voyage to, 109; from, 120
Algiers, the city of, 109–16, 118
Alhambra, the, 125–26
Aljessur, the Count, 273
Alpine chasseurs, the French, 263–64
American chromos in Algiers, 117
  farmer near Blidah, an, 117
  fleet at Villefranche-sur-Mer, 227
  insurance companies in Madrid, 150, 153
American's library, an, at Rome, 309
American travellers in France, social reception of, 32–34
Ampotiza, 133
Andalusia, 120, 139, 142
Angoulême, 206
Antibes, 238
Arabic, or Moorish, strain in Spanish women, 139
  or Moorish, strain in habitations at Arles, 91
  or Moorish, strain in *patois* of the Riviera, 233
  or Moorish, strain in Brazilian name, 273
Arcachon, 206
Arc de Triomphe, at Paris, 152; quarter of the, 15
Arch of Charles III. at Madrid, 152
Architectural felicities at Salamanca, 176, 178–79, 191
Architecture at Madrid, the Dutch influence in, 152
  at Madrid, modern, 149–53, 313
  modern at Rome, 313
  of Chirruguera, 177
Arène, Paul, 100
Argamasilla, 149
Ariccia, 305, 306
Arles, 91
  the Lion of, 102
Armorial escutcheons, happy effect of in Spanish buildings, 178–79
Atlas Mts., the, 117
Aubanel, 96

Avignon, 85–104
the Bridge of, 93, 95
houses and prices at, 87–91
the Félibres, or Troubadours at, 93–105
Avila, 147
Avranches, 4, 206

"BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA," the, Le Sage's, 184
of Salamanca, the degree of, 184
"Balmoral, the Countess of," 263
Bandits, still remaining in Corsica, 288
Bankruptcy law, rigors of the, 281
Baroncelli Javon, Folco de, 101, 105
Bastia, 281–84
Baths of Ledesma, 180
of Lucca, 287
of Marmolejo, 164
Bayonne, 206
Bazan, Emilia Pardo, 146, 156
Beaulieu, near Nice, 218, 269
Bedford Park, London, 300
Beds, disguised in closets, 4, 21
Bellacoscia, the bandits, 288
Beni Mered, 117
Bennet, Dr., on Algerian climate, 118
"Bentzon's, Th.," literary opinion of Frenchmen, 35–36
Berthemont, 332
Biarritz, 204
Blanc, Madame ("Th. Bentzon"), 35, 36
Blavet, Alcide, 98
Blidah, houses and prices at, 116
an American farmer near, 117
Blois, the Chateau of, 207
houses and prices at, 207–08
Bocognano, 288
Bonaparte Wyse, 100
Bonaparte family, the, at Rueil, 62; at Ajaccio, 289–91
Bordeaux, 206
Borgo, Corsica, 284
Bosco Chiesanuova, 344–48
Boswell, James, his journey in Corsica, 283–84
Bou Farik, 117
Boulanger, General, 45, 122
Bourg-la-Reine, houses and prices at, 59, 63
Bourget, Paul, 35
Bouzarea, 113–14
Brazil, the deposed Emperor of, 271–78
Brittany, peculiarities of, 3, 8–9
Brownings' palace at Venice, the, 321
Buildings, a legacy to Paris from international expositions, 56
Building-sites on the Riviera, 218, 237
Bull-fighting at Madrid, 169, 171–73
the humane Portuguese method of, 169

CABBÉ ROQUEBRUNE, 251–58
Roquebrune, the legendary landslide at, 251
Roquebrune, the Passion-Play at, 251–58

Cable tramway at Lyons, 84
Calderon estate, at Granada, the, 126–27
"Calendau," Mistral's, 103
Calvi, 284
Campagna of Rome, the, 304–05, 309
Campidoglio at Rome, the, 314
Campillo de Arenas, 134
Cancale, 6
Cannes, 107, 244, 272, 278
Canterbury, houses and prices at, 293–94
Capri, 318
Captain, or *Capoulié*, of the Félibres, 99
Cardo, Corsica, 282
"Carmen Sylva," 100
Caroube, or sweet locust, the, 232
Casbah, the, 111
Casone at Ajaccio, the, 289
Castagniccia or Chestnut Country, the, 286, 289
Castel Gandolfo, a house and garden at, 306
Catania, 316
Ceremonial, formal, remaining under the French Republic, 31
Champ de Mars, 44–46
Champfleury, Jules, 69–71
Changing of domicile from France to Italy, 333–35
Chardin, the Chevalier, 216
Chateau Neuf, 238
Chateau of Blois, 207
Chateaux, of Henri IV., at Pau, 205; Francis I., at St. Germain, 63; La Conninais and La Garaye, 8; in Paris, 18, 36
Cheapness, the last word of, 339–40
Cherbourg, 3–4
Chestnut flour, 286
Chirruguera, 177
Choubersky stove, the, 28–29
Cigale, la, the society of, 101
Cimiez, 319
Civita Vecchia, 304
Collecting, the passion for analyzed, 69–71
Collége de France, lectures at the, 30
"Colomba," Mérimée's, 282, 288–89
Colonies, stranger, on the Continent, 5, 32, 205, 303, 316, 318, 321
stranger, literary and artistic origin of the, 7–8
Commandant, a French, and his family, 230, 235, 292
Complaints, or *réclamations*, against large corporations, in France, 212
Concarneau, 4
Concièrge system, the, 17, 87, 153, 311
"*Contes Provençaux*," Roumanille's, 96
Convent of the Sacred Heart, Paris, 36
of the Franceschini, Verona, 336, 353
education for French women, 36
Coppée, François, 100
Cordova, 138–40

Corsica, visible from Nice, 279; voyage to, 280–81; building in, 281–82; Boswell in, 283–84; vestiges of Paoli in, 283–86; the chestnut country of, 285, 286; the people of, 287; bandits in, 282, 288; vestiges of the Bonapartes in, 289, 290–91; climate of, 290; retired pensioners in, 283; authoritative character of inhabitants, 282–83
Corte, 284, 286–87
Cortés of Spain, aspect of, 169–71
Cours Grandval, the, 289
Coutances, 206

DA FONSECA, PRESIDENT, 275–76
Darro, the, 100, 127, 154
Daudet, Alphonse, 31, 101–02, 157
De Alencar, Jozé, 274
De Amicis, 150
Debts, a new Spanish plan for collecting, 160
Deschanel, Professor, 30
D'Eu, the Countess, 272
Diligencia, or stage-coach, a Spanish, 129–30
Dinan, mediæval remains at, 6–7; English colony at, 7–8; houses and prices at, 9–10
Dinard, 5
Domicile, changing a, from France to Italy, formalities of, 333–35
Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, 271–78
"Don Orsino," Crawford's, 307
"Doña Perfecta," Galdos', 160
Driver, a Spanish stage-coach, 132
Drivers, travellers', 312
Durance, the, 101

ECCLESIASTICAL TREASURES in Spain, 194
Ecouen, houses and prices at, 58
Eiffel Tower, the, 51–53
Eighteenth Century, revival of interest in, 44, 55
El Affroun, 117
Elba, 280–83
Elevators, or lifts, scarcity of in foreign houses, 15
Elysée, the Palace of the, 31
Emperor of Brazil, the, 272–78
Empress Theresa, the, 272
English colonies on the Continent, 5, 32, 205, 303, 316, 318, 321
Escorial, palace of the, 152, 174
village of, a house in the, 174–75
Espeluy, 129, 136
Esperabé, Don Mamés, 184
Esquiline at Rome, the, 312
Eugénie, the Empress, 286, 289
Exposition, Paris, of 1889, the, 44–57; political aspects of, 45, 55–56; noble simplicity of unfurnished buildings of, 48–49, 50, 56–57; sketchy charm of in uncompleted state, 47, 49–51; workmen at, 47, 52; ingenious system of temporary sculpture, 53; the private initiative at, 56; site of on military ground, 46
Expositions, International, plans of compared, 49
Eza, 238

"FAÏENCE VIOLIN," the, Champfleury's, 68–82
Farandole, the, 94
Farmer of the Riviera, a peasant, and his family, 220, 231–33, 332
Félibres, the, 86, 83, 98, 105
Félibrige, the movement of the, 86, 99, 101
Femme de ménage, or day-servant system, the, 12, 23–25, 26, 233
Ferry, Jules, 55
Fesch, Cardinal, 289
Feyen-Perrin, 6
Fiesole, 319
Florence, influence of the Italian Court at, 317; English influence at, 318; houses and prices at, 318–19
Flowers and flower-culture in the Riviera, 229, 232, 332
Fontenay-aux-roses, 59
Fournisseurs, or purveyors of daily provisions, 25, 234–35
Fragonard, his pictures at Grasse, 264
the Boulevard du, 264
Franceschini, convent of the, at Verona, 336, 353
Franceschini, Pietri, 286
Frascati, 305
Frenchmen, opinions concerning, 35
"Friends of the Trees, the," 236
Furnishing, an "Impressionist" theory of, 22
Furniture, picking up antique, 9, 22–23
transportation of, by land and sea, 210–13, 229, 334
GALDÓS, PEREZ, 157
Gambling at Monte Carlo, sophistical defence of, a, 249
at the Passion-play of Cabbé Roquebrune, 253
Garden, the Giusti, 331, 340–43
Gardens, drawbacks of the modest sort, 59, 217
"General," the English servant thus called, 298
Getarfe, 149
Gif, the Abbey of, a garden fête at, 42–43
Gil Gonçalez de Avila, 179, 173
Giusti, the palace and garden, 330–31, 336, 340, 341
Palazzina, the, 330, 335–43, 349, 353–55
Golo, the, 284–85
Goncourts', the, study of Fragonard, 264
Granada, houses and prices at, 127–28; hotels, 121; color, 122; the *novios*, or lovers, 122; the public garden, 124; late hours, 122; newspapers, 122; a religious procession, 123; tombs of Spanish sovereigns, 123–24; the gypsies and their rock-cut dwellings, 124–25; the Alhambra, 125; a senator from, 155
Grand Canal at Venice, the, growing commercial character of, 326
Grasse, the town, 259–68; the Queen's visit, 259–71; manufactories of perfumery and fruit drying at, 268–69; the Baroness de Rothschild, 269–71; the Counts of Grasse, 271

Gras, Félix, 98
"Gréville, Henri" (Madame Durand), 40
"Guacho," De Alencar's, 274
Guadalquivir, the, 140
"Guarany," De Alencar's, 274
Gypsies of Granada, the, 124–25

HALF-STORIES in Venetian palaces, 325
Hampstead Heath, 301
Hannibal at Salamanca, 190–91
Heating, systems in winter use, 28–29, 237, 310, 324, 327, 334
Hennessy, the painter, 64
House, a small, at Venice, 326–27
House of Napoleon at Ajaccio, 290
of the Gaffori at Corte, 290
of Paoli at Morosaglia, 286
House-agents, 88, 198, 293, 295, 296, 299
House-furnishing, a simplified theory of, 22
Housekeeping, difficulties in, due to the peasants' *patois*, 13, 338
Houses in Corsican villages, extraordinary heights of, 281
English, nomenclature of minor, 298, 300
notable, at Salamanca: house of Cervantes, 180; of St. Theresa, 180; of Doña Maria la Brava, 181; of the Shells, 179
Houses and prices at Cherbourg, St. Malo, Trouville, Dinan, Versailles, Paris, Ecouen, Bourg-la-Reine, Sceaux, St. Mandé, St. Maur, Nanterre, Rueil, St. Germain, Nevers, Avignon, Les Baux, Arles, Villefranche-sur-Mer, Algiers, St. Eugène, Blidah, Granada, Séville, Madrid, Escorial, Salamanca, St. Jean de Luz, Biarritz, Pau, Tours, Orléans, Blois, the Superga, in Corsica, at Canterbury, Oxford, Windsor, London (see under respective heads)
Hugues, Clovis, 100

ICE, economic results of dispensing with, 27
Invalides, the quarter of the, 17–18
Irish College of Philip II., at Salamanca, the, 187
Irving, Washington, 126
Isaacs, Jorge, 168
Italian Court, the effect of on Rome, 307; on Florence, 317
summer resort, an, 343–48
women, 346–53
women, blonde types of, 352
housekeeping, temperance and frugality of, 352
Italy, the Riviera the true, 319
winter climate of southern, 316
rejuvenated, 304

JABALCUZ, the Springs of, 135
Jaen, a stage-coach ride to, 129-35
the old town of, 135–36
Jeannel, Dr., 236
Joinville-le-Pont, 60

KABYLE DWELLINGS, 114

LA CONNINAIS, the Chateau of, 8
La Farlède, 107
La Garaye, the Chateau of, 107
La Mancha, 149
La Nation, attack on Monte Carlo by, 239, 243
"Lady of the Aristook," the, Howells', 156
Lagartijo, 169, 171–72
Laimber, Juliette, the Rue, 42
"Land of Thirst," the, 111
Language, practical difficulties in, with the lower class, 13, 233, 338
Langue d'Oc, the, 99–100
Latin Quarter, the, 16, 293
Latin races, proposed alliance of the, 99
Les Baux, house at, 91
L'Ile Rousse, 281
Literary club at Granada, a, 154
society at Madrid, 154–71
society at Paris, some, 40–43
Living abroad, for and against, 1–3, 28
Local intelligence, lack of, in local papers, 122
Lodging of sovereigns on their travels, 260, 272
London, houses and prices at, 300–01
fatiguing character of, 301.
George Gissing's opinion as to residence in, 301
suburbs, 299, 300–01
Long Walks, at Windsor, 300; at Versailles, 11; at Villefranche, 222, 229, 300
Loti, Pierre, 43, 100
Lucca, 302–03
the Baths of, houses and prices at, 303–04
Luis de Leon, Fray, 192–93, 195
Luxembourg, quarter of the, in Paris, 17
Lyons, 84, 153, 313

MADRID, modern appearance of, 149–51, 153; palaces at, 151–52; houses and prices at, 152–53, 156, 162, 167; literary men of, 154–71; the Cortés at, 169; bull-fighting at, 169–73
Maillane, 102
Malaga, 120
Malmaison, 63
"Maria," Jorge Isaacs', 168
Maria la Brava, Doña, 181–83
Mariéton, Paul, 98–99
Market, on the Paris boulevards, 25; police regulation of, 25
Marketing, in Versailles, 12–14; Paris, 25–27; Venice, 328; Verona, 338–39
filet, or net, a, 25
in small quantities, effect of, 27
Marne, banks of the, near Paris, 62
Marriage-book, a, 341
Marseilles, 85, 105, 109, 153, 313
Maupassant, Guy de, 35, 281
Mayor of a French commune, a kindly, 236
Mazzantini, 169–71
Mediterranean, the, 109, 280
a villa by the, 221
Melnotte, Claude, 220

Mentone, 108, 244, 254
"Miau," Perez Galdós', 159–60
Michaelmas term, the, 4
Middle class, the French, 34
Midsummer's Day, 68
"Mireille," or "Mirèio," Mistral's, 103, 222
Mistral, the violent wind of the, 85, 90–91
Mistral, Frederick, 86, 92, 99, 101–04
Monaco, 108
Mont Alban, the fort of, 219
Mont Cenis tunnel, a baby in the, 214
Mont St. Michel, 4
Monte Carlo, the village, 238, 244–46
Carlo, the Casino of, 239–50,
Innocuous attacks on, 239, 242–43; insidious methods of advertising, 238–42; moral atmosphere of, 244, 250; press "retained" by, 241–42; great profits of, 240–41; general popularity of, 238, 244; play at, 242, 246, 249; typical players at, 245, 247–49
Montelimar, the gorges of, 85
Montmartre, 16, 110
Moorish farm, a, 114–16
Moorish aspect and traits in Algeria, 109–12, 117
aspect and traits in Algeria, French encroachment on, 110
quarter, the, in Algerian towns, 117
Moorish women in the omnibuses, 112
Morosaglia, 285–86
Mosquitoes, plague of, in the Riviera, 222–23
Mounet Sully, 100, 101
Moving, a French: plans and prices of transportation, 210–15
Mustapha Inférieur, 111
Supérieur, 112
Mutton, at Verona, 339

NANTERRE, 62, 63.
Names, foreign transformation of English, 188, 334
Napoleon, 84, 267, 285, 289–91
Napoleon's Grotto, 289
house, at Ajaccio, 289–91
Neighbors at the Villa des Amandiers, 230, 235–36, 257, 333
Nemi, Lake of, 306
"Nerto," Mistral's, 103
Net for carrying market-produce, 25
Nevers, 66–83
the pottery of, 68, 72–73
"New Grub Street," Gissing's, 301
Nice, 107, 204, 234, 244, 319, 355–56
Nobility, French, deference of the, to the richer foreigners, 32–33
Nomenclature of minor English houses, 298, 300

"ŒDIPUS THE KING," in the Roman theatre at Orange, 101
Old china, the taste for, 82

Olive-culture, 228, 232
orchards, characteristics of, 220
Olive-oil mills, 228
Oran, 118
Orange, 84, 100
Oranges, Riviera,. 232
effect of, in the landscape, 107, 206
Orange-blossom crop, the, 232
Orezza, Springs of, the, 287
Orleans, houses and prices at, 206
Oued Fodda, 118
Over-building mania, the, at Rome, 307, 312–13; at Florence, 317
Oxford, 293, 295–99
houses and prices at, 294–98
Oyster-fishing at Cancale, 6

PALACES, of the Elysée, 31; the Escorial, 174; the Counts Giusti, 331, 340
at the Exposition of '89, 51, 56–57; at Madrid, 151; Salamanca, 179; Rome, 309–10; Seville, 152; Venice, 321–25; Verona, 331, 340
Palermo, 316
Palazzina Giusti, the, site of, 330–31; ancient cypresses of, 330–31; plan of, 335–37; servants of, 334–35, 349–50; marketing at, 339; rent of, 339–40; upper garden of, 341–42; disadvantages of, 336, 343, 354–55; excursions from, 353–54
Paris, scarcity of elevators, 15; the districts of the Arc de Triomphe, the Marais, Montmartre, the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg, the Invalides, the Place St. François Xavier, 15–22; renting usages, 20–21; plans of apartments, 21–22; renting furniture in, 22; furnishing an apartment in, 22–23; servants in, 23–25, 28; provisions in, 25; marketing, 25–27; heating, 29; winter weather in, 29; social life, 30–34, 38–42; a convent at, 36–37; the Exposition of 1889, 44–57, 213; moving from, 210–11
Paoli, 283–84, 285–86
Paris suburbs, the, 58–65
Parisienne, the typical, 145–46
Parma violets, 232
Passion-Play at Cabbé Roquebrune, the, 251–58
gambling during, 253
"Pata de Gazella," De Alencar's, 274
Patois, 13, 233, 338
Pau, the town of, 204; houses and prices at, 205
Pavillon Montespan, the, 64
Peasant superstitions in illness, 235
costumes, lack of picturesque, in the Riviera, 260
costumes in Corsica, 287
"Pepita Ximenez," Valera's, 169
Perfumery, manufactories of, at Grasse, 268–69
Perugia, 316–17
Piedecroce, 287
Piombino, 280
Pisa, 302–03
Pivot truss, the, 57
Place Diamant, the, 290–91

Place des Vosges, the, 16
Plans of houses or apartments in Paris, 21; Villefranche, 225; Venice, 322, 326; Verona, 335
Plans of International Expositions compared, 49
Plaza Mayor, at Salamanca, the, 176
Point Pescade, 112
Poitiers, 206
Ponte Leccia, 286
Ponte Novo, 284
Pottery, passion for collecting, the, 69–82
of Nevers, the, 72, 73
Princess Marianne Bonaparte, the, 290
Principles of '89 and '93, discriminated by Jules Ferry, 55
Provence, 84–85, 95, 102, 122
Provisions, character and cost of, at Paris, 26–27; Seville, 142; Villefranche, 234; Oxford, 298; Venice, 328; Verona, 339
Public instruction in Spain, modern law of, 186
Puerta de Arenas, 135
Puerta del Sol, the, 150

QUEEN OF ENGLAND, at Grasse, the, 259–71
of Italy, the, 307, 349
of Roumania, the, 100
Queens of Love and Beauty, in Provence, 97–98
Quirinal at Rome, the, 305, 306–07, 349

RAIN, in the Riviera, 231
Rain, in Northern and Western France, 3, 10, 15, 29, 206
Rance, the, 6
Railway methods and prices, in transporting furniture, 212, 334
"Realism" in Spanish fiction, 158
Reciprocity, American, with Brazil, Dom Pedro's opinion of, 274
Rents of houses and apartments, in various places (see in detail, under head of Houses and Prices)
calculated by the day, in Spain and Italy, 141, 325
Rent-days in France, 4, 68
Renting usages at Paris, 20–21
Rhone, the, 93–94, 222
Riviera, the French, 1, 106–09, 118, 215–80, 319, 332–34, 355–56
the Genoese, 215
architecture in the, 216, 224
agreeable climate of, in summer, 228
characteristics of, in winter and spring, 107, 237, 332
mosquitoes in the, 222–23
patois of the, 233
restricted building sites in the, 218, 237
prejudice against the, 106
Roads, excellent in back country of Spain, 131
sunken, in Brittany, 8
Roccola, or fowler's snare, a, 230
Rock-cut dwellings at Granada, 124; Cabbé Roquebrune, 252
Rodriguez, Miguel, Professor, 196

"*Romancero*," the, 98
Rome, houses and prices at, 304–15; house-hunting, in the Strangers' Quarter, 308; on the Pincian, 308; at Trajan's Forum, 310; at St. Peter's, 311; at the Colosseum, 311; on the Esquiline, 312; at the Villa Ludovisi, 312; at the Prati di Castelli, 312; on the Via Nazionale, 314; before the Campidoglio, 314; in the suburban villages, 305; modern improvements and architecture at, 316, 313–14; healthfulness, the question of, 309
Rothschild, the Baroness Alice de, 269–71
Roumanille, 86, 93, 96–98
  Mademoiselle Thérèse, 97–98, 104
Rueil, 62
Rue Obscur, at Villefranche, the, 218

SABINE MTS., 305
Salamanca, 175–202
  the University of, 187–202
  ancient student custom of "painting the town red," 201–02
Saliceti, the Canon, 285
San Dalmazzo, 232
San Remo, 244
Sardines, fresh, 234
Scallop-shell, use of the, in Spanish architecture, 179
Sceaux, 59–60
Scholarships, or *becas*, at the University of Salamanca, 186, 188
Scholarships, or *becas*, for women, University of Salamanca, 188–89
Scholl, Aurélien, 145
Sculpture, ephemeral, at the Exposition, ingenuity of, 53
Servant-question, the, at Versailles, 12, 26; Paris, 23–25; Seville, 142; Villefranche, 233; Oxford, 298; Verona, 337–38
Servants by the day, the *femme de ménage* system, 12, 26, 23–25, 233, 338
Seville, 140–45, 178
  houses and prices at, 141–42
Sexes, the relations of, in social gayeties abroad, 39–40
Shaler, American consul at Algiers, 113
"Sister San Sulpicio," Valdés', 144, 163–66
Siena, 316
"Sketch of the State of Algiers," Shaler's, 113
Small towns, difficulty of finding habitations in, 9, 293
Social gayeties, French, 31–43; Spanish, 143–45, 156; Italian, 345–46, 351–53
Social intermingling of foreigners with the French, desirability of a closer, 33–34
Soldiers, contemporary French, business-like aspect of, 4, 46
Sorbonne, the, lectures at, 30
Spain, castles in, 120
Spanish climates, 120, 147, 149, 152
  ecclesiastical treasures, 194

Spanish element in Algeria, 109
gypsies at Granada, 124–25
landscape, loneliness of, 133–34
stage-coach luncheon, a, 134–35
novelists, 157–71
novelists in political posts, 161, 167, 169, 196
popular songs, 136–37, 147–48
senator, a, 155–57
stage-coach, a, 129–30
social life, 143–45, 156
universities, 189–90
women, 138–39, 142, 144–48, 156
Spanish-American literature, 168
St. Denis, 58
St. Eugène, houses and prices at, 112, 114
St. François Xavier, the Place de, 18, 19, 65
St. Germain, houses and prices at, 62–64
St. Jean, the day of, 68
St. Jean, the village of, 216
St. Jean de Luz, houses and prices at, 203
St. Jeannet, 238
St. John de Sahagan, 183
St. Malo, 5, 6
St. Mandé, 60
St. Martin Lantosque, 332
St. Michel, the day of, 4, 68
St. Michel, Mont, 4
St. Maur, 61
St. Paul du Var, 238
St. Raphael, 107
St. Remy, 91, 96
St. Theresa, 147, 180
Stage-coach, a Spanish, 128–29
Strangers' quarter, the, in Paris, 16; Rome, 308
Street names, the later French, 67
Students of Salamanca, numbers of, 199–200
Student customs at Salamanca, 197–202
class-rooms at Salamanca, 195
Suburbs of Paris, 58–63
of Spanish cities, 120
Suburban gardens, small, defects of, 59, 67–68
Suicides at Monte Carlo, 238–39, 243, 249
Sun-dial, making a, 224
Sunken roads in Brittany, 8
Sunshine, pursuit of southward, 19, 20, 66, 128, 224, 300, 311, 322
cut off by hilly sites in the Riviera, 237
Superga, a home on the, 214
"Swallow, the," Baroncelli-Javon's, 105

TARASCON, 91–92
Tariff-war, between France and Italy, effect of, on prices, 234, 307, 356
Terracing system in the Riviera, 218
Tio Jindama, El, the bull-fighting newspaper, 173
Tivoli, 305
Tombs of Spanish sovereigns, beauty of, 125

"Tony," Madame Blanc's, 35–36
Tours, 206
Transplanting trees to the Exposition, 45–47
"Trees, the Friends of," 236
Troubadours at Avignon, the new, 86, 93, 98–105
Turin, 214

"*Une Vie*," de Maupassant's, 281
University of Salamanca, the, 187–202; women at the, 189–90
Universities of Spain, other, 178

VALDEPEÑAS, the wine of, 135
Valdés, Armando Palacio, 144, 162–66
Valence, 84
Valera, Juan, 147, 166–71
Valley of the Consuls, 113
Venice, 319; cold in winter, 324; hot in summer, 339; recent advance of real estate values, 321; commercial aspect of the Grand Canal, 321; houses and prices at, 321–29; heating, lighting, and water-supply at, 324, 326–27; landlords at, 325; separate street entrance for each apartment, 325
Verona, latter-day activity at, 330; battlements of, 331, 335; a palazzina at, 330–31, 336–43, 353–55; custom-house formalities at, 334; domestic service at, 337–38; marketing and cost of provisions at, 337; economics at, 339–40; climate of, 336, 343, 353–55
Versailles, the town, park and palace, 10–12, 15, 62, 63
housekeeping at, 10, 12–14
Vicenza, 354
Vienne, 84
Villa architecture in the Riviera, 216, 224
"Villa des Amandiers," the, 221–37, 319, 332–33
manner of life at, 235–38
Villa Ludovisi, the, 312
Villeneuve-les-Avignon, 94–95
Vincennes, 60
Violet train, to Paris, the, 232
"Violin, the Faïence," 68–82
Viollet-le-duc, his monument to the Bonaparte sovereigns, at Ajaccio, 291
Vizzavona, 287

WALLED TOWNS, the taste for, 5, 331
Wash, the family, comparative treatment of, 28
Water system of the Riviera, the, 226
Wild-flowers, in the Riviera, 229, 332
Windsor, houses and prices at, 300
Winter climates, Paris, 29; Pisa and Nice compared, 303; the Riviera, 237
Wine, French, skepticism as to, since the prevalence of phylloxera, 27, 234
Women, French, originality of, in dress, 32; the literary view of morality of, 35; convent education of, 36–37;

patriotism of, 38; alleged freedom of, after marriage, 38; habits in society, 39–40; literary and semi-literary, 40–43
Italian, as landlords, 325, 344; manners of, in the country, 345; in the provincial towns, 350, 353; an admirable type of young, 346–48; influence of the Queen upon, 349; "cosmopolitan," 351; blonde types of, 352; as housekeepers, 352
Spanish, as exemplified by a beauty at Cordova, 138–39; tobacco-girls and dames of higher rank at Seville, 143; a type of domestic perfection at Seville, 145; a certain fixity of character in, 146; a monarchical-radical, 146; an adorable saint, 157–58
at the University of Salamanca, 189–90
Workmen at the Exposition, 47–48, 52

XENIL, the, 124, 126

ZORILLA, the crowning of at the Alhambra, 100, 154

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